THE MAN'S MAGAZINE

50 CENTS JUNE 1966 A FAWCETT PUBLICATION

TRUE

MEDICINE UNMASKED
A Shocking X-Ray of Medicine's Myths

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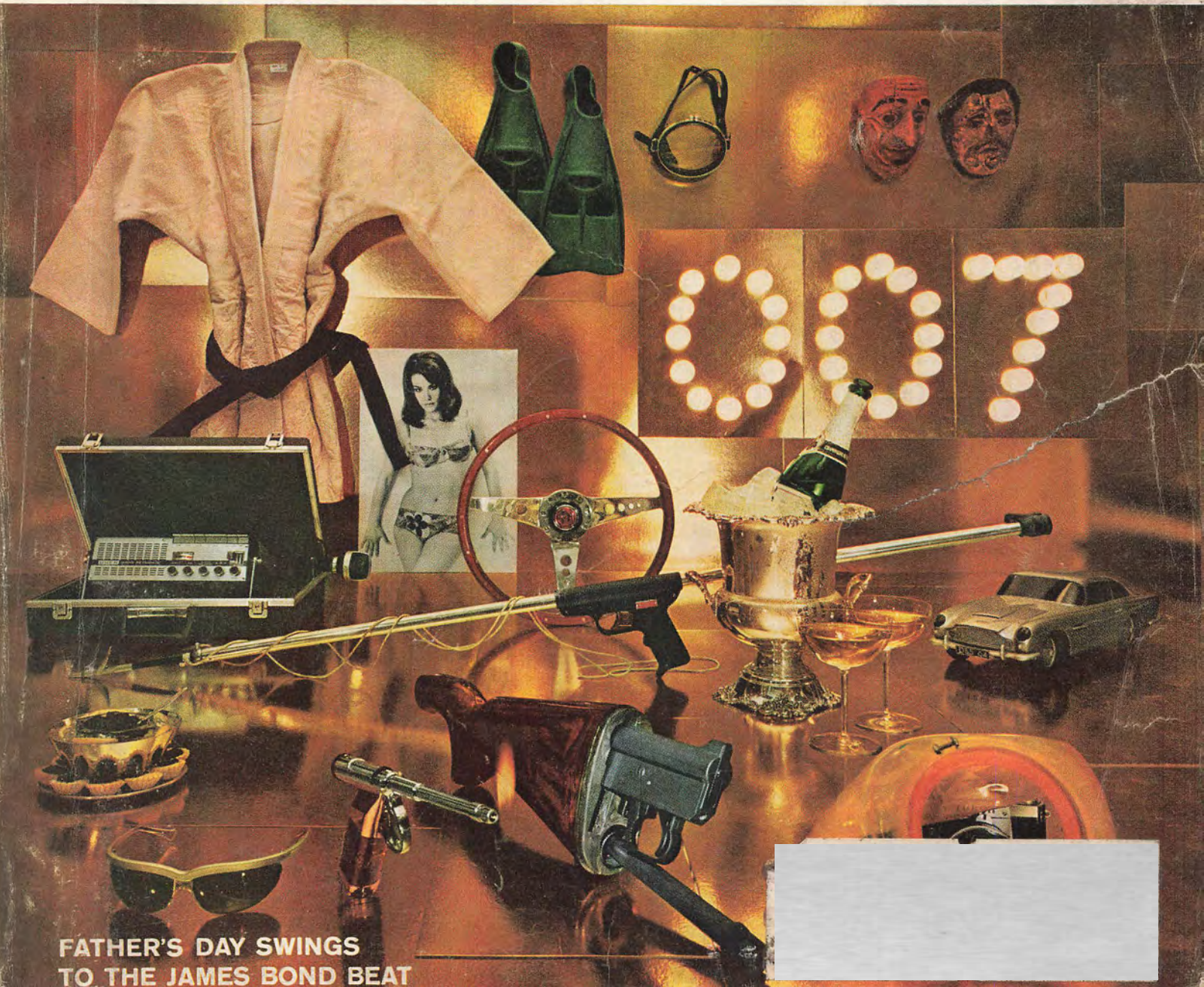
Wild Rush to a New Boomtown's Riches

LEADFOOT CHALLENGER
A Hot New Star Rises at Indianapolis

GUERRILLA GENIUS
A Shrewd Strategist Leads the Viet Cong



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Cause and Effect

Dr. Albert Ellis seems to be searching frantically for the never, never land of the James Bond ilk. (*"Fear Not! Do It!"* March, 1966.)

I find nothing in him to envy. The only feeling he envokes in me is one of pity. What a shallow, restless, empty life he must lead—regardless of the number of bed partners he has had.

And he isn't even the freethinker he says he is. There are some who advocate "free love" with no restrictions—no warnings of only indulging when using a contraceptive, or because you think you *have* to, etc. Alas, Ellis advocates sex with restrictions, too.

As far as *his* idea of sex being just good, clean fun—isn't that what every other movie and book is all about these days? Besides, I've been hearing *that* line from nine out of 10 men I've dated for the last 10 years!

He lumps every male who doesn't proposition a woman into a category of being too

weak or scared, and doesn't take into consideration the fact that maybe the guy *respects* (I'm sure he has heard of the word) a woman too much to try to enhance his reputation at the expense of cheapening hers. There are men like that—really! Although admittedly very few. But those are the men most women remember—not the ones making impassioned pleas for surrender.

I think your "rebel" needs a new "cause"!

—Beverly A. Schulz
Azusa, Calif.

I can't resist the temptation to suggest that you run a follow-up article in which you interview Doctor Ellis' ex-wives and any of his "bed partners" you might be able to locate. Let's find out if he really is "a very sexy guy."

—California Homemaker
Orange, Calif.

As the former wife of Dr. Albert Ellis, (Wife No. 2) may I congratulate you and Robert A. Liston on the splendid profile of Doctor Ellis in your March, 1966, issue. Mr. Liston truly captured the spirit of Doctor Ellis' personality as well as an accurate picture of Rational Therapy.

Doctor Ellis and I were married for two and one half years, and I feel that I know him as well as anyone else, or much better than most who claim they do. And although I have a policy of never discussing his personal life in public or private, I do get frustrated, concerned and sometimes challenged by all the falsities, misconceptions and untruths which are published and spoken about Doctor Ellis. Hence, it was a pleasure to read your article.

For the record, Doctor Ellis and I had probably the world's most congenial and amiable and rational divorce. We are still very close friends and see each other whenever time and location permit. As a believer in the rational way of living before I met and married Doctor Ellis, my relationship with him has only convinced me more, that this is the ONLY way.

—R. W. R.
(formerly Mrs. Albert Ellis)

P.S. The arresting drawing of me mentioned in the opening paragraph was done by the noted painter Leon Kroll.

I think that Robert A. Liston, in his TRUE'S WHO feature on me in your March issue, did an excellent job of reporting some of my heretical views on sex and psychotherapy, although I can hardly agree with some of his interpretations of my motives. He is legitimately entitled to his views, however, and I do not intend to cavil with them. More to the point, his article does contain some errors of fact; so, lest a few more choice items be added to the already formidable Ellis mythology, let me list a correction which I hope you will rush into print:

Liston: "Ellis apparently limits himself to sexually satisfying but emotionally shallow relationships." Rot! Although I have unashamedly had my share of sexual one-night stands, and had a real ball in the course of some of them, the vast majority of my sex encounters have been with females whom I knew for months or years and with whom I have had an intense emotional relationship. Quite typically, I have for the last year been monogamously devoted to one girl, with whom I maintain an involvement that is much deeper and more affectional than that which exists between most married couples. I suspect that I shall continue this kind of an elysian path for a good many years to come.

—Albert Ellis, Ph.D.
New York, N. Y.

Just finished reading an article in your March issue about Dr. Albert Ellis. I wonder what kind of psychologist he is. I think he needs to see a psychiatrist. Anyone who lives only to satisfy his animal nature must be mentally sick.

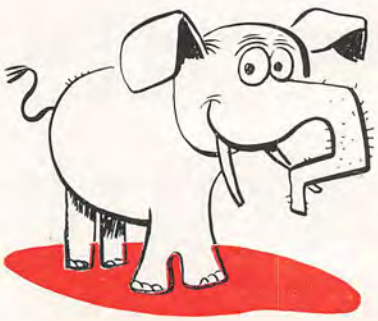
After reading his article, I'm glad I belong to the generation that's on the way out. I'm afraid our civilization is going to become extinct as the Romans' and others before it. Wine, women and song didn't build our civilization with all its know-how and wonderful technological and scientific knowledge.

God created man in his own image and gave him the power and ability to think and distinguish between right and wrong. This is what makes him distinct from the animals. It seems that Doctor Ellis is really saying to man, "Go back to your ancestors—you ape!"

—Mrs. A. N. Courey
Lansing, Mich.

A Nobel Piece prize for Doctor Ellis.

—R. J. Fournier
No. Hollywood, Calif.



Elephant Tale

I'd like to nominate William J. Lederer and Eugene Burdick for some kind of award, for a superb story *Sarkhan* (February and March) about what's really happening all over the world, while apathetic America continues down its "Elephant Trail" to the trap. More articles like this one might help open the eyes of the Elephant.

—J. W. Knoche
Jacksonville, Fla.

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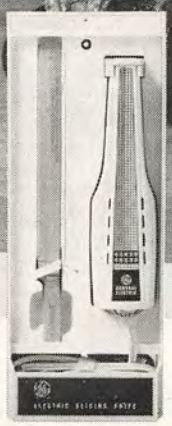

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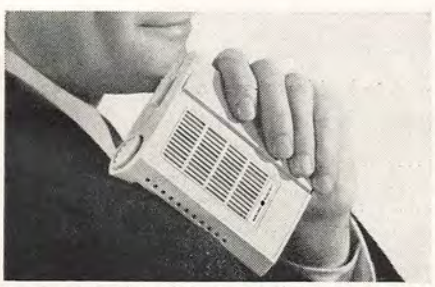

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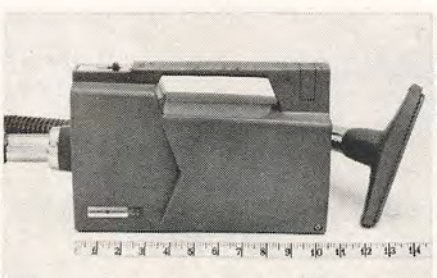

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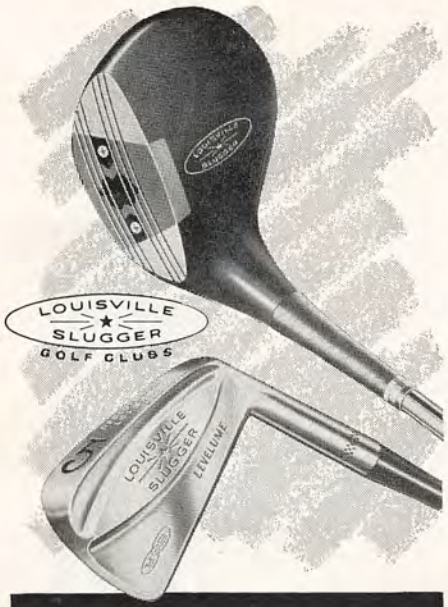

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[*Continued from page 2*]

True Man

I have been a subscriber and have read True for years and enjoy it immensely.

—Frank Sinatra
Palm Springs, Calif.

Sing it, Frankie!

Flare-Up

In your March issue, in the article *To Fly Again Another Day*, you mention a pen-sized flare pistol carried by all combat crews.

This device is also available for civilian use: for hunters, sportsmen and others who get out into the wilderness. A bit bigger than a ball-point pen, it fires a red flare 300 feet into the air, and has a seven- to nine-second duration. It is fully approved by the FAA and the Treasury Department. Also available are different colored flare cartridges, smoke cartridges and tear gas cartridges.

—E. E. Henson
Billings, Montana

Free Offer

As part of our campaign to place facts on Mental Retardation before the public, we have prepared a new booklet.

We have printed one million copies and they are proving to be very popular. Thousands have already been distributed, but we are anxious for everyone to know that a free copy of the publication can be obtained simply by writing to The President's Committee on Mental Retardation, Washington, D. C.

—Sargent Shriver
Washington, D. C.

Glad to oblige.

Pistol Problem

In *Man to Man Answers* (April, 1966) you gave correct enough information about the Luger pistol and its inventor, George Luger. But that picture! This is a picture of the Walther P-38 (for Pistole, 1938), the official German sidearm during WW II. They both used the same cartridge, the 9mm Parabellem, but from there on there is quite a difference. The Walther had a better design, utilizing a double-action (the trigger doesn't have to be cocked before firing as long as there is a cartridge chambered), but it never gained as much popularity as the more famous Luger. The P-38, with certain modifications, has been chosen for *The Man from U.N.C.L.E.* show on television.

—Dennis Kerasotes
Springfield, Ill.

We shot the photographer with a Luger; we shot the editor who accepted the picture with a P-38. Okay?

We all make mistakes and nobody realized this more acutely than the old pros. However, Edward P. Stafford reads rather like a young pro and he must be spanked and kept after school to study his history. In the March issue (*Dawn of the Deep Sea Killers*) he speaks casually of German-occupied Holland in September 1914. If Germany ever occupied one foot of Dutch soil during the First World War then this fact is not recorded in the memories of those of us who were alive at the time, nor in any book in my library.

—MacKinlay Kantor
Sarasota, Fla.

Wie oben beschrieben, deutsche Gewehre, sowie deutsche Besatzungen, sind nicht unsere starke Seite. Es tut uns leid.*

** As described above, German guns, just as German occupations, are not our strongpoint. Sorry about that.*

"My mother-in-law."

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True or false?

Can you pick all 9 true statements in this quiz?

(No time limit—but no help from your spouse or a 12-year-old boy who happens to know everything.)

1. T F ☐☐ Coca-Cola and Ford are the two best known trademarks in the world. If you think it's true, check the space under "T."

2. T F ☐☐ Ford is one of the largest manufacturers of vinyls. In addition to car upholstery, Ford vinyls are used for furniture, wall coverings and sporting goods.

3. T F ☐☐ We manufacture both color and black and white TV sets, refrigerators, radios, automatic washers and dryers, air conditioners, phonographs, ranges and home freezers. (Need extra help on this one? Philco Corporation is a Ford subsidiary.)

4. T F ☐☐ Our Philco scientists have developed an electronic print reader that can read 15,000 words a minute. (That's about one novel every 10 minutes.)

5. T F ☐☐ The planet Mars was approximately 134 million miles from Earth when Mariner IV passed it in midsummer 1965. The first pictures ever taken of Mars were relayed from Mariner IV by a Philco-built antenna from a distance of 150 million miles. True or false?

6. T F ☐☐ The trend in women's fashions is to shorter skirts. Ford of Paris has created a new collection of sports car clothes for Mustang-minded women.

7. T F ☐☐ In order to track satellites moving through space at 17,500 miles per hour—Ford's Philco subsidiary has built some of the world's largest antennas that move in 2 directions at one time.

8. T F ☐☐ Most of the major safety devices on today's cars were pioneered by Ford. These include seat belts, safety glass, padded instrument panels, deep-dish steering wheels and safety door locks.

9. T F ☐☐ American astronauts traveled more than 3 million miles in their historic flight last August. Ford's Philco scientists designed and provided most of the equipment for Gemini Control at NASA's Mission Control Center, Houston, Texas.

10. T F ☐☐ On an average day, U. S. Post Office Department handles more than 200 million letters and packages. Zip-coding speeds delivery. Ford's Philco subsidiary has developed a machine that can read 36,000 zip-coded addresses an hour.

11. T F ☐☐ Ford manufactures the following cars in the United States: Mustang, Bronco, Falcon, Fairlane, Ford, Comet, Stutz Bearcat, Mercury, Thunderbird and Lincoln Continental.

ANSWERS: False: Numbers 6 and 11. We don't make Paris fashions yet—but give us time. And the nearest thing we make to a "bearcat" is our wild little pony—Mustang.

Ford

Size Problem? Some people can munch away all day and never gain an ounce. Others just think about food and they're in the battle of the bulge. But then, people are different in many ways. Take the work shoes they wear, for example. Size and need differs with every man. So at Red Wing, we make 108 different styles of fine work shoes and boots, 123 different sizes and widths (6-16, AA-EEEE). We offer such a range because comfort and fit should belong to everybody. Try on a pair. You'll experience a great new feeling of work shoe comfort and fit.

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THE MAN'S MAGAZINE

TRUE

'Tis strange, but true; for truth is always strange—stranger than fiction.
BYRON

JUNE 1966

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COVER PHOTOGRAPH BY BEN ROSE
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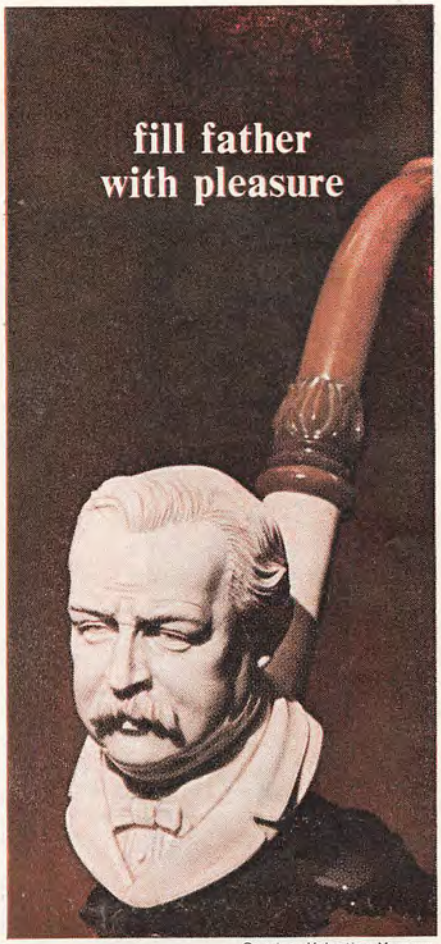

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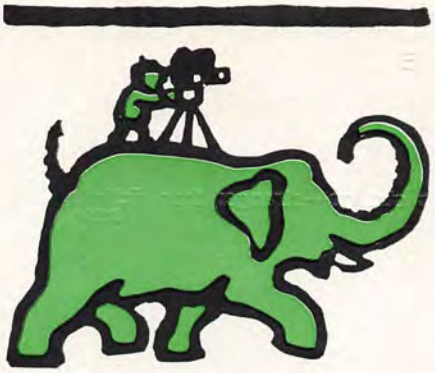

MOVIES

THE GROUP. Mary McCarthy's novel about eight little Vassar girls and how they grew in the thirties has been turned into a relatively good movie, though some of the parts are greater than the whole. Dramatically, it is too fragmented. But the acting is excellent and several of the episodes are good, like the one where Joan Hackett, in a brilliant *tour de force*, loses her virginity and the one where Shirley Knight, saddled with a hilariously crazy father, finally gets a man. Hal Holbrook, Elizabeth Hartman, Joanna Pettet and James Broderick are fine.

A STUDY IN TERROR. Sherlock Holmes, the most famous junkie in history, rides again after an absence from the screen of more than 20 years. In this one we're back in Victorian England and the killer is the elusive Jack the Ripper. After a bit of the inevitable "How did you know that, Holmes?" "Elementary, my dear Watson" stuff, we get down to cases. After checking out a cast of likely suspects, Sherlock nails his man in a fiery finish. A good period piece, good whodunit and good fun. John Neville is Holmes and Donald Houston is poor Watson.

NEVADA SMITH. A fairly straightforward Western tale of vengeance, stolidly old-fashioned and moderately effective. Steve McQueen does a nice job as the hero, setting out after the three men who killed his parents, even getting himself into jail to dispose of one of them. The story is familiar, but there's plenty of action, and the acting is above average. Arthur Kennedy, Brian Keith, and Suzanne Pleshette stand out.

RIDE BEYOND VENGEANCE. Another fairly straightforward Western, another tale of vengeance, also stolidly old-fashioned, but quite terrible. Chuck Connors plays a man who returns home after 11 years, is mistaken for a thief, branded and robbed. In the end, in spite of an incredible plot, he gets some revenge. The audience may want some too.

THE OSCAR. The story of an arch-heel with no soul who talks his way from tank-town spieler to Hollywood star only to find that bastards always lose—a dubious point at best. There is not a thing in this dreary extravaganza that rises to even third-rate status, though the cliches in the script are sometimes very funny. Stephen Boyd plays the heel and his acting, if that's the word for it, is abominable. Elke Sommer, Tony Bennett, Ernest Borgnine and Eleanor Parker also chip in, but the pot's still shy.

CAST A GIANT SHADOW. An epic, rambling film about Col. David "Mickey" Marcus, a distinguished soldier, legal troubleshooter, "insubordinate s.o.b.," and undercover adviser to Israel's ragtag army in 1947-48, during the Arab invasion. Kirk Douglas plays Marcus, an American, and delectable Senta Berger is the Israeli girl who makes army life easier for him. John Wayne, Yul Brynner and Frank Sinatra also star. Not profound, but lively and entertaining.

BOOKS

THE LAST BATTLE by Cornelius Ryan. The last three weeks of WW II in Europe, concentrating on the fight for Berlin and the controversial decision that kept the U.S. Army sitting on its triumph 45 miles away from the city. Ryan is particularly effective when dealing with life in the terror-stricken, war-torn city, and his description of the Russians' final attack has compelling immediacy. *Simon & Schuster; $7.50.*

SAFETY LAST by Jeffrey O'Connell and Arthur Myers. Following hot on the heels of Ralph Nader's best seller, *Unsafe at Any Speed*, comes another no-holds-barred polemic against the auto industry for not building safer cars. The descriptions of how Detroit has stalled on safety are shocking, but the authors state their case so aggressively that they sometimes shed more heat than light. *Random House; $4.95.*

THE BATTLE OF THE MARNE by Henri Isselin. In August, 1914, the French Army marched off to war with blue-and-red uniforms, outdated military strategy, stupid generals—and nearly got chewed to bits. Only a month later, as the Germans were threatening Paris, General Joffre finally pulled his battered, weary army together, stood fast, fought the Battle of the Marne—and won. The story is a good

[*Continued on page* 10]

Ugly is only skin-deep.

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 [Continued from page 8]

one, though the translation from the French is sometimes stiff. *Doubleday; $5.95.*

A LAST LAMP BURNING by Gwyn Griffin. One of the most satisfactory novels in a long time. Set in Naples and crammed with color, action, insight and plot, it tells what happens to a large cast of characters when a rich man dies, leaving two incompetent heirs valuable slum property. Italian nobles, bureaucrats, gangsters, communists, businessmen and tragedy rush in to fill the void. A whale of a story, vividly told. *Putnam; $6.95.*

THE SKY'S THE LIMIT by A.D. Livingston. An intricate, neatly plotted story about a gambler who comes to town to play a little poker and ends up reshuffling the lives of several people: a woman he once loved, his poolroom-tough son, a compulsive gambler and a trio of sharks. Most of the action occurs around the table; it's educational as well as quite entertaining. *Lippincott; $4.50.*

POORBOY AT THE PARTY by Robert Gover. A few years ago, Robert Gover cut some comically bawdy capers with *One Hundred Dollar Misunderstanding.* Now he centers his attention on a poor southern college lad in pursuit of an American dream: to marry a rich girl. The action takes place at a wild weekend party, where a batch of spoiled rich kids tears a house (and the hero's dream) to pieces.It's dirty, trenchant, profound and funny, all at the same time. *Trident Press; $4.95.*

THE ADVENTURERS by Harold Robbins. A vulgar novel about the International Set, lacking wit, insight or theme. Its characters are based on the people who appear in the gossip columns, and they all talk like army sergeants turned loose in a cathouse after six months in combat. At 781 pages, it is about 700 pages too long. *Trident Press; $5.95.*

RECORDS

MY FAVORITE THINGS. The Dave Brubeck Quartet takes the best of all possible raw materials—the music of Richard Rodgers—and weaves it into exciting, shimmering new tapestries. The group (Brubeck, Paul Desmond, Joe Morello, Gene Wright) has never sounded better. "My Romance," "This Can't Be Love," "Little Girl Blue," "My Favorite Things," four more. *Columbia.*

BRAZILIAN DETOUR. If you take this detour, you'll be traveling first class. Pianist Paul Smith, backed by a full orchestra, does cartwheels over, above, around and through the bossa nova, always finding new nuances and much humor. "One Note Samba," "More," "Meditation," "Lullaby of Birdland" and eight others. *Warner Bros.*

BEETHOVEN: SYMPHONY NO. 3 ("Eroica"). Beethoven stretched or broke most of the symphonic rules with this work, and it caused quite a storm when it was first performed. Now, it is generally known as the first "modern" symphony, one which set symphonic music on a whole new track. Leonard Bernstein conducts the New York Philharmonic in a vivid performance; the harsh, dissonant chords are vigorously slammed home, and the rich variations are shaped with scrupulous warmth. *Columbia.*

POP ARTISTRY. Sarah Vaughan, sometimes mellow, sometimes brassy, always good, wheels and deals her way through a dozen highly contemporary songs. She works wondrous improvements on rock 'n' roll tunes like "Yesterday" and "I Know a Place," and imparts new insights on "If I Ruled the World" and other Broadway songs. Definitely top pops. *Mercury.*

MOZART PIANO CONCERTOS, VOL. 1. This three-record set contains six of the brilliant works (Nos. 12, 18, 20, 23, 24, 26) that were once called "the highest level of Mozart's instrumental art." Lili Kraus is the soloist, and Stephen Simon conducts the Vienna Festival Orchestra; all are to be complimented. Eventually they will record all the concertos —a pleasant prospect. *Epic.*

THE MAGIC OF MAKEBA. A broad selection of songs—old and new, fast and slow—unified by the magic of Miriam Makeba's beautiful voice. She sings here of the varieties of love, and she makes every note and every word count. *RCA Victor.*

HERE'S THAT RAINY DAY. The Paul Horn Quintet plays soft, silky jazz with a bittersweet quality—just right for rainy-day or late-night listening. Horn's whispering flute is best on "Laura" and "Who Can I Turn To?" *RCA Victor.*

SUNDAY MORNING WITH THE COMICS. A long look back to those bygone boyhood days when we all sat glued to the radio may be the daydream of many men. If it's yours, skip this album. It purports to be a re-creation of the golden days of radio serials, but half of it is witless parody and the other half is hopelessly self-conscious. *Reprise.*

IT HAPPENED IN SPORTS

BY JERRY IZENBERG

BATTLE OF THE SWITCHERS

When it comes to working the percentages, to finding that extra little gimmick that may make the difference between winning and losing a game, most baseball men will concede that Paul Richards has no peer. Richards, the recently-fired general manager of the Houston Astros, always wants to have an edge, no matter how slim.

Even as a young man Paul had a little extra going for him because he was one of the few bona fide ambidextrous pitchers in the history of baseball. (While he was to reach the majors as a catcher, Paul began his minor league career as a pitcher-infielder.) Since he could throw with either arm, he made an ideal relief pitcher.

As every schoolboy knows, managers since Abner Doubleday have been greatly influenced by the theory that a right-handed pitcher has an edge over a right-handed batter and a lefty has the same advantage over a left-handed hitter. So when Richards joined the Muskogee, Oklahoma, team in the Texas League in 1928, manager Otto Williams was delighted. Paul could hit and play the infield and in the late innings—taking two gloves to the mound—he could throw curve balls that broke away no matter which direction the batter faced.

All of which gave Richards, Muskogee and manager Williams a hell of an edge until one day a man named Charlie Wilson came along with an edge of his own. Charlie Wilson was an infielder with Topeka and later had a brief major league career with the Cardinals and Giants, but he is best remembered around Muskogee as the man who made possible the Western Association's "longest day."

Topeka was threatening that day after falling behind early in the game so Otto Williams, brimming with confidence, signaled Paul Richards to get his two gloves, go out to the mound and hold the lead. Using his right-handed glove and a fair curve ball, Richards struggled to a 3-2 count on Charlie Wilson. Now he had the sign, now he stretched, and now Charlie Wilson called time out and stepped over the plate and prepared to hit left-handed.

Richards dropped his glove, picked up the other one and prepared to pitch left-handed. Again he took the sign, again he stretched, and again Charlie Wilson called time and switched over to bat right-handed.

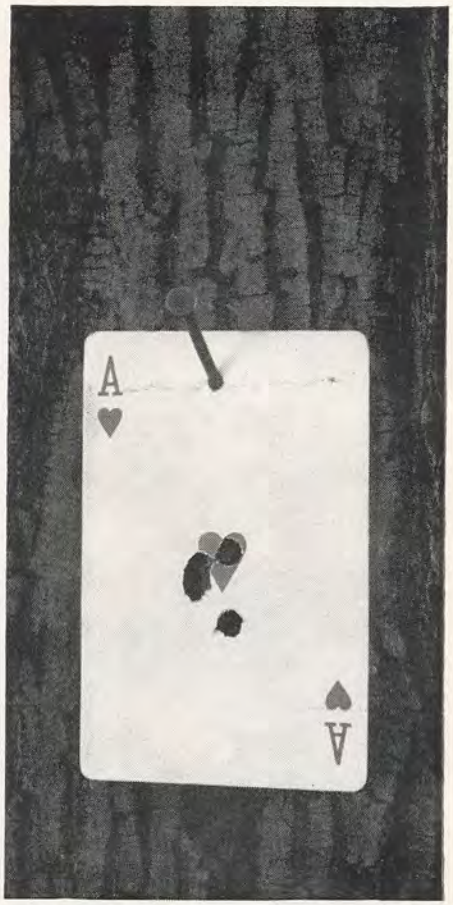
History does not record how many people were in Muskogee that long afternoon but Richards recollects that he has never seen so many people laugh so hard for so long. The charade went on and on and on and the umpire was powerless to stop it.

Finally, in a burst of temper, Paul Richards threw both gloves away, put both hands behind his back and hollered in at Wilson:

"All right, wise guy, you've got all the edge you're gonna get. All you can do is guess which hand this time."

"That's a hell of a story," a fellow said to Richards recently. "No matter how you slice it, Charlie Wilson just couldn't win."

"No, he couldn't," Richards replied. "So how come I walked him?"



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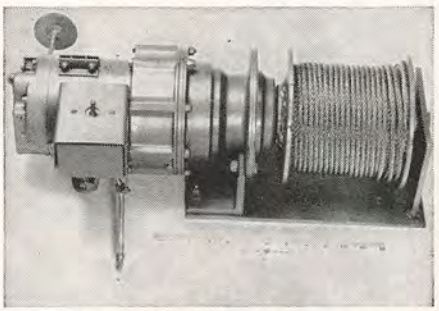

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For more True Goes Shopping, turn to page 110

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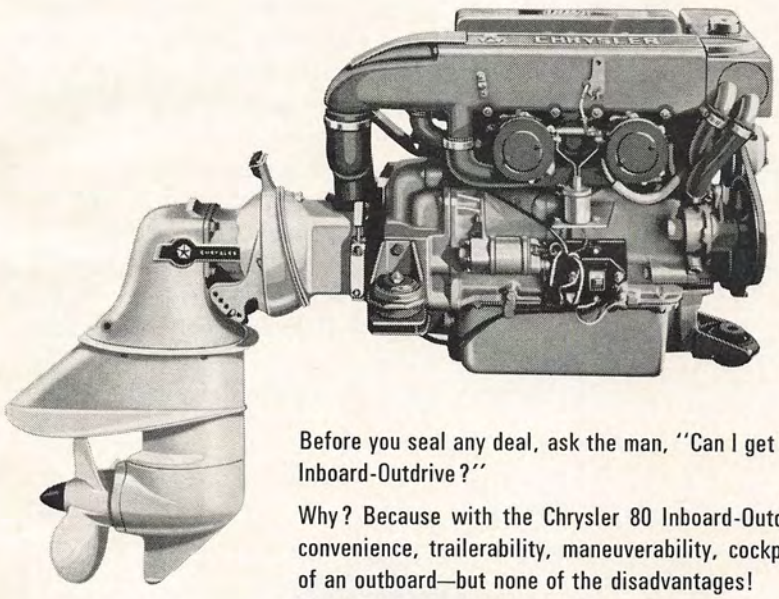

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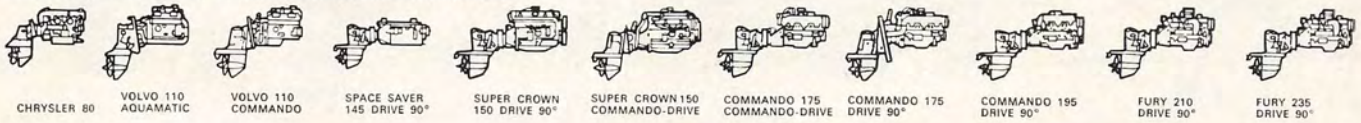

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THE GOLD-DUST TWINS OF THE BOND BOOM

James Bond movies bear the personal stamp of Broccoli & Saltzman, two smart fellas who got tired of losing money on art films and joined forces to produce the biggest money-makers in entertainment history

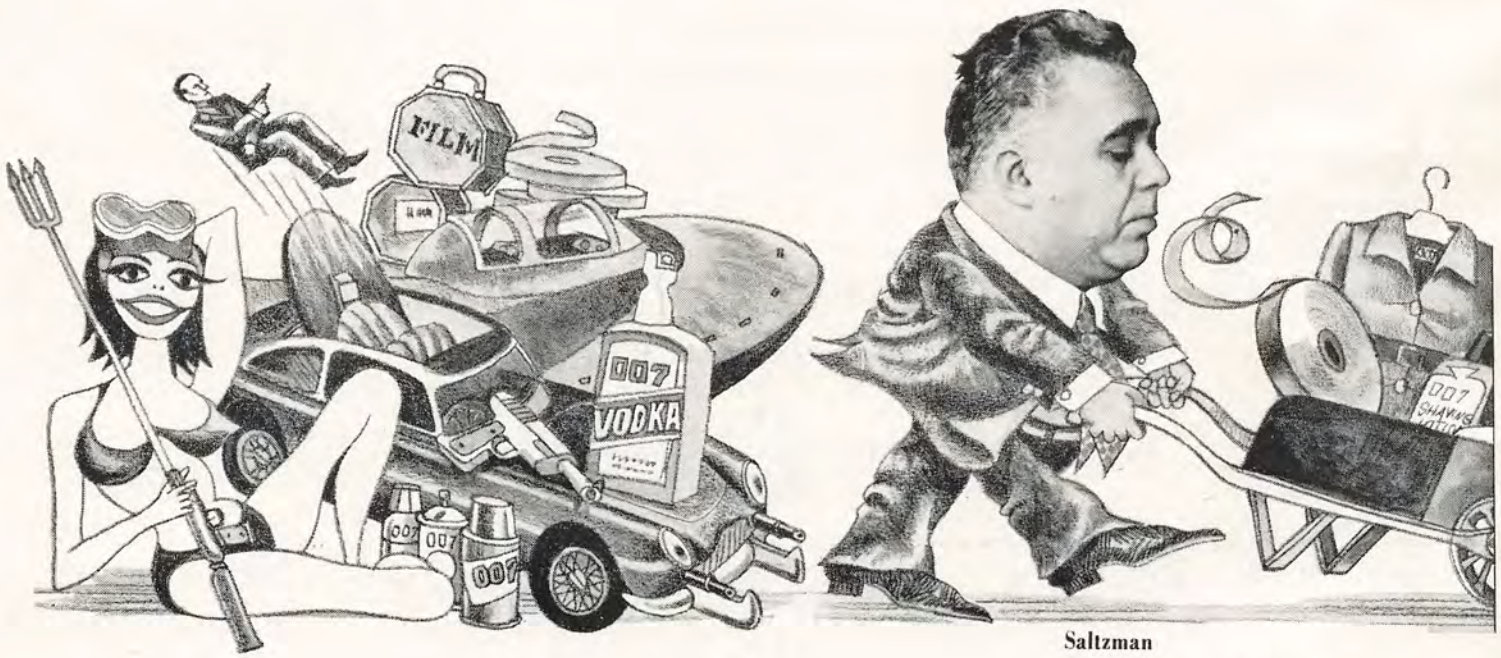
BY ARTHUR HERZOG

LONDON, ENGLAND

■ Moviegoers may not notice the names of assorted producers which are flashed on the screen before a picture begins, but credits for Albert R. Broccoli and Harry Saltzman ought to be an exception. Currently they are presenting the biggest thing in show business: James Bond. Albert, better known as Cubby, and Harry, his partner, are producers who have succeeded where the dazzling dolls all failed. They own 007, the film rights at least, and for the kind of money they are making even the greedy villains at SPECTRE would turn honest.

The Bond box-office receipts have made Broccoli and Saltzman a sort of Barnum and Bailey, Mike Todd and Billy Rose rolled into two. The profits that have poured into the coffers of their Swiss bank account are almost beyond imagining. The first Bond picture, *Dr. No,* netted $1.5 million. *From Russia With Love* brought in $3 million—but the Bondanza, as the movie trade papers say, really began with *Goldfinger,* which netted over $8 million and is almost sure to rate among the top half-dozen money-making films of all time. *Thunderball,* the latest episode in this financial thriller, will net between $12 and $18 million for Saltzman and Broccoli, making it the earnings champion of movie history, far surpassing *Gone With The Wind.* Over 100,000,000 people—one out of 30 in the *world* —have already put down currencies of many nations to see *Thunderball,* but the picture, which cost $6.8 million to make, was in the black after showing only five and one-half weeks in the U.S. "It's beyond belief," says David V. Picker, first vice-president of United Artists Corp. which distributes the Bond films. "Staggering. Incredible. . . ."

Harry Saltzman is a 50-year-old Canadian, short



Saltzman

and on the stout side, with a round face, bushy eyebrows and gray close-cropped hair. He constantly jingles coins in his pocket, and in the office he takes off his shoes, flashing bright-red socks. Harry is always on one, two or three telephones, just like a producer. Even the phone in his Rolls-Royce is always busy, which is one reason the partners' telephone bill is $12,000 a month.

Cubby Broccoli is a 57-year-old American, tall, portly and rarely smiling, perhaps because he's on a pitiless diet. He plays with a rubber band wrapped around his hand and saves paper clips from the morning mail. Broccoli knows his way around one of the toughest businesses on earth, but he's the calmer of the two, the diplomat. "Cubby is Harry's sense of proportion," says Michael Caine, an actor Saltzman made famous in *The Ipcress File*. "They're like two policemen. Cubby gives you the cigarette and Harry knocks it out of your mouth."

Saltzman has an office of his own in the partners' London headquarters but he's usually in Cubby's large old-fashioned office. They sit at two big desks pushed back to back, like British tea merchants. Papers are strewn over the floor. The phone rings and rings while people wander freely in and out, everyone talking at once. Harry and Cubby keep up a steady patter: "Hey, Harry, think he'll take a hundred thousand?"

"What about her?"

"She's got a good face but Christ, the legs. Have you ever looked at her legs, Cubby?"

"I never got as far as the legs," Cubby said. He lit a cigarette using matches with 007 on the cover. "What about the other one?"

"No breastworks," Harry replied, jingling coins. "She's a prima donna, too. She wants five G's a week plus expenses *plus* a car and chauffeur. With *that* nose." Harry wrinkled his in disgust.

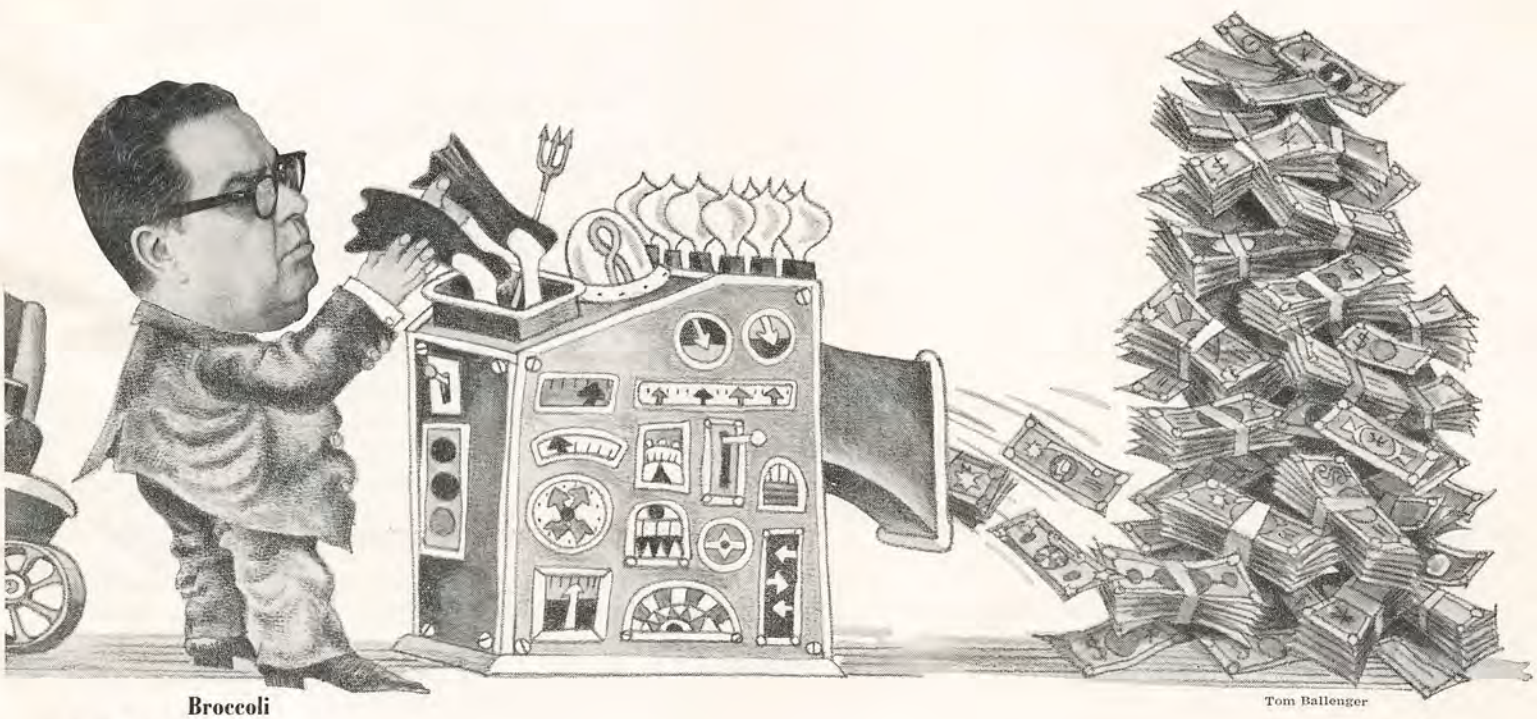
Cubby played with the rubber band. "They're all prima donnas. They're all geniuses. What we don't need is geniuses."

"Everybody's a genius, except us."

"Some people don't have humility," Cubby said, looking at Harry.

Money is a frequent topic with Harry and Cubby—it has to be. Money keeps pouring in, and not just from the films. Cubby was in New York after *Thunderball* opened and while he was interested in the booming U.S. box-office figures, he also had time to check on the sale of popcorn at the huge Paramount Theatre where the picture was playing. The partners, never ones to let any potential profits slip through their fingers, had insisted on a cut from the candy concession. They also get royalties on the original sound-track records and have a gold disk celebrating the sale of $1 million worth of *Goldfinger* sound-track LP's. The *Thunderball* theme will soon earn them another. They have a 50 percent share in Bond merchandise licensing rights, covering everything from the 007 Room at the London Hilton to 007 Vodka; from deodorants to gold-colored nightgowns for ladies—"Go to bed fit to kill." They refused, however, a request to manufacture in England an 007 brand male contraceptive.

Harry and Cubby like to say that Bond, like Tarzan and Sherlock Holmes, is immortal. So, evidently, are the profits. At least two more 007 movies remain to be made. There will also be TV rights to the films, a TV Bond series and who knows what else. It's estimated that the total Bond entertainment operation will



Broccoli

Tom Ballenger

Three studios refused to back the partners' first Bond film. It netted $1.5 million

Saltzman is flanked by Connery and Fleming. The producers were author's friends but relations with the actor are cool.

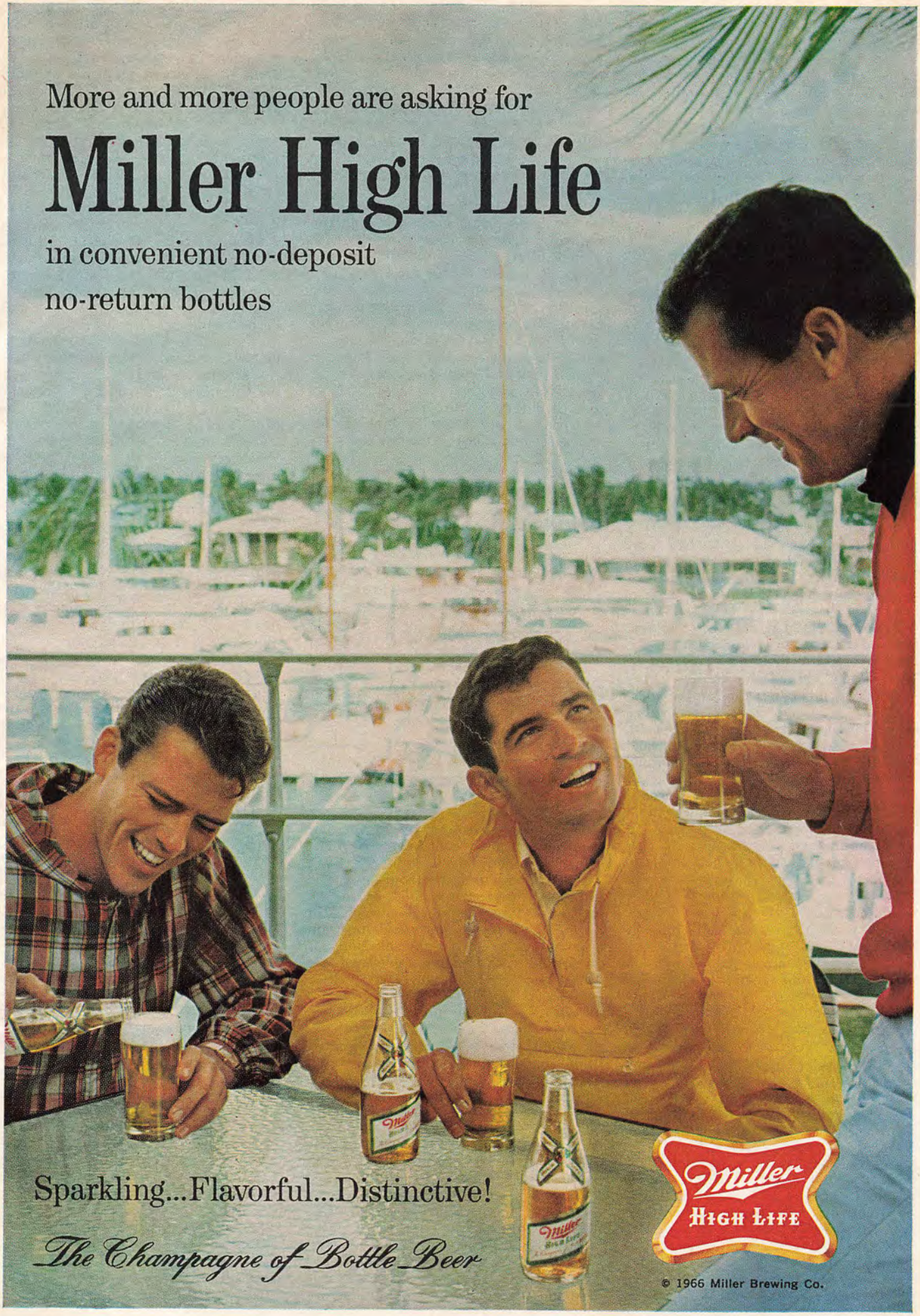
eventually gross a billion dollars. Stanley Sopel, the partners' treasurer, puts the present worth of their enterprises at $40 million—all this in only three years and on an investment by Harry and Cubby of zero.

"Broccoli and Saltzman aren't geniuses," a friend says, "but they are two terribly clever guys with very gifted eyes, noses and ears." Before the Bond stories came along Harry Saltzman had worked in everything from vaudeville to television. In London, he helped form Woodfall Productions which created the "kitchen sink" movement with such films as *Look Back In Anger* and *The Entertainer*. Despite critical acclaim, Saltzman found there was nothing to eat at the kitchen sink. "Saltzman didn't have $300 to his name," an associate says. "Financially and psychologically he needed a success in the worst possible way."

Harry is known as a man who can spot trends. He knew about the Bond books by Ian Fleming, and the more he pondered the more he thought they would make ideal film material, with bang-up action and a new hero. It may seem odd in retrospect, but almost no one saw this potential until Broccoli and Saltzman actually showed it to them on the screen. When Harry approached Fleming in 1961 he learned that only one Bond book, *Casino Royale*, had been bought for the movies and at a paltry sum at that. There was no sign of its being produced. The other books were still for sale, but Fleming was playing it cool. He asked to see Harry's last film, "not my best but my *last*," Harry says, "which happened to be *Saturday Night and Sunday Morning*, my last and my best." Fleming, liking it, asked $50,000 in option money and agreed to give Harry time to raise it. Saltzman tried everywhere but there were no takers.

Enter Cubby Broccoli, like Harry a renegade from art films. Broccoli had started out as a successful producer of action movies, like *Hell Below Zero*, with Alan Ladd, but then thought he could make an art film with box-office appeal. He produced *The Green Carnation*, about the trial of Oscar Wilde on charges of homosexuality. The picture was well received by critics and won a prize at the Moscow Film Festival but public interest was low—so low that when the movie had its premiere in Hollywood in 1960, Cubby looked around him, saw that only a handful of people had showed up, and, his wife says, broke into real tears of anger. "After that I wanted to show them," he says —*them* meaning the film business, the whole world. Cubby had invested his own money in the film and lost it. "I decided I wasn't a philanthropist. You can win prizes but you can't eat them."

Cubby pondered his problem, and after a year of searching for a money-maker, the property he picked was James Bond. Then he learned that Fleming had provision- [*Continued on page* 18]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[*Continued from page* 16]

ally given the rights to Harry Saltzman, a man he'd never met. Broccoli went to Saltzman in London and offered to buy his deal with Fleming.

"Don't bother," Harry said. "Nobody's interested in backing the Bond films. But I have some other ideas, if you'd like to come into partnership."

Broccoli wasn't ready to give up on Bond. He thought his own experience with action films might open doors. The two men went to New York in a last desperate try for a bankroll. They needed money to buy the film rights on one Bond book, as well as options on the rest. They also needed money to produce a Bond film. At one film company they were turned down flat, at another no one had heard of Fleming and at a third people were positively rude. But finally United Artists put up a million dollars and the partners were in the Bond business.

From the beginning the 007 operation was as carefully organized as a military campaign. One reason the partners had trouble selling their concept in the U.S. was their insistence that the actor playing James Bond be a fresh face, not a name already familiar in lights. After a hard search they uncovered a tall, dark-haired fellow with sex appeal, a vague Scottish accent (as Bond has in the books) and what Cubby decided was a cat's walk. But it was only after Sean Connery himself became a name recognizable in lights that the old film pros would admit that Harry and Cubby had been right.

Reacting perhaps to their artistic failures, the partners insisted that the films were going to be *old-fashioned* at heart. They wanted the kind of thing Cubby remembered seeing at the nickelodeon, as movie houses were once called, cliff-hanging stuff with "suspense, sex and what some people call sadism," Cubby says, or, as Harry puts it simply, "breasts and blood." Only it would all look ultramodern, because they would dress up the films with the latest space age gadgetry such as the laser beam (it was a buzz saw in the book) that threatens to slice Bond in half in *Goldfinger* and the jet-propulsion back with which he escapes in *Thunderball*. They would have double or triple the "bumps" (which is what film folk call climactic moments) than those in a Hitchcock thriller, and the films would be so quickly paced, so full of imaginative razzle-dazzle, that audiences would be kept gasping.

Even though it has all worked out according to plan, some lucky things happened to the partners on the way to the Swiss bank. The first Fleming book they planned to film was *Thunderball* and they even had a script ready, but *Thunderball* was suddenly tied up in court action. This turned out to be fortunate because *Thunderball*, with its tricky underwater sequences would have been too complicated for the producers to handle without prior experience making Bond films. So they began with *Dr. No*, a far simpler film. Essentially, they were playing *No* straight. A few laughs for comic relief, okay, but no spoofing. Action not parody. One man who went down to Nassau to watch the shooting looked at a dragon car and the rest of the paraphernalia and said to Harry, "What is this, a gag? Are you trying to make a funny picture?" Harry snapped, "Ian Fleming means these stories to be straight action. So do we." Terence Young, the director, turned to someone at a sneak preview of *Dr. No* and said, with annoyance, "Why, they're laughing at all the wrong places." The partners bent gracefully. If people thought Bond was funny he'd *be* funny, and from then on the spoofing element in the Bond pictures was deliberate.

Broccoli and Saltzman call themselves, not without pride, creative producers, meaning that they work closely with writers, directors, special effects men and so on. While film people agree they have assembled one of the best staffs in the business, what emerges on screen bears the producers' own stamp. Portions of each Bond film have been shot at English studios, but the rest is done on location. Broccoli and Saltzman do research in the history and geography of these localities and then they go into the field, far in advance of the cameras, looking for shooting sites. They block out the plots and "bumps," work on the scripts and are engaged in a continual search for effective gadgetry, the ideas for which are likely to come from just about any place. Broccoli, for instance, picked up the notion of the tranquilizer gun used in *Goldfinger* from a science magazine, and a news photo of a crushing machine for used cars struck him as a fine way to get rid of Goldfinger's victims. What will or won't work in a film isn't always obvious in advance, and the uncertainty has led to some heated arguments. Cubby was *sure* that Harry's idea for a man in a Bond mask at the start of *Russia* would be a bomb, and Harry was just as obstinate in saying that Cubby's inspiration, a car with an ejector seat, couldn't be built.

Into the service of James Bond the partners have managed to press the military establishments of Britain and the United States. When Harry and Cubby heard the U.S. Air Force was scheduling the first major pararescue jump off the Florida coast, they asked to send cameras. The drop scene was a big bump in *Thunderball*. The flashy air-sea rescue equipment used in the same film is also U.S. military gear. But, for the most part, the special effects in the Bond films are original, built by the partners at enormous expense.

It cost, for instance, about $25,000 to reproduce exactly the boardroom of the Bank of England, used for one brief sequence in *Goldfinger*. The realistic detail went largely unappreciated by Americans but impressed British audiences. In *Thunderball* there is a yacht that sheds an outer cocoon to become a 95 mph. hydrofoil for the villain's getaway. It cost a quarter of a million dollars. (The partners are still trying to sell the boat.) Fort Knox, reproduced for *Goldfinger*, cost $400,000 to simulate. The partners got special permission from the U.S. Treasury to fly small airplanes over the real Fort Knox, in a scene where the lady pilots, headed by Pussy Galore, drop sleeping gas. The actual pilots were not the girls who emerged from the planes but men in blonde wigs.

"If Saltzman and Broccoli were filming the Bible they could not give more meticulous attention to detail," says Mike Beck, a producers' representative. "There's no doubt that some scenes could have been shot in the studio, or in the street for that matter, but the realism, expensive as it's been to put there, adds to the general aura and I think it pays off."

Among the Broccoli-Saltzman fans was the late Ian Fleming who told the producers that he approved of how his character was handled on film. But there have been dissenters too—among them 007 himself, Sean Connery.

As far as Connery is concerned, the partners have succeeded only too well in building a new star for the 007 role. "Connery," said someone close to him, "would rather be called Sean than James." A former printer's apprentice, coffin polisher, truck driver and sailor, who left school at 14, Connery is a proud and independent man who dislikes the publicity mills and once declined to go to California to receive an important international film critics award. He entered show business in the chorus of *South Pacific*, made a few films, and wound up playing James Bond in *Dr. No* at $1,000 a week. "Sean doesn't want to be Sir Laurence Olivier," said Honor Blackman, who played Pussy Galore, "but he does want to be a diversified actor." To millions, though, Connery *is* 007 wherever he goes and whatever he does, an actor typed more than any other. Sean has come to hate James Bond.

Connery has no love for Harry and Cubby either. His take on the Bond films, including a share of the profits, has been enormous—$1.5 million for *Goldfinger*, an estimated $2 million for *Thunderball*. He also has a small percent of the merchandise fees. But Connery, according to an associate, feels he's had to fight for every penny. "He thinks Harry and Cubby waste a lot of his time," this source says, "making it hard for him to schedule other work. Maybe he's been temperamental at times, but Broccoli and Saltzman treat him like a schoolboy."

The strains have been such that Connery and the partners have spoken only

[*Continued on page* 22]

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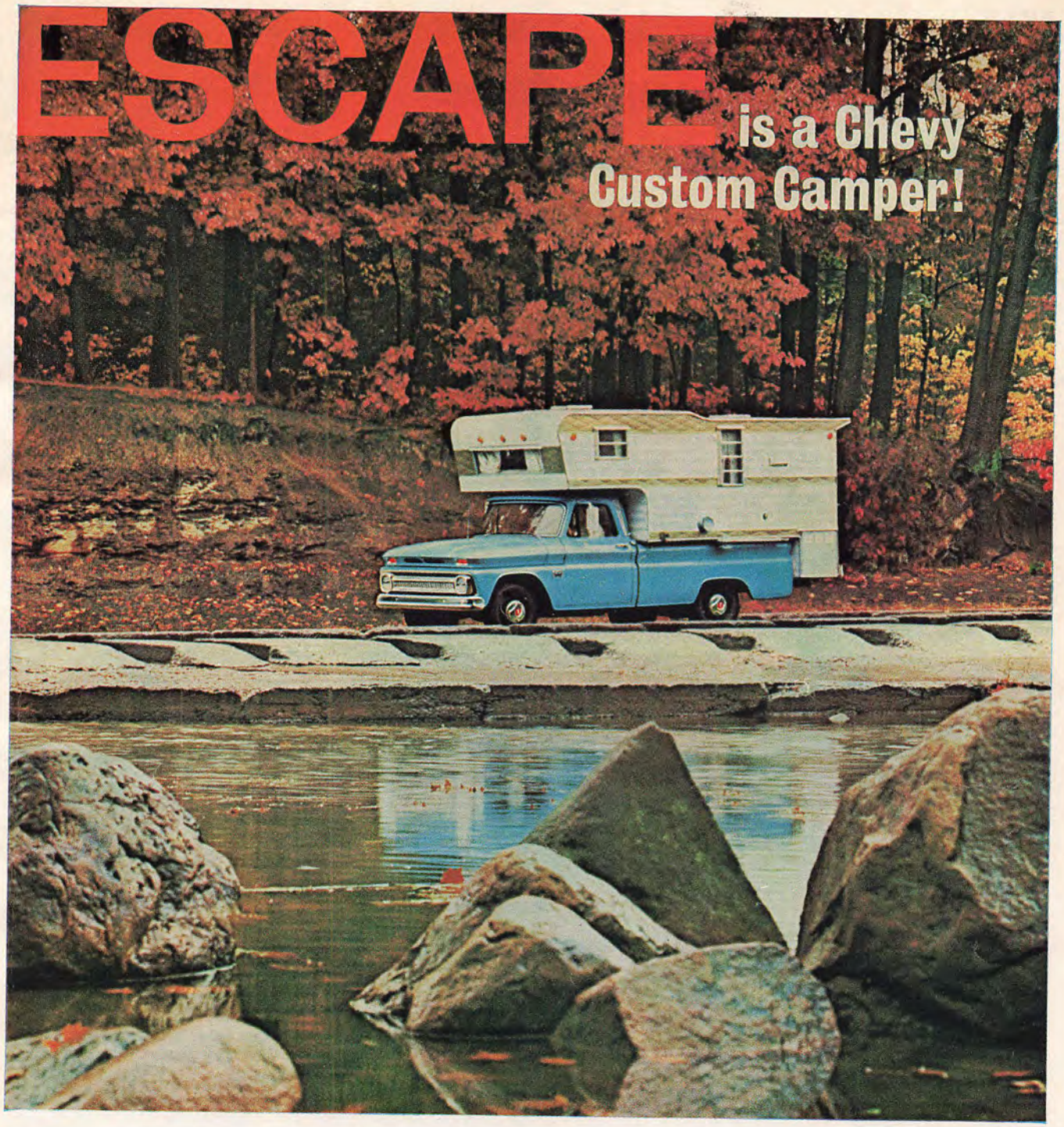

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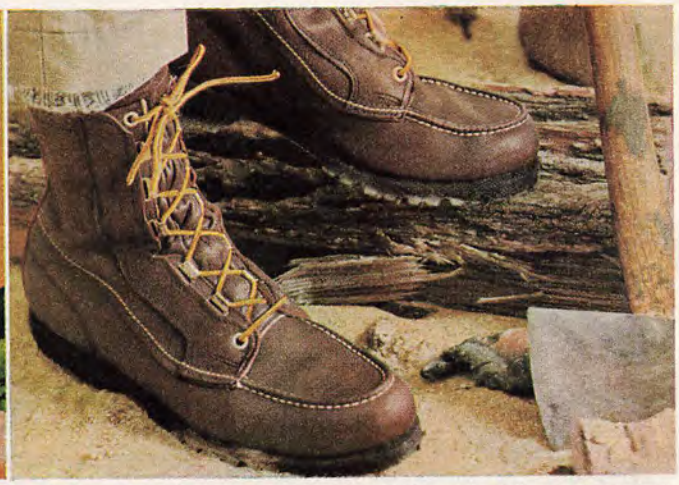

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MINNESOTA—**Albert Lea**—St. Paul Clo. **Alexandria**—Robert's Shoes **Aurora**—Charlie's Shoes **Austin**—Smith Shoes **Balaton**—Sommermeyer's **Bejou**—Hallstrom's **Benson**—Comptons **Birchdale**—Nelson's **Blooming Prairie**—Ressler Bros. **Blue Earth**—Hanson Shoes **Brainerd**—Brainerd A & N Store **Breckenridge**—Johnson's Shoes **Browerville**—Luke's **Brownton**—Redmann Lea **Caledonia**—DeWitz's **Cleveland**—Rolfing's **Cokato**—The Leader **Cook**—Big Dollar **Cosmos**—Larson & Peterson **Cottage Grove**—Cottage Grove Merc. **Crookston**—Logans Clo. **Culver**—Larson & Simonson **Currie**—Gardner's **Danube**—Beyer's **Detroit Lakes**—Lakes Sport Shop **Donnelly**—Co-op Store **Duluth**—Clark Shoe Co. • Family Shoe • Ossanna's Undeen's **East Grand Forks**—Logans Clo. **Elbow Lake**—Carpy's **Elgin**—Sonfal's **Ely**—Mills **Embarrass**—A. Lampa's **Emmons**—Twito's **Evansville**—Nelson's **Faribault**—St. Paul Clo. **Fergus Falls**—St. Clair & Rovang **Forest Lake**—Bob Johnson Sports **Freeborn**—Gilmore's **Glencoe**—The Temple **Goodland**—Fred's Store **Grand Rapids**—Brier's • Lasker & Upin **Granite Falls**—Moe Shoes **Green Isle**—Nevin Bros. **Harding**—Hayes Store **Hawley**—Bankrupt Store **Hillman**—Gotvald's **Holland**—Taubert's **Houston**—Skilton's **Jackson**—Chozen's **Kasson**—Leuthold Shoe **Kiester**—Haase Shoe **Kensington**—Kensington Merc. **Lake Benton**—Krick's Skogmo **Le Roy**—Federated Store **Lewiston**—Rahn's **Litchfield**—Sandgren's **Little Falls**—Kroil's **Long Prairie**—Seelhammer's **Madelia**—Nelson's **Mahnomen**—Strandemo & Tonneson **Marshall**—Kay's **Marine on St. Croix**—Kuno's **Mayhew Lake**—Esselman's **Melrose**—Angelbeck's **Moorhead**—The Shoe Box **Morris**—Henle's **Minneapolis**—Chet's Shoe • Carl Elmquist Shoes • Roberts Shoes **New London**—Big Store **New Ulm**—Eichten's Shoes **No. St. Paul**—Miller's **Odessa**—Kollitz Bros. **Ortonville**—Habicht's **Paynesville**—Zapf's **Pelican Rapids**—Carr & Hanson **Perham**—Skogmo's **Pipestone**—Lee's **Princeton**—Olson's **Raymond**—Essendrup's **Redwood Falls**—Melges Shoes **Roseau**—Burggraf's **St. Cloud**—Weber Clo. **Santiago**—Lee's **Slayton**—Wayne's **Sleepy Eye**—Palace Shoe & Clo. **So. St. Paul**—Marie Ave. Shoes • Rogowski Clo. **Thief River Falls**—Hamilton Clo. **Tracy**—Model Clo. **Trimont**—Temple's **Twin Valley**—Bjorkiund Shoes **Two Harbors**—Ray's Shoes **Vermillion**—Kassel Bros. **Virginia**—Alto's **Wabasso**—Leistikow's **Wabasha**—Jos. Meyer **Waterville**—Leuthold & Lenz **Wheaton**—Wheaton Dept. Store **Willmar**—Jensen Shoes **Windom**—Quevli Shoes **Winona**—Baker Shoes **Worthington**—Wolff's **Young America**—Keith's

MISSOURI—**Albany**—A. B. Price & Co. **Altenburg**—Fisher Merc. **Argyle**—M F A **Bolivar**—Arnold's Shoes **Boonville**—Snoddys Store **Braymer**—Brown's Dry Goods **Brookfield**—H. Tooey Merc. Co. **Bourbon**—Summerville Dept. Store **Buffalo**—Reser & Co. **Butler**—Daveson's Shoes **Calwood**—Wright Bros. **Camdenton**—Farmer's Exchange **Canton**—Mathew's Mens Wear **Carollton**—Williams Clothing **Chillicothe**—Byrne's Shoes **Clinton**—Vincent's Shoes **Concordia**—Concordia Shoes **Columbia**—Dryers Shoes **Cuba**—Hay's Shoes **DeSoto**—Howard's Shoes **Dexter**—Payne's Shoes **Downing**—Cook's **Edina**—Krueger & Co. **Elsberry**—Brumagin Clo. **Excelsior Springs**—Flander's Dept. Store **Fair Grove**—Farmer's Exchange **Festus**—Stoll's Shoes **Fulton**—Hams Prairie Store **Grant City**—Gail & June's **Greenfield**—Sider's Shoes **Hannibal**—Baumgartner's Shoes • DeLaPorte Shoes **Hermann**—Greene's **Higgensville**—Harry Smith Men's Wear **High Point**—J. F. Tising's Sons **Houston**—Leavitt's Dept. Store **Humansville**—Carney's Dry Goods **Jefferson City**—American Shoe • Burkel's Shoes **Kahoka**—Fisk Apparel **Kansas City**—Bonds Shoes **Kearney**—Kearney Variety **King City**—Levy's **Kirkwood**—Cobb's Shoes **La Belle**—Sherwood's Clothing **Lamar**—Robert's Dept. **Lancaster**—Webster Clo. **Larussell**—Larussell Gen. **Lebanon**—Dryer's Shoes **Lexington**—Vincent's Shoes **Licking**—Hamilton's Dry Goods **Lincoln**—Atwood & Henry **Louisiana**—Ray's Shoes **Ludlow**—Slater & Son **Maple Grove**—Ziler Merc. **Marceline**—Murray's **Maysville**—Ballard Clo. **Memphis**—Cook's Men's Store **Meta**—Jaeger's Shoes **Mexico**—Dale's Shoes **Moverly**—Mullen's Shoes **Mound City**—Wilson's Mens Shop **Neosho**—McGinty Bros. Clo. **Nevada**—Davison's Shoes **Norborne**—Harlan Clothing **O'Fallon**—Thro Clothing **Old Munroe**—Gnade Merc. **Orchard Farm**—Meyer Bros. **Oregon**—Worley Dry Goods **Palmyra**—Schaeffer's Shoes **Pattonsburg**—Bill's Toggery **Perryville**—Rozier Merc. • Lorezn & Sons Shoes **Platte City**—Brightwells **Plattsburg**—Swike Dept. Store **Republic**—Plummers **Rich Hill**—Heuser's Dept. Store **Richmond**—Wall Dept. Store **Rolla**—Williams Shoes **St. Charles**—Robin's Shoes • Thro Clothing **St. James**—Watson's Shoes **St. Joseph**—Fax Dept. Store **St. Louis**—Nacy's • New-Way Supply **Salem**—M.F.A. Exchange **Savannah**—The Quality Shop **South West City**—Queen's **Stanberry**—Dollar Clothing Co. **Sullivan**—Davis Shoe Stores **Thayer**—Forschler Bros. **Vandalia**—Mitchell's Clothing • Pearson's **Warrensburg**—Stewart's Shoes **Warrenton**—Kossina's Shoes **Washington**—Gelhart's Shoes **Warsaw**—Family Shoe **West Plains**—Kimberlin's Shoes **Windsor**—Griefe's • Vincent's Shoes

MONTANA—**Anaconda**—Schwartz **Avon**—Geo. V. Davis Store **Belgrade**—Sam Allen **Big Timber**—Robbins & Gust **Billings**—C. R. Anthony's **Boulder**—Gamble **Bozeman**—Wagner Bros. **Butte**—Schiff's Shoes • Miller Shoe Shop • Hennesey Co. **Canyon Creek**—Canyon Creek Store **Chinook**—Leonards **Clancy**—Clancy Store **Clyde Park**—Glens Gen. Store **Columbus**—Anthonys **Creston**—Creston Store **Cut Bank**—Larsen's • Buttrey's **Deer Lodge**—Deer Lodge Shoe Repair **Dell**—Dell Merc. **Dillon**—Wombackers • Vaughn & Ragsdale **Dixon**—Paul's Merc. **Dupuyer**—Anderson Merc. **Ennis**—Valley Trading Post **Fairfield**—Fairfield Shoe Shop **Fishtail**—Fishtail Gen. Store **Fort Benton**—Rudy's Shoes **Geyser**—Joe Petesch **Glasgow**—Killions Shoes **Great Falls**—Buttreys • Schiff Shoes **Hamilton**—Anthonys **Harlowton**—Bains Dept. Store **Havre**—Buttrey's **Helena**—Schiff's Shoes • Jack Holt Shoes **Hot Springs**—Hot Springs Merc. **Judith Gap**—Haynes Store **Kevins**—Peoples Market **Lewistown**—H & K Shoes • Anthony's **Libby**—Don's Men's Wear • Emil Turner **Livingston**—Eastep Shoes **Lonepine**—Hub Supply **Martinsdale**—Martinsdale Merc. **Miles City**—C. R. Anthony **Misoula**—Yandt's • Missoula Merc. **Plains**—McGowan's Commercial **Plentywood**—C. R. Anthony's **Polson**—Sheneman's **Red Lodge**—Trading Post **Rexford**—Fewkes Store **Ronan**—Anthony's **Shelby**—Larson's Clothing **Stevensville**—Anthony's **Troy**—Troy Trading Co. **Turner**—Melvin Jackson **Twin Bridges**—Branks Sport Shop **Valier**—Lloyd's Men's Wear • Wentworth Clothing **Victor**—Victor Hardware **West Yellowstone**—Eagles Store **Whitefish**—Quick Shoe Co. • Whitefish Shoe Service **Whitehall**—Andrew Olson **White Sulphur Springs**—Western Clothier **Willow Creek**—Plums Store **Wolf Creek**—The Dugout

NEBRASKA—**Ainsworth**—J. M. McDonald Co. **Auburn**—Redfern Clo. **Bancroft**—Bancroft **Bayard**—Bayard Clo. **Beatrice**—Bauer Shoes **Broken Bow**—Bow Booterie **Chadron**—L. B. Murphy Co. **Fremont**—Wolf-Chasen **Geneva**—Vogue Clo. **Grand Island**—Stinson's Shoes • Greenberger's **Hastings**—Cuda's Shoes **Holdrege**—Claussen's **Kearney**—Famous Shoe Store • Claussen's **Ogallala**—Smiths Shoes **Omaha**—J. L. Brandeis & Sons • Arne M. Mattson **Pawnee**—Tom Sawyer's Clo. **Petersburg**—Andre's Store **Seward**—Kroeger Bros. **Superior**—Troudts **Sutton**—H. K. Griess Clo.

NORTH DAKOTA—**Arthur**—T. J. Ross Co. **Bismarck**—Rolands Family Shoes **Bottineau**—Corby's **Carrington**—Borth & Speidel **Cavalier**—Thoelke's **Cooperstown**—Model Clothing **Crosby**—Fettig Shoes **Devils Lake**—Glicksons **Dickinson**—Lindy-Winky Bootery **Garrison**—Frederick's Variety **Hatton**—Hatton Clo. **Jamestown**—Wehlers Family Shoes **Langdon**—Chaps Shoes **Lisbon**—Sullivan Clo. **Mandan**—Rays Bootery **Minot**—Samuelsons Shoes **Oakes**—Willie's Shoe Store **Rolla**—Harris Clo. **Rugby**—Kellers Shoes **Valley City**—Anthony's Dept. Store • Sherman Clo. **Wahpeton**—Stern Clo.

SOUTH DAKOTA—**Canton**—Wegener Clo. **Chamberlain**—Kramers **Clark**—Clark "V" Store **Dell Rapids**—Brown's **Flandreau**—Bonde's **Gettysburg**—Miller Clo. **Gregory**—Hogrete Clo. **Howard**—Quinn-Taschner **Huron**—Habichts • Potters Shoes **Madison**—Stans Mens Shop **Miller**—Habichts **Mitchell**—Smalls Mens Store **Mobridge**—Amundsons **Parker**—Koehn's **Rapid City**—Pay-Less Clo. **Salem**—The Clothes Shop **Scotland**—Scotland Bootery **Spearfish**—Spearfish Clo. **Sturgis**—Sturgis Shoe Store **Vermillion**—Korner Bootery—**Webster**—Nerger's **Wessington Springs**—Habichts

WISCONSIN—**Antigo**—Pauls Inc. **Ashland**—McDonalds Shoes **Beaver Dam**—Andes Shoes **Berlin**—Hamilton Shoes **Black River Falls**—Gene's Bootery **Blanchardville**—Kings Clothes **Boscobel**—Murleys **Brill**—Whiteds **Brodhead**—Verns Shoes **Brooklyn**—Armstrong Roberts **Columbus**—Webers Shoes **Darlington**—McGreane Shoes **Eagle River**—Spiess Sportswear **Fennimore**—Wagners Shoes **Fond du Lac**—Big Shoe **Grafton**—Hiems Shoes **Grantsburg**—Erwins Shoes **Green Bay**—Rothe's Shoes **Greenwood**—Kebels Shoes **Hudson**—Droisoms **Kenosha**—Kendalls Shoes **Kiel**—Hankes Shoes **La Crosse**—Hansons Shoes **Lake Mills**—Retzlaffs **Laona**—Mineaus **Madison**—Ragatz Shoe Stores • Arenz Shoes **Marshfield**—Louis Laemie **Mayville**—Uptown Shoes **Medford**—Medford Co-Op Co. **Middleton**—Schwaab & Schwartz **Milwaukee**—Brouwers • Posigs Shoes • Mayer Krom Co. **Minocqua**—Ross Sportswear **Monroe**—Kunderts Shoes **New Glarus**—Walts Toggery **Oconomowoc**—Hormanns Shoes **Oshkosh**—Big Shoe Store **Plymouth**—Walcotts Shoes **Pulaski**—Goska Shoes **Racine**—Lathrops Shoes **Rhinelander**—Danner Shoes **Ripon**—Chipmans **Schofield**—Schultzes Shoes **Stevens Point**—Shippy Shoes **Sturgeon Bay**—Dufeks Shoes **Superior**—Seigals Clothing **Tomah**—Peter Johnson Shoes **Viroqua**—Thureen Shoes **Waukesha**—Cohn Shoes

WYOMING—**Gillette**—C. R. Anthony's **Newcastle**—Newcastle Mens Store **Opal**—Merc. & Co. **Powell**—Kropriva's Men's Store **Rock Springs**—Kelley's • Miner's Merc. • Nan Thompson Co. Inc. **Sheridan**—N Z Shoes **Thermopolis**—Friedls

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through intermediaries for long periods. Cubby and Harry didn't noticeably object when Connery called the Bond films "sadism for the family," but they did bristle when Connery told the press he wouldn't do further Bond pictures. Occasionally, when relations with Connery get bad, Cubby has been heard to growl, "We'll get a new Bond. They got new Tarzans, didn't they?" But replacing Connery would take an extraordinary publicity campaign. "There might be a lot of initial interest in a new Bond," David Picker of United Artists says, "but if *he* didn't go over, 007 would be in trouble." So far, despite protestations, Connery has always turned up on the set, and while Harry and Cubby are prepared to sue him if he doesn't show up in the future, there is no reason to suppose Sean Connery won't star in the two remaining Bond films he is under contract to make.

Connery isn't all the partners have to be concerned about. Because the Fleming-Broccoli-Saltzman formula has turned out to be one of the seven wonders of the entertainment world, competition is spawning everywhere. Some 30 secret-service films patterned on the 007 model were scheduled for release this year, and there's even a real Bond on the way, *Casino Royale,* which will star David Niven as an aging Sir James Bond who battles the minions of a midget out to destroy all men over five feet tall. An American producer named Charles Feldman acquired the rights to *Casino* and has turned down an offer of $500,000 plus 20 percent of the gross profits from Harry and Cubby, preferring to make the movie himself.

Harry and Cubby have a private projection room where they look at a half-dozen films a week, among them the competition. When a pseudo-Bond appears on the screen they lean forward in suspense and then relax. How can you spoof what's already a spoof? they ask. Who has Broccoli-Saltzman money to spend? "Why," they start crying, "that scene doesn't even make *sense.*" "Get an earful of that dialogue." "That scene was swiped from *Goldfinger.*" "*This* is supposed to be the best of the bunch? We should *worry?*"

Albert Romulo Broccoli was born into an Italian-American family who were broccoli growers in Italy for centuries, whence the family name. He was nicknamed Ishkabibble as a child and gradual contractions reduced it down to Cubby. Brought up on Long Island, New York, Cubby studied agriculture at college, sold coffins for a manufacturer ("About the only thing Cubby and Connery have in common is that they were both in the coffin game," a friend remarked), tried journalism and went to Hollywood on a vacation, staying 19 years. He started in a studio mailroom, worked as an assistant director to Howard Hughes on *The Outlaw* and finally became a Hollywood agent. Cubby wanted to make pictures himself and in 1952, backed by Columbia Pictures, Cubby and his first partner, a producer named Irving Allen, set up the first independent American production company in England. They made several dozen fast action films.

After his disaster with *The Green Carnation,* Broccoli stopped making films with Allen and from then on it was James Bond. Broccoli has always lived well, but James Bond has bought him a five-story town house in London's fashionable Mayfair district, where he and his wife Dana live in high style, surrounded by servants, excellent furnishings and a superb art collection, including a Picasso and a Renoir. Cubby is a churchgoing Catholic and a doting father to his three children. His energy is such that he is quite capable of staying up until nearly dawn and appearing at the office at 8 a.m. If Broccoli stays up the reason is likely to be gambling. Whether it's in London, where gambling is legal, or anywhere Bond business happens to take him, Cubby is a plunger and has been known to win or lose close to $30,000 at an evening's sitting.

Cubby was in the Portuguese colony of Macao not long ago looking for shooting sites for the new Bond film, *You Only Live Twice,* and he went to the casino where he promptly went bust. He asked to cash a check and was told no, even after he had expostulated vainly that he was the producer of James Bond. Cubby raised some money elsewhere, returned and broke the bank. It wasn't a fortune —$5,000—but the management said they didn't have the money and asked Broccoli if he would take a check. "I should take *your* check?" Broccoli replied. He waited patiently while the money was found.

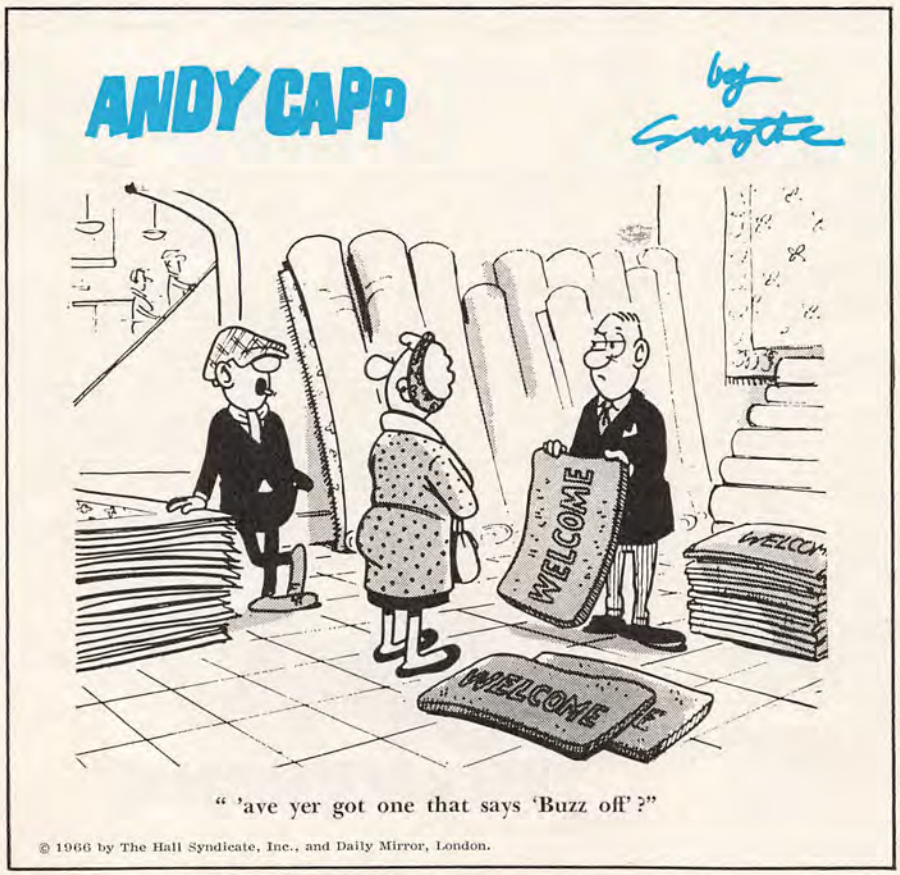
The other half of the Bondpix equation, Harry Saltzman, came to the United States at a young age from Canada. His father was a horticulturist. At 15, Harry was already booking vaudeville shows in New York and before he finished high school, he was holding several jobs simultaneously and earning, he recalls, $200 a week. When he was 17 Saltzman took off for Europe where he became a successful booker of theatrical acts almost at once.

When the war came Saltzman joined the French Army out of a sense of duty to the country where he was living. (He was sent to the U.S. to buy mules.) After the French collapsed, Harry went back to Canada and joined the Royal Canadian Air Force. He piloted transport planes, including some unauthorized flights to Vichy France to buy wine. He was invalided out for ulcers in 1943, but the U.S. Army took him for duty as liaison with the French. After the war Harry took a job with UNESCO, did reconstruction work for the French government, and was involved in a plan for low-cost housing for India. "I had some ideas about changing the world," he says. "I thought my generation's job was to repair the damages of the war. It was an aberration, shell shock. The world didn't like my sermons."

In 1949 Harry went back into show business where he had his troubles. He produced plays in Paris, worked in advertising in New York and TV in Hollywood, and went back to London.

Like Cubby, Harry lives in a townhouse in Mayfair and drives to work in a chauffeured Rolls. He has an attractive wife, who collects paintings, and children he rushes home to see at 6:30 sharp. He will travel endless distances to be at a friend's opening, and he is a solicitous host who manages to be an expert on

[*Continued on page* 26]



" 'ave yer got one that says 'Buzz off' ?"

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Let's salvo those convertibles right off the map. You know the kind. The puffed up convertibles with the puffed up price tags. The kind that makes you glad Coronet 500 came along. Coronet's slim and trim. Neat and nifty. Personable. Engagingly attractive. With a big choice of power—from a brisk Six to a go-hummer of a 426 cubic inch Hemi V8. And that's enough to blow most other convertibles right out of the water. But the Coronet 500 convertible, for all that, carries a sweetly reasonable price tag. You don't like convertibles? We've other Coronets, too. Sedans, wagons, hardtops, the works. Now at your Dodge Dealer's.

Dodge Coronet

DODGE DIVISION CHRYSLER MOTORS CORPORATION

JOIN THE DODGE REBELLION

Open fire on ho-hum convertibles.

Open up a Dodge Coronet 500.

Bottle featured is another exclusive of
Anheuser-Busch, Inc. No deposit, no return.

What's the best way to pour beer?

(1) down the middle?
(2) down the side?

Beer drinkers tend to fall into two groups: (1) those who pour with a flourish, smack down the middle, to get a good-sized head of foam; and (2) those who pour cautiously, down the side, to keep the foam at next-to-nothing.

The number twos think the number ones are just sloppy pourers. And the ones feel the twos aren't "using their heads."

Well . . . we lean toward the number ones.

If the beer is *Budweiser*, that is.

After all, Bud® is *brewed* to kick up a healthy head of foam. Those tiny bubbles are the result of our exclusive Beechwood Ageing. This is the costly way to brew beer, but it provides hundreds of tiny reasons why Budweiser is so smooth . . . so *drinkable* . . . glass after glass.

But why not try it for yourself? If you still find you don't like the foam, okay. Go ahead and let your Budweiser slide down the side.

Just so you do it often.

it's worth it . . . it's Budweiser®

ANHEUSER-BUSCH, INC. • ST. LOUIS • NEWARK • LOS ANGELES • TAMPA • HOUSTON

[*Continued from page* 22]
wines even though he stopped drinking years ago when he decided alcohol didn't agree with him. He has sent large sums of money to sick people, and one of his associates said, "Somehow I know that as long as Harry is alive I'll never starve."

But Saltzman is a complex man with many enemies. "Harry," said another associate, "is great after work but death in the afternoon. He's not the most popular man in show business and I'm not sure he doesn't like the reputation." Saltzman tries to argue airline-film officials into changing the scheduled picture if he's already seen it. His temper gets out of hand, and he is quick to fire people, though they seem to be instantly rehired by tacit agreement. At a recent film festival, Saltzman whirled on a publicity person who had failed to recognize him and said, "If you don't know who *I* am, you have no place in show business." He has been known to bawl out people in public. "I don't have the patience to deal with dilettantes," Harry says. "Anyway, you've got to be tough in this business. If you're not, they'll eat you up. But I only pick on people my own size. I hate people who yell at secretaries."

Saltzman's chauffeur of long-standing quit recently, and he told a visitor, "I don't know. Mr. Saltzman seemed so happy when he was just scuffling along, but now that he's made it so big he doesn't seem happy any more." One man recalls an incident at the George V Hotel in Paris. Harry, surrounded by writers, lawyers and girls in bikinis, suddenly turned and put a hand on a friend's arm and said, "Remember how good it was when we were poor?"

Harry's delight is making deals, and some of his associates suspect he would almost rather make deals than pictures. "He really isn't happy unless he has 19 things going at once," one of them said. While *Thunderball* was being prepared and filmed Harry was making three other movies of his own: *The Ipcress File,* a Vittorio de Sica film called *The New World,* and a film about Pope John XXIII called *And A Man Came.* Harry even tried, unsuccessfully, to convince the present Pope to fly to New York for the premiere.

Show biz is an ego biz and the partners used to have arguments about whose name ought to come first in the credits, which they settled amicably enough by putting Broccoli first in the U.S., Canada and South America, and Saltzman on top everywhere else. Still, Broccoli feels his own creative contributions are underestimated in newspaper stories coming from Harry. "There is jealousy between them," say people who know. "Sometimes the situation has been serious. Either they'll resolve the problem or it will tear them apart. They've made history and nobody's equipped to handle something like that."

One of the partners' enduring arguments was over how many films the two should or shouldn't make. Harry wanted to do just about everything and Cubby was more restrained in his ambitions. In the end, the two reached a decision to stick together on some non-Bond Fleming properties, including a TV documentary from Fleming's book *Thrilling Cities* and a movie musical based on Fleming's *Chitty-Chitty Bang-Bang,* originally a children's story about a flying car. They will, however, divide up some other properties that they own, such as an Australian Western and film rights for two books by Len Deighton (author of *The Ipcress File), Funeral in Berlin* and *The Billion Dollar Brain.*

Even though the two have spun off in different directions on a number of future productions, there remains between them the unbreakable bond of the 007 movies, for on the Bond pictures they can't afford to separate. They are now working on *You Only Live Twice* to be filmed this summer in Japan. They've tried, they say, to make each film different, not all of a mold like the Andy Hardy series, and their favorite so far is *From Russia With Love* because it had romance and a solid story line. The competition makes the partners as secretive as the Atomic Energy Commission about their plans, but *You Only Live Twice* will be closer to *Russia* than *Thunderball.* As in the book, 007 will wear a kimono and there will be an almost completely Japanese cast. Harry and Cubby evidently feel that they, and the competition, have overdone the gadgetry, for while the Red Chinese villains will be equipped with gimmicks, Bond will have to fight them with his bare hands.

Harry was doing his Japanese homework and he said, "We want to break with the idea—put forth in American films—that the Japanese are a humble, obsequious people. We won't have the same old Geisha girls or tea-drinking scenes. The Japanese are a violent people as their history shows—they never lost a war before World War II—and that's what we want to bring out. We'll use the Fleming book as a guideline, but films are different than books, so we have to adapt heavily to get the scenes we need. There will be some things in this picture never seen on the screen before." Harry jingled the coins and ruminated, "One thing about being a success in this business is that it keeps you out of poolrooms. Say, Cubby, did you ever think it would turn out like this?"

"Never in a million," Cubby said.

—Arthur Herzog

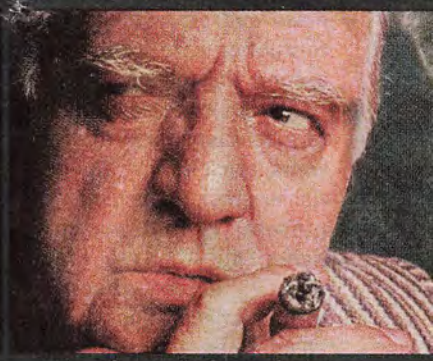
"I've got news for you, Paleface—this *is* 'the American way of life'!"

What kind of man uses Vaseline Hair Tonic?

He's got three 3's looking at three kings. Does his opponent have four kings…or kings full?

By betting he says, "I have four 3's".

Is he bluffing?



Does he really have them?

Can't chance it. Fold.

He held the 4th king, so the bluff was a good bet.

The man who knows how to take care of himself uses Vaseline Hair Tonic.

CLEAN AND CLEAR

IT'S A MAN'S WORLD

A monthly commentary by TRUE's editors to keep you entertained and informed—and to keep the little woman firmly in her place

WIDE WELTS

The fashion business is full of skirt-lifters. Gentlemen haven't noticed the results, but legmen have. Those high-rise skirts the girls are wearing (two inches above the knee is about standard) show a lot of welt when they sit down and cross their legs. "Welt" is a four-letter word for the band or webbing around the top of a stocking, to which panty hooks or something are attached to give suspension and even suspense. Welts are showing up everywhere and hosiery-makers have new problems. One proposal is that women wear hosiery tights, but that's a craven approach. Creative hosiery-makers are tinkering with welt decorations such as polka dots, geometric patterns, maybe even Renoirs in tapestry, to give class to the visual thigh. This upsurge naturally exposes a lot of knobby knees but products of salvation are on the way—facial masks for the knees, callus removers, moisturizers full of knee-dew, lubricating lotions, exercises to slap the patella to a pink glow. Well, as detached observers of the ups and downs of hemlines through the years we can tell you one thing. Fancy welts and chapped knees aren't here to stay. Hemlines go up and up until anatomy compels them to go down and down and there's nothing we can do about it.

BEAT THOSE TESTS

The best thing to do with personality tests that many employers ram down the throats of job applicants is to tell the examiner where he can put them, but if you can't get out of it the next best thing is to beat the test. It doesn't take genius. Any man of common sense knows enough to answer "false" to the statement: "I am very strongly attracted to members of my own sex." Psychologists are bugged on sex but you can outfox them every time by representing yourself to be totally he-manly and heterosexual. So you answer "false" to such statements as "I enjoy ballet" and "the sight of blood makes me sick." Some questions take a little more thought but it's still easy to beat them, especially with the advice of Charles Alex, who has written a book on "How to Beat Personality Tests" that is driving psychologists crazy. At first glance, the statement "If I have to spend a night alone, I prefer (1) to read a mystery novel, (2) read Shakespeare, (3) watch TV" may seem troublesome. Not to Alex. It's a cinch. The "best" answer to "watch TV," second best, the mystery novel. Always make yourself out to be a cultural nonentity, Alex advises. This will please psychologists and astonish your friends. Keep to the middle of the road on extremist questions. Answer "false" to "I read the Bible regularly" and "I am an atheist." Hard workers don't have time to read the Bible constantly and atheists are rebels. As for inkblot tests, when you are asked what the weird blotted figures suggest to you, the safest bet is something harmless like "animals in motion." This will mark you as normal and unimaginative and an ornament to any payroll.

GET THE RIGHT PRICE

If you want to get the rock-bottom price on a new car without haggling you might try the squeeze play used by L. A. "Speed" Riggs, the tobacco auctioneer who does those Lucky Strike chants. Speed, a shrewd man with a buck, wasn't at all averse to letting us in on his auctioneering technique. First, he says, pick the make, model and equipment of the car you want. Then go to several dealers and tell each one: "Quote me a price. Make it right because you have only one chance to bid—just one. Your competitors are doing the same thing. No chance to lower your bid. So make it low to start with." It's pitiful, Speed says, to watch salesmen sweat blood, but the play works. The winning bid on Speed's latest car purchase was about $10 less than the next lowest. Well, 10 bucks is 10 bucks.

WAIT A MINUTE

"Do it now," "don't put it off till tomorrow," and similar exhortations to instant action have caused untold misery to mankind. It's amazing how many memos never need to be answered if you just leave 'em lay for 24 hours. But we never had the nerve to assert our right to put things off until we heard about the Procrastinators Club in Milwaukee, of which Les Watts was installed as president after appropriate delay. The club is dedicated to putting everything off as long as possible. Not long ago the club got around to protesting the War of 1812 with picket signs reading "President Madison—This is Your War." Procrastinators are reflective people. You'll never catch a procrastinator jumping on his horse and riding off wildly in all directions. Every community should have a Procrastinators Club to undo the damage wrought by thoughtless promptness. Naturally, any member who paid his dues on time would be thrown out.

VEST-POCKET SHOTGUN

A sight to make gun lovers drool was displayed to us by Harry Lawrence when he was in Chicago helping Prince Philip to drum up trade. Lawrence, a ruddy-faced, white-haired man who could double for Santa Claus, is managing director of James Purdey & Sons, famous British gunsmiths. He carries with him some 4-barrel shotguns and ordinary double-barrel ones—if any Purdey gun can be called ordinary—but his prize exhibit was a perfect 8-inch working model of a shotgun. The midget gun fires midget shells less than half an inch long. We asked Lawrence to fire

(Continued on page 30)

Old Grand-Dad's been made one way for 84 years.

Before you cry "old hat," consider the reason.

Back in 1882, it set a standard no other Bourbon has managed to match. And we're not about to change that.

We still use more of the costly small grains to make our mash. They push up the price, but smooth out the flavor.

We double-distill a dram at a time, instead of taking the faster big batch way.

We make our own ageing barrels, with heartland white oak selected as carefully as the cherry flitch used by a cabinetmaker.

And we char the barrel inside 3/22", to obtain the marriage of body and flavor that is ours alone.

84 years may seem a long time to be of one mind.

But where our Bourbon is concerned another 84 years can pass–and then another–before we'll change it.

Kentucky straight Bourbon whiskeys. 86 proof and 100 proof bottled in bond. Distilled and bottled at the Forks of the Elkhorn by the Old Grand-Dad Distillery Co., Frankfort, Ky.

This is a single-minded whiskey.

Old Grand-Dad

Head of the Bourbon Family

IT'S A MAN'S WORLD

(Continued from page 28)

one at the ceiling but he refused. Seems that the shells cost $50 apiece and only 25 were made. There's a duplicate of the midget gun in Queen Elizabeth's doll house, ready, we suppose, for a midget prince to fire at a midget burglar. It takes at least two years to build a man-size Purdey gun to individual order. So far the top price is $5,000, but craftsmen are working on a carte blanche order from a California sportsman that may run to $10,000.

IN A CAPSULE

New kinds of space capsules are the foundation for scores of present and future products such as bricks of gasoline, tasteless medicines, unsticky adhesives and dry perfumes. The capsules aren't big enough to hold an astronaut. In fact, some of them are only one micron in diameter, about a millionth of an inch. It's quite a trick to put a microscopic particle of matter inside a filmy wrapper, but scientists have learned how to do it. Researchers of the National Cash Register Company developed a carbonless carbon paper which contains invisible capsules that rupture under pressure and give a sharp imprint on the sheet beneath. The Southwest Research Institute in Houston is doing vigorous research on microencapsulation methods. Vile-tasting drugs like castor oil may soon come in minute capsules that go down as easy as caviar. Thus far the only microencapsulated drug to hit the market is a timed-release form of aspirin called Measurin. Each tablet of the stuff contains 6,000 microscopic specks of aspirin, each wrapped in an inert covering through which body fluids pass to dissolve the drug and feed it out to maintain pain relief for up to eight hours. A new cigarette filter is moistened by squeezing water-containing capsules within it. The armed forces are hot for encapsuled gasoline in the form of bricks which can be stored anywhere without evaporating or catching fire. Workshop glue may come in the form of dry dust that gets sticky when parts are pressed together. Even booze might be put into sticks like chewing gum. The mind boggles at glories of the morrow.

LIVE TO BE 100

"If you can withstand the heritage of uncertain genes, the hazards of prenatal life and development, the rude shock and adjustment of being born, exposure in your tender years to vast number of unfriendly viruses and other pathogens, escape the teens without cracking up in a drag race, the 20's without being a military casualty, get past the 30's without a slipped disk and the 40's to 50's without a coronary, your prospects for reaching 100 are reasonably good."—Dr. Richard S. Gubner, medical director, Equitable Life Assurance Society.

WOULD YOU RATHER BE A MULE?

Mules have no hope of posterity but they're mighty tough. One of the toughest is Old Whitey. Back in 1915 Whitey was a pack mule for the Union Pacific Railroad and carried the UP brand. Through the years Whitey has been running wild in desert areas around Caliente, Nevada. Not long ago, rumors that Old Whitey was still around sparked a stirring roundup with airplanes, trucks, horses and scooters. A good time was had by all. Whitey was spotted from the air with a group of eight wild horses. He outran everything in sight until a lasso finally snagged him. They let him go after his identity was verified by the old UP brand on his neck. Tom Holland, president of the National Mustang Association, estimated that Whitey is at least 53 years old. Twenty-year-old mules are considered senile. How come Old Whitey has lived so long? Maybe because he has always had his freedom. A point to ponder.

IT IS TO LAUGH

Humor is getting to be a damn serious business. Jim Atkins, a comedy writer, has signed up as a humor lobbyist in Washington with the same official status as lobbyists promoting cornflakes or natural gas. He went through the motions of registering with the Secretary of the Senate and the Clerk of the House of Representatives without cracking the smile. He used the occasion to issue a somber press release urging that comedy writers not be placed under minimum wage laws because they spend so much time in creative labors that the high cost of laugh-making might price them out of business. Actually, we think Jim has a rollicking sense of humor, not to say way-out. He is coauthor of a textbook called *Filming TV News and Documentaries*.

MARRIAGE QUACKS

The Michigan Legislature is taking steps that could well be imitated by other states to eliminate bogus marriage counseling that is rampant around the country. At present, in Michigan and other states, any quack with the gall to call himself an expert can go into the lush and unregulated counseling racket. The Michigan bill would establish a State Marriage Counselors Board empowered to license private marriage counselors who must have a doctorate in psychology, sociology, psychiatry, marriage or pastoral counseling, with five years of professional experience including a year's specialization under a certified marriage counselor. Clergymen are exempt if they don't charge for counseling. This was included to keep phony "ministers" out of the business. With a law like that, a lot of counseling quacks will have to find another congenial business such as doping race horses.

DEPT. OF ODD INFORMATION

The brassiere business reaches a seasonal peak in spring when things are busting out all over.

The Town and Country lounge in Washington, D.C., sells drinks by the pound.

Credit cards can be used to pay parking fines in New Albany, Indiana.

A couple of researchers have succeeded in fertilizing human eggs outside of the body. They'll never get anywhere with customers who are satisfied with old-fashioned methods.

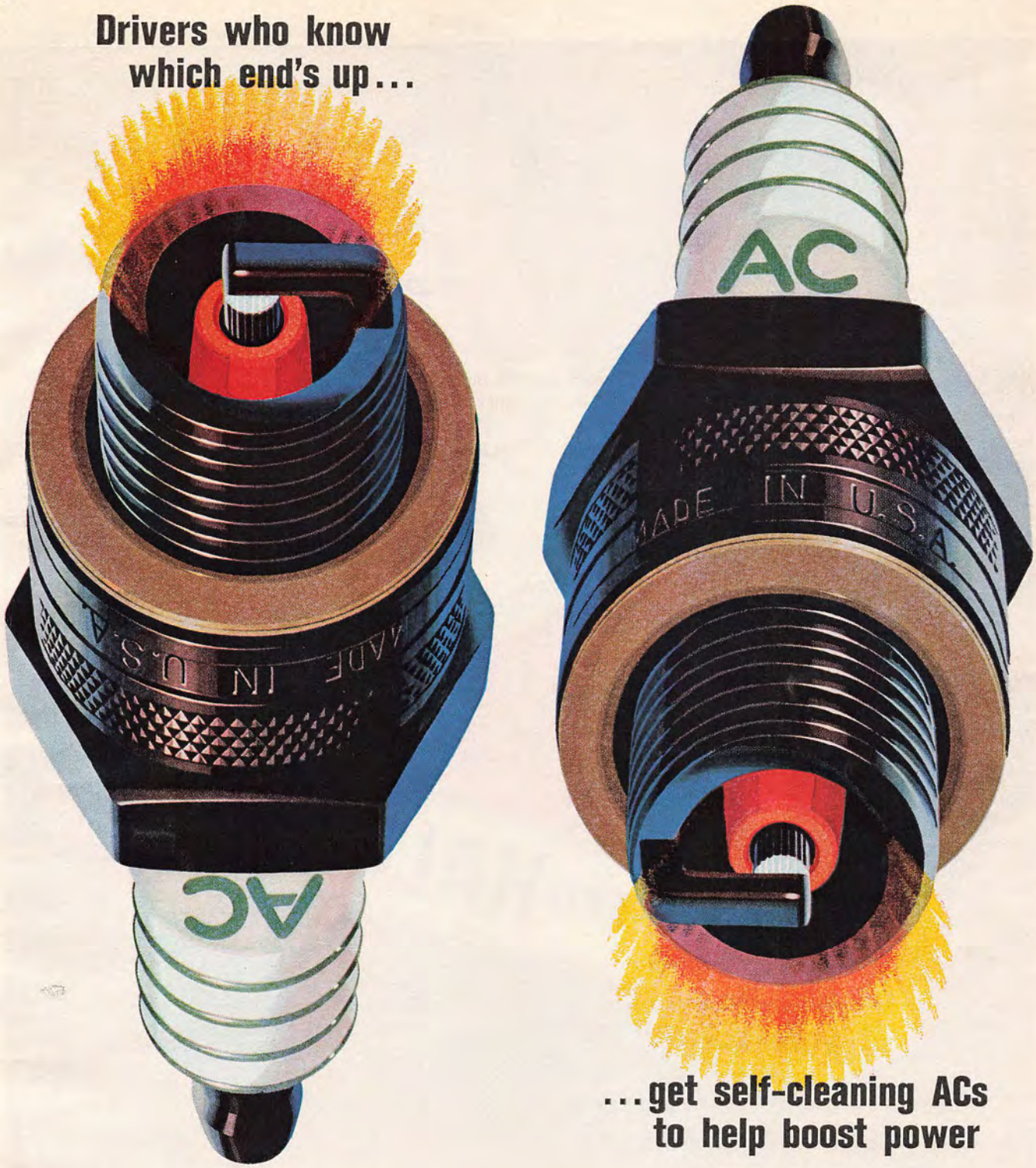
Barbershop singing groups have been given tax exemption by the Internal Revenue Service on grounds that an educational service is performed.

The amount of opium available annually for illicit use is estimated to be 1200 tons which yields 120 tons of heroin or 24,000,000,000 injections.

A telephonelike dial at tables of the Victoria Hotel tavern in London orders any one of 217 drinks when the right number is dialed.

—THE EDITORS

Drivers who know which end's up...



...get self-cleaning ACs to help boost power

AC Spark Plug's exclusive Self-Cleaning Hot Tip Insulator burns away fouling deposits as you drive . . . gives peak power longer. Next time you change... ask for AC Fire-Ring Spark Plugs.

AC FIRE-RING SPARK PLUGS

AC Spark Plugs are installed on every new Chevrolet, Pontiac, Oldsmobile, Buick and Cadillac car— and on every gasoline-powered Chevrolet and GMC truck. When you replace, insist on AC quality. It costs no more.

AC SPARK PLUG DIVISION

GM

Product of *The American Tobacco Company* © A. T. Co.

America's #1 pipe tobacco cigarette

Get a pocketful of great taste and rich aroma. Pipe tobacco in a filter cigarette.

(You'll like 'em fine... and that's putting it mildly!)

THE DOCTORS

MYTH ONE: *All physicians are dedicated to healing bodies and to saving lives.*

MYTH TWO: *Unpaid bills and welfare cases make medicine an honorable profession but a poor business.*

MYTH THREE: *Patients rarely get sicker because they visit the doctor.*

MYTH FOUR: *Experimentation on human subjects ended with Nazi Germany.*

HERE ARE THE FACTS: *From the most revealing book ever written about the medical profession*

BY MARTIN L. GROSS

■ Medical care is of pressing concern to everyone. Yet all too often the state of our health and the quality and practices of physicians we may encounter are obscured by the self-praise the profession traditionally gives itself. In the following excerpts from four sections of a major new book, Martin L. Gross pulls aside the gauze curtain of medical secrecy. He presents a searching and often shocking examination of the American doctor —his skills, foibles, mystiques, achievements and shortcomings. From *The Doctors*, copyright © 1966 by Martin L. Gross. To be published by Random House, Inc.

CADUCEUS BY BLAKE HAMPTON

Behind the gleaming symbol of the medical profession there are often questionable ethics and a superman attitude toward patients

PATIENTS OR GUINEA PIGS?

Was it air currents wafting through the newborn nursery ward or the hands of hospital personnel that carried staphylococcal contamination from infant to infant? The question was clear, and the team of physicians had designed the experiment carefully. All that was needed were laboratory animals, and the most satisfactory subjects—scores of newborn babies in their cribs—were available.

Since the experiment dealt with the spreading of disease by hand contamination, the experimenters sought an infant already "contaminated," a child shown to be a carrier of Staphylococcus aureus. The child was placed in a key position in the nursery where he was to be picked up by nurses before each of their contacts with the other infants.

To create a "control" group for comparison, the nursery was divided into two parts. Nurses caring for children on the A side, washed their hands routinely. Nurses on the B side *were instructed not to wash their hands at all between contact with the children*, and only to scrub up in the morning and after lunch. They bathed and fed the children and changed the soiled diapers with their hands scrupulously filthy, spreading the staphylococcus efficiently from infant to infant.

The experiment was a signal success: 45 of the 49 innocent babies in Group B acquired the staphylococcus bacteria, almost twice as many as in the control group.

The locale of this incredible experiment? It was not a Nazi experimental laboratory. This human experiment was carried out in a major hospital in Ohio. The results of this violation of the newborn were published proudly in the prestigious *American Journal of Diseases of Children*.

Where could doctor-scientists find even one mother who would knowingly volunteer her offspring for such an experiment? Possibly nowhere, for in answer to a query, one of the doctors involved frankly admitted that no consent was sought or obtained from parents.

One isolated divergence from the Hippocratic Oath, the Nuremberg Code and medical tradition, all of which compel the physician's devotion to *his patient* rather than to abstract science, is not significant. What is of growing import is that the staphylococcus-contaminated infants in Ohio are not isolated subjects but only one group of compelled or deluded participants in an incredible orgy of human experimentation that has engulfed the American medical community.

A vocal group of physicians are appalled by the extent of unethical human experimentation. Dr. Henry K. Beecher of Massachusetts General Hospital is shocked by the involvement of his colleagues, many of whom, he says, assume "a godlike prerogative of choosing martyrs for science." He has found, he explained when interviewed, evidence of unethical experimenta-

tion in "university hospitals, voluntary hospitals, private hospitals, the Air Force, Veterans Administration, public health service and industry."

Dr. Herrman Blumgart, special consultant to the Dean of the Harvard Medical School, charges that certain physicians are conducting "an increasing number of investigations that confer little or no conceivable benefit to the subject undergoing hazardous investigation." In a Harvard address, he told his shocked audience that catheter tubes were placed in the urinary tract of normal babies in a foundling home just to identify harmless bacteria. In another case normal subjects who had catheters placed in their hearts for the study of carbon dioxide tension suffered heart damage, unconsciousness and convulsions.

The extent of human experimentation in America appears to reach, in both damage and implication, far beyond any physician's voiced outrage. This author has personally isolated many shocking examples after a search of the medical literature, and has interviewed several of the doctors involved. Doctor Beecher has uncovered other cases and a prominent British physician has compiled 500 cases—half from America—which he believes are unethical tampering with human beings. "It's so bad it's unbelievable," he said recently when interviewed via phone in London.

The portrait of the heroic human "guinea pig," the idealistic youth or the prisoner who contributes his body for hope of parole, is easily recognizable. What we have yet to contemplate is the new laboratory animal—the *patient*, from birth to terminal illness. He presents himself to the physician for medical aid, only to be used for abstract science without possible benefit to him and often without his knowledge or informed permission. In every case, it is a violation of the sanctity of the patient that has taken 5,000 years of ethical doctor-patient relationship to establish.

The popularity of children—both ill and healthy—as "laboratory animals" is based both upon their inability to complain effectively and their availability. Almost 4,000,000 newborn American children are in a hospital for the first five days of their lives. Captive mentally retarded children are available in homes, as are orphans and juvenile delinquents, many of whose bodies have been freely offered to doctors for their experiments.

An antibacterial drug, triacetyloleandomycin has been implicated in creating jaundice in children and isolated cases. Investigators from George Washington University and the Chicago Medical School, supported by a grant from a drug manufacturer, decided to test the drug's long-term toxicity on the human liver, using 50 mental defectives and juvenile delinquents as young as 13 years of age at a children's center in Maryland. The unknowing subjects who only had acne took one gram of the drug a day for three to four weeks.

Suspicion that the drug might be toxic was confirmed. Eight of the subjects developed liver trouble and were transferred to the hospital "for more intensive study," which included piercing their livers with a Menghini biopsy needle to obtain a sample of the flesh. Six of the subjects had symptoms of liver dysfunction, including abdominal pains, and two came down with jaundice.

The remaining 42 subjects did not escape totally unmarred: more than half had other-than-normal laboratory test reactions. At the end of three weeks the experimenters were so concerned that they intervened, reporting that "the high incidence of significant hepatic dysfunction and the development of jaundice in two patients led to discontinuation of administration to the remainder of the group at three weeks."

Injected radioactive isotopes trace many body functions for the scientist. Their radioactive danger is not fully known and physicians have been implored to be cautious. "The isotope most commonly used in children is Iodine 131," states an editorial, "Due Caution," in the *American Journal of Diseases of Children*. "Recent information relating thyroid carcinoma to radiation in children has made clinicians cautious in the diagnostic as well as therapeutic application of radioiodine." Similar warnings have been issued regarding radioactive calcium, because of potential danger to the bone marrow.

Injection of I-131 seems a popular experiment on humans. Several studies have been published, including one in which the radioactive isotope was injected into babies (including premature infants) at an important medical school in the South. The dangerous radiation was measured about their thyroid gland, which is the cancer-prone area.

Ten boys of an average age of 12, living at a state school in Massachusetts, have been used as subjects to study what happens to radioactive Calcium 45 injected into the body. The survey was conducted by Harvard Medical School and M.I.T. scientists and was supported by a breakfast food company, the National Institute of Health and the Atomic Energy Commission. The experimenters found that their 12-year-old laboratory subjects will retain the potentially dangerous radioisotope for some time to come.

The supply of newborn children is virtually unlimited. Scientists in Los Angeles are among those who have taken advantage of this by performing experiments on children as young as *one hour old!* With a grant supplied by the United States Public Health Service, three university pediatricians experimented on 113 newborn infants to learn their intra-artery blood pressure and to study the "effects of crying, of exposure to cold, and of postural tilting."

The infants, including 26 premature babies as small as three pounds, had one of their umbilical arteries "isloated" and a catheter tube put through it up to the aorta of the heart. The blood pressure of the child with the tube in his artery was [*Continued on page* 113]

PHOTOGRAPH BY CHARLES BONNEY

BY MALCOLM W. BROWNE

Twelve years ago Gen. Vo Nguyen Giap threw the French out of Viet Nam. Now he directs Viet Cong strategy against the U.S. Few Americans have heard Giap's name, but military experts call him

OUR TOUGHEST FOE SINCE ROMMEL

■ The little general grinned broadly each time another black Russian "Zis" limousine rolled up in front of his stately yellow villa in the best section of Hanoi. This was no ordinary diplomatic reception. The guest of honor was Alexander Shelepin, former boss of the Soviet KGB (the Russian equivalent for the CIA), who was in North Viet Nam to see about stepping up military aid to fight the Americans. Another guest was North Vietnamese President Ho Chi Minh, who at 75 rarely attends social events anymore. Soviet and North Vietnamese flags draped everything, and reports trickling down to Saigon later indicated that the food was sumptuous.

The host was in jovial spirits. Decked out in an immaculate field-green uniform with red shoulder boards, his face round, his eyes penetrating, he looked like a kind of Asian Napoleon. He swapped jokes with guests in Vietnamese, French, Russian and Chinese, and left the reception line to guide his guests to the tastiest dishes.

For many of the diplomats at the party, it was their first glimpse of the 56-year-old former history teacher who had once crushed a modern French army and was now seeking to do the same to the U.S. Army. This was the almost legendary Gen. Vo Nguyen Giap (pronounced *Jop*), Deputy Premier of the Democratic Republic of (North) Viet Nam, Defense Minister, commander of all Vietnamese communist forces and possible successor to Ho Chi Minh.

Giap is rarely seen even by visiting officials in Hanoi. He spends most of his working hours holed up in the tightly guarded Defense Ministry. Through his double-command chain going down through both military and political ranks, Giap rules the half-million-man North Vietnamese army with an iron hand. He is also in close radio touch with the top military leaders of the Viet Cong in South Viet Nam: Chairman Tran Nam Trung and Trung's deputy, Miss Nguyen thi Dinh. His communications shape VC strategy and blueprint their hit-and-run guerrilla tactics.

Once in a while Giap turns out for a send-off speech for volunteers headed south. And on rare occasions he gives parties as he did last December when Shelepin came to the capital.

Twelve years earlier Giap was spending his days in a different kind of setting altogether. He was on the battle lines leading the Viet Minh (forerunner of the Viet Cong) in the fight that would free Indochina from French rule.

There were French air force Bearcats and B-26's overhead frequently, but they didn't bomb because they saw nothing below. Giap and his top staff officers, all dressed in coarse black uniforms with no emblems of rank and wearing sandals cut from automobile tires, had a hut as their command post. The hut was so well camouflaged with natural foliage that it blended perfectly with the outlines of the forest. And in the forest itself lay a well-camouflaged trail along which an endless column of shabby-looking men and women—the peasant-general's 316th [*Continued on page* 96]

MILLION-DOLLAR WINNER IN

Timmins, Ontario, was a dying town—until a big mining company began acting mysteriously and a man named Ned Bragagnolo figured out why

BY CHARLES REMSBERG

■ A sound like a recording of machine-gun fire played at slow speed pulled Ned Bragagnolo's eyes up to the snowy December sky as he stepped outside that morning. It was the helicopter again.

Countless times in this last month of 1963 he'd heard it clattering over his house in Timmins, Ontario

Bragagnolo was a small-time realty operator with an eye for the main chance. When it came, he was ready.

—always on the same course to some unknown destination in the Canadian wilds.

Now, after a lot of thinking, Bragagnolo was ready to lay a high-stakes bet on where it was going—and why. He tumbled his plan over in his mind as he walked a mile through the depression-ridden town to his modest real-estate office on Pine Street.

Timmins, Bragagnolo's home for most of his 34 years, had once been "the gold capital of the Western Hemisphere." In 1909 two railroad firemen on a fishing trip had stumbled on a mother lode near there, and 14 mines had blossomed in the wilderness. Timmins and the lonely Porcupine region in which it stood, 450 miles north of Toronto, had boomed in one of Canada's biggest gold rushes.

Then ore supplies had dwindled, and the narrowing margin between production costs and the price of gold had forced one mine after another to shut down. Timmins' business lights—and home lights—slowly sputtered out. Now experts said even the fabled Hollinger mine, which had produced more than $500,000,000 over the years, would be closed within six months.

Abandoned head shafts rose like tombstones around the shabby city, warning the remaining 29,000 residents that it was time to move on. "For Sale" signs decorated the fronts of many weather-worn houses. Empty store windows stared into the snow like sightless eyes in the squat, whitewashed downtown. Idle miners killed time in local bars living on hope and contemplating going on relief.

Though Christmas was only days away, Ned Bragagnolo felt no Yuletide cheer as he stumbled toward his office, slipping over the icy sidewalks. "Things were black," he recalled later, "black as a bull moose in virgin snow."

Yet even as Timmins lay dying, exploration crews for big American companies were searching Canada for new mineral deposits. Many of the helicopters servicing the crews in the bush had been hopping from the town over the wilderness for months.

The effort had seemed futile. For all their sophisticated electronic gear, the scientific types had come a cropper with every exploratory hole they'd drilled in the area. "The Timmins hex," the cynics called it.

Then three or four weeks ago the helicopter traffic had slackened without explanation. Only that lone, repetitious flight to the northwest still disturbed the winter quiet.

The sudden change dovetailed with other things Bragagnolo had noticed. On the rare instances of late where he had spotted the crew bosses downtown, they'd acted hurried and tight-lipped as if they were anxious to get back to the woods. And the thirsty drill crews who had provided the 9 o'clock town with what meager nightlife it enjoyed, had not shown up at all.

Ned and the more alert townspeople had begun asking each other questions. Could the mineral hunters for one company have finally hit the jackpot out there even as the others gave up? Could the single copter be flying supplies to men forbidden to leave camp for fear they'd leak a secret worth a fortune?

The idea was a long shot. With Timmins' luck it probably was just a false alarm. But Bragagnolo, a

A BILLION-DOLLAR BONANZA

Helicopters flew supplies to Texas Gulf Sulphur drill sites. After strike, they flew prospectors far into bush.

muscular, dark-haired ex-hockey player, was willing to take a chance.

With boyish cockiness, he'd once promised his mother he'd be a millionaire by the time he was 35, but only a year short of that age, he was far from his goal. If he could get the jump on big news in the bush, he might see his crazy boast come true.

At his office desk, he pulled out a crumpled map of the Porcupine region. Carefully he sketched the helicopter's flight path and made a note to find out quickly and quietly what claims could be staked along it.

With that penciled line Nedo Gino Bragagnolo, son of a Sicilian-immigrant miner who had died from silicosis contracted in a Timmins gold mine, was dealing himself into a game that turned into the maddest land scramble in Canadian history—and the zaniest financial wingding of modern times. . . .

The groundwork for the incredible spree had been laid that fall when the Texas Gulf Sulphur Company, one of some 900 American firms scrambling to find the mineral treasures of Canada's wilds, moved its drill rigs into Kidd Township, northwest of down-at-the-heels Timmins.

In the previous six years, Texas Gulf Sulphur, long a world leader in sulphur production, had gambled $3 million in an exhaustive search for other major mineral deposits. It was no pick-and-shovel operation. In low-flying helicopters, renting for $30 a mile and mounted with sensitive electromagnetic recording devices, the firm's exploration crews crisscrossed 40,000 square miles of Ontario and Quebec. Their instruments detected thousands of subsurface "anomalies"—abnormalities in the earth's magnetic field which may indicate the presence of ore. Some lay as much as 300 feet beneath the bush and muskeg overburden.

Follow-up exploration, however, had proved gravely disappointing. Ground crews systematically drilled hundreds of test holes into more than five dozen anomalies without finding anything more valuable "than enough graphite to supply the world with pencils for a jillion years."

Then on November 7, 1963, Kenneth Darke, who had field bossed the company's geological work, personally "spotted" a diamond drill in a poplar grove 12 miles northwest of Timmins. Drill crews sent the bit whining into the frozen ground to tap an anomaly designated "Kidd 55."

Three days later, the 1¼-inch-wide drill core was pulled up and handed to Darke. As usual, he took it into the drill tent for inspection. There, under the flickering gas light, he took a hard look at the specimen—then slammed it into a box out of the drill crew's sight, tucked it under his arm, and shot off through the pine woods like a spooked moose.

The only transportation to civilization, a helicopter, had been grounded by a blinding snowstorm. But on snowshoes Darke fought his way along old trails and logging roads for 10 miles to reach a telephone. At midnight, nearly frozen, he routed his superior, chief geologist Walter Holyk, from his bed in Stamford, Connecticut, and gasped out his momentous news, "We've hit mineralization!"

Darke could not describe more exactly what he had found. The core looked incredibly rich, but he was not equipped to assay it. Furthermore, as Texas Gulf Sulphur President Claude Stephens later explained to his stockholders, the drill might have struck a down-dip, a narrow seam of mineralization. "Simply stated," Stephens said, "drilling down-dip is like drilling down the center of a lead pencil and obtaining a solid section of graphite. In short, the full extent of the ore bed was an absolute mystery until we were able to drill many more widely spaced test holes."

To sink the holes immediately, however, would be disastrous from Texas Gulf Sulphur's standpoint. Such a sudden flurry of activity in the bush would tip off the discovery of ore, and a mad rush for land would erupt. At that time, Texas Gulf Sulphur had options on only the 160-acre tract where Darke had drilled. To protect the company, Stephens wanted to tie up options and mineral rights on the surrounding land.

To avoid stirring rumors, Darke drove to a town beyond Timmins, where he shipped the crucial core sample to Salt Lake City for assay. Returning to the bush,

The Boom in the Bush Spread to the Boardroom

he ordered the drill rig torn down and camouflaged the core hole with tree limbs. Half a mile away, in another township, he had his men drill out a worthless core, which they left half-hidden in the snow. Darke reasoned that some of the snoopers keeping an eye on Texas Gulf Sulphur's operations would find that decoy

Before strike was certain, company drill crews were kept in camp to prevent the spread of market-rocking rumors.

and be thrown off the scent. To keep loose talk sealed off, he then quarantined his crew to camp.

All the while the earlier exploratory drilling had been going on, Ned Bragagnolo had been spending part of every day playing Canada's low-priced mining stocks at the T. A. Richardson brokerage house, near his office on Pine Street. Darke, too, had been a faithful customer of these "penny dreadfuls." The two had developed a "casual, friendly relationship," Darke says, when they discovered they were hopefully trading the same stocks.

After mid-November, Bragagnolo remembers, "Ken began asking me to watch his stocks because he had to spend more and more time in the bush. He seemed unusually happy."

Whenever Bragagnolo asked questions about drilling developments, the young geologist replied only, "Be patient." Ned swears Darke never revealed Texas Gulf Sulphur's discovery, but his increasing absence, the sudden disappearance of crew members from local saloons and, finally, the lone helicopter shuttling back and forth, all added up.

While other people started talking excitedly of what might be cooking out in the bush, Bragagnolo acted. To lay money on the evidence he had was a downright gamble, but he'd never been known to run from an enticing long shot.

Without telling his wife, he mortgaged everything in sight—his home, his two cars and 14 gold-miners' houses he had picked up in a real-estate deal. The fact that he had three kids to feed didn't stop him. On his name he borrowed from every loan office in Timmins, with the promise that he'd pay it all back in just a few weeks. "All" amounted to $300,000. Tossing in his life savings, he bought 18,000 shares of Texas Gulf Sulphur at around $24 a share.

Then he zeroed in on that map of the Porcupine he had marked up the week before Christmas.

If Texas Gulf Sulphur had struck it rich, Ned knew land prices around Timmins would blow sky high. He also knew that much of the back country was crown land open for staking. The only requirements would be five dollars for a prospector's license, a good pair of legs for pacing off claims and an axe for cutting and driving stakes.

"I like to play with five aces in my hand and one up my sleeve," Bragagnolo says. So he bought up the entire stock of maps at the local recorder's office to delay other stakers, and hired a professional woodsman to post claims for him.

One day late in January, 1964, he sauntered up to Ken Darke at the brokerage house with a proposition.

"I know you've hit something big out there, and I know where you've drilled," he said, funneling years of experience in real-estate bluffing into his voice. "We oughta be partners."

When the big news broke, prospectors poured through Timmins on their way to exploration sites in the wilds.

Darke stared incredulously as Bragagnolo unfolded his plan.

If the young geologist would come into a private deal, Bragagnolo would let him direct the staking operation. With Darke's inside information, they could claim land close to the Texas Gulf Sulphur lode without encroaching on company acreage. Since Bragagnolo would act as front man, Darke could collect a nice quiet chunk of cash with no difficulties once news of the discovery broke.

"Otherwise," Bragagnolo announced, "I'm going to stake everything I can on my own."

It was a good play, for Bragagnolo still did not know just what—if anything—Texas Gulf Sulphur had found, or where. But as Darke later told a Canadian investigating commission; "I was afraid that if I wasn't with him, he'd stake ground the company needed. So I agreed." They sealed the deal with nothing more formal than a handshake.

One other man figured in the grand plan, and Bragagnolo quickly brought him in. He was John Angus, branch manager of Richardson's brokerage.

TGS President Claude Stephens, right, and his explorations head show a drill core loaded with zinc, copper, silver.

The trio pooled $6,660 to pay for professional stakers and land title transfers, and set out to acquire 30 claims, each one-quarter mile square, of the choicest land available.

It wasn't long before competitive ore hunters were hot on their heels. Despite Texas Gulf Sulphur's secrecy, the "moccasin telegraph" was crackling with hot rumors. As more and more townspeople put two and two together, boom fever began to build.

Word of world's richest ore strike boomed mining stocks and sent speculators swarming to Timmins brokerage.

After a fresh supply of maps reached the recorder's office, the bush country became a frenzy of claims staking. Hardware stores sold out of boots, axes and camping equipment as hordes of prospectors swarmed into the woods. Some went on snowshoes. Others scooted through the trees on snowmobiles. Still others rented helicopters at $150 an hour to drop them in. Everyone wanted a piece of the action.

One prospector, John Larche, says he worked seven days straight with less than 10 hours of sleep, once leaving Timmins at 1:30 a.m. to stake during a blizzard. "Wherever you were," he recalls, "you could hear guys crashing through the bush nearby. It was a stampede."

Although he personally had never staked a claim in his life, Ned Bragagnolo joined the footsloggers. When March had passed with no announcement of a discovery from Texas Gulf Sulphur, his creditors pressed him so hard on his loans that he took to the woods to escape them. Soon the partnership's original goal of 30 claims had been reached, but with land still open, Bragagnolo ordered their stakers to keep going. Eventually he tied up 230 of the quarter-mile tracts for himself, Angus and Darke. Texas Gulf Sulphur, meantime, had expanded its holdings from 160 acres to 60,000.

Then on April 12, a few days after Texas Gulf Sulphur had moved more drill rigs into Kidd Township for further tests, the firm's offices in New York dropped a bombshell. In the face of a story in a Canadian mining newspaper of a major [*Continued on page* 89]

LITTLE CHAMPION WITH A HEAVY FOOT

PHOTOGRAPHS BY TOM BURNSIDE

BY LEO LEVINE

Mario Andretti finished third in his rookie try at Indianapolis last year. Now racing's old pros are saying he's a young tiger who can show his tail to anyone

A small white car, looking even smaller in the vastness of the empty Indianapolis Motor Speedway, was alone on the track and going fast.

In the pits, tire engineers and the car's crew checked their electric timer. Veterans of the safety patrol who were stationed around the 2½-mile oval had no stopwatches, but they didn't need them. These men, who run the fire trucks and the ambulances, whose job it is to get to a crashed car within seconds and whose presence is required whenever a car is on the track, can always tell when a driver is really in a hurry by listening to the sound of the engine.

It was tire-testing time on this gray, chilly morning last December. There were still six months to go before the next Indianapolis 500, but the engineers were already checking their latest developments for Memorial Day of 1966. A victory at Indianapolis is worth millions in publicity to Goodyear and Firestone and for them there is no off-season at the Speedway. Whenever they have tires to test and whenever the track is not closed by weather, one or the other will be there—watching, checking, always trying something new.

The white car is flagged down and comes rolling into the pits, engine shut off. The engineers gather around, some sticking temperature-gauge needles into

Andretti's crewmen push him in his Ford-powered car toward starting line and $42,551 in prize money. Below, his hands in cockpit pose.

HIS SPEED AT INDY BROUGHT FAME AND FORTUNE

tires to get heat readings, others conferring rapidly with the driver.

He is half-lying, half-sitting, within the shell of the car. Short, slight, and boyish-looking, he is Mario Andretti, the champion of single-seater racing in the U.S. Only 26 years old, he came to this country from his native Italy when he was 15. Now, married and with two young children, he has accomplished more in his short career than most drivers can hope for in a lifetime. After a third-place finish he was named 1965 rookie of the year at Indianapolis and he went on, in his first full season of major league racing, to become the U.S. Auto Club titleholder.

As a result, he is one of the favorites for this year's 500 and even as far back as last December, he and Firestone were getting ready for it. The almost tiny (5-6, 138 pounds) Andretti has been one of Firestone's main test drivers for a year now. They not only like his speed, they like his studied approach to driving. He is articulate, intelligent and can tell the engineers what they want to know.

His opinion, dictated by the seat of his pants and the feel of the wheel, tells the engineers whether that last $100,000 worth of effort in the laboratory was worthwhile or whether these tires should be thrown on the trash heap. Testing can be an almost interminable process—take a few laps, come in, talk it over, change tires, take more laps, come in, change tires, talk it over—day after day on an empty race track.

Then the testing is almost finished and it is time to see just how fast Mario can really go. The Indianapolis Motor Speedway consists of two five-eighth mile straights, two one-eighth mile straights and four corners with a radius of a quarter-mile each. The object is to get around this 2½ miles of roadway in as little time as possible.

Mario's car, a low, rear-engined vehicle with exposed wheels, moves out on the track. The car is lower than a man's crotch and weighs, without fuel or driver, less than 1,400 pounds. Its Ford V8 engine produces better than 500 horsepower and here at Indianapolis can propel the car at speeds over 190 mph. down the long straights.

Andretti starts to circulate, faster and faster as the note of the engine rises to a harsh scream. He comes down the main straight past the pits, right-side tires a foot or two from the concrete retaining wall . . . then off the throttle, on the brakes hard, deep into the corner, back on the throttle again and dives for the apex of the curve . . . now Mario lets the car drift to the wall on his way out . . . backs off the gas again at the end of the short straight, hits it through the second turn and drifts up next to the concrete . . . six seconds through each corner, a little more than 12 seconds down the long straights and a little less than three on the short ones. The scream of the engine rises and falls, shattering the stillness.

Then it is over. The electric timer shows 164.1 mph. No other man had ever gone that fast at Indianapolis,

either in a race, in practice runs or while tire testing.

A week after Andretti posted this mark A. J. Foyt, the Babe Ruth of American racing, set out to break it while testing for rival Goodyear. He tried, but he wasn't fast enough.

The testing is almost as important for Andretti as racing. He does one or the other almost every week of the year. The more he drives the better he gets and the more opportunity he has to experiment.

Mario: "You just become accustomed to so many things the car can do when you're testing . . . things you wouldn't think of doing on qualifying day or race day. You go out there and test and you discover 'Ah, I can get away with that,' so you keep on doing it. I've had a considerable amount of practice at Indianapolis now because of those tests. I've put on a lot of miles and I feel a lot more powerful than I ever did. I'm really looking forward to the 500 this year because there's no more satisfaction than feeling competitive."

Although Andretti tests at various tracks, there is little question that the testing at Indianapolis is the most important. Mario's life is inescapably tied up with that sprawling structure that is the Mecca and the Mount Everest of single-seater oval track competition. Its race is not only the biggest from a physical, traditional and publicity standpoint; it is also by far the richest. A total of $628,000 in prize money was paid out for the 1965 event and this year's 50th annual running should top that. If Mario wins, his car should earn more than $160,000.

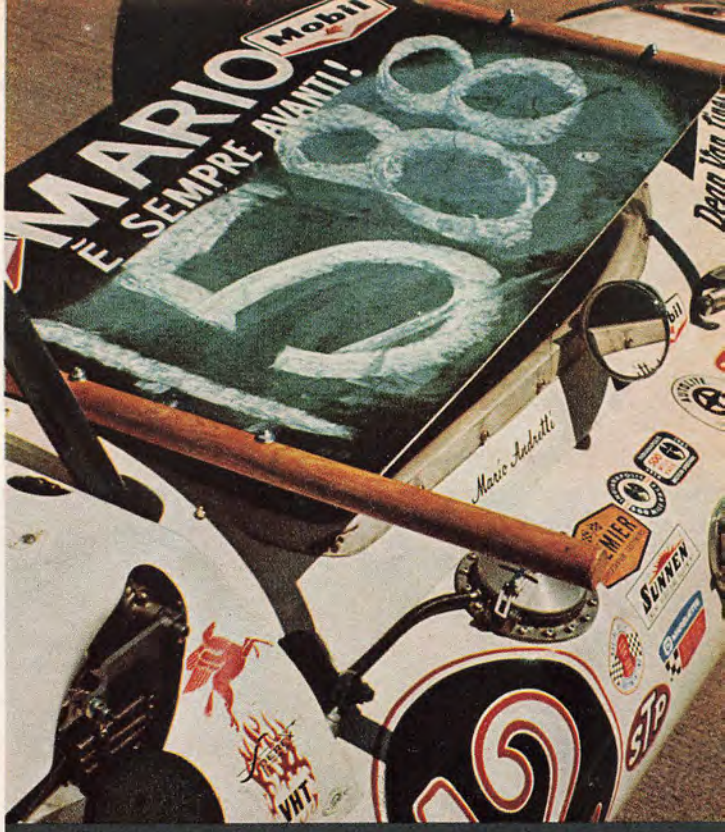
But a victory in the Indianapolis 500 means more than just money, although that comes to more than $100,000 for the driver himself when all the post-race appearance fees, etc., are added up. A victory at Indianapolis sets a man apart for life. Whatever else becomes of him, whatever else he does or does not do, he will always be remembered for this. The event is in a certain way larger than life and the mystique rubs off on those who win it. Andretti senses this, although it is doubtful if he has ever sat down and consciously thought about it.

Last year—the first time he drove in the 500—he was confident to a certain extent, but there were also the natural insecurities:

Mario: "It was a big race coming up, the longest race I'd ever been in, the fastest race, everything meant just a little bit more."

The Andretti outlook toward this year's race hinges to a great extent on his performance in 1965. That event turned out to be a runaway victory for world champion Jimmy Clark. Parnelli Jones finished a distant second and Mario was third despite having to fight a car that handled badly in the closing stages. While Clark cruised home in front, Andretti's great bid to catch Jones during the closing laps gave the race some much-needed excitement.

Before the 500 there were only two men who figured to win it: Clark and Foyt, but Foyt dropped out just after half-distance while [*Continued on page* 92]



When Mario's crew signalled 158-mph qualifying speed, it was fastest in Speedway history. Below, he studies tire wear demonstration.

LOVE—IN THE LINE OF DUTY

The wily Ghurka was willing to supply the American OSS officer with warriors to fight the Japanese. But first there had to be a command performance—with the old chieftain's virgin daughter

BY ROBERT HAYDEN ALCORN

From *No Banners, No Bands: More Tales of the O.S.S.* by Robert Hayden Alcorn. Copyright © 1965 by Robert Hayden Alcorn. Reprinted by permission of David McKay Company, Inc.

■ Every espionage and sabotage assignment calls for improvisation, for "playing by ear." In the Far East during World War II it could quite truthfully be said that every step leading up to the preparation of every mission called for the same. And where the average OSS assignment called for nerve and courage in superhuman doses, the Far Eastern assignments called also for tact, adaptability and diplomacy of a most incredible delicacy.

David's mission was a case in point.

The OSS got hold of David through the incessant process of screening the thousands of officer candidates available to the Army. Gen. William "Wild Bill" Donovan was building up the operational units for the Far East. He was asking for young men with imagination, with the natural aggressiveness to tackle any situation with assurance and the ability and nerve to carry it through without regard for "normal" procedures. As he had so often said, "I'd rather have a young lieutenant with guts enough to dis- [*Continued on page* 108]

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT MC GINNIS

8 MILLION NEW YORKERS CAN'T BE WRONG...

BY TED TRUEBLOOD

■ It's no secret that fishing is going to hell, especially trout fishing. Everybody says so. There are too many people. You spend a week paddling and portaging to a remote lake in Maine or Canada and think you have it all to yourself and what happens? About the time you make the first cast, some guy lands a float plane!

Well, maybe so. But this, like all generalities, has its exceptions. And last spring I found an exception in the most unlikely spot you could imagine —on the lakes and streams that furnish drinking water for the City of New York, almost in the shadow of Manhattan's skyscrapers!

Twenty-odd years ago, I lived in Pleasantville, New York, 25 miles from Grand Central Station. I fished the year around in the lakes and streams of the New York City watershed in Westchester and Putnam Counties. Westchester lies hard against the biggest city in America; Putnam borders Westchester on the north. An hour's drive from the tip of Manhattan Island puts you in the heart of Putnam County—and the watershed.

There was no shortage of people in and around New York even 20 years ago, but I had good fishing. Occasionally I had great fishing. And the best part of it was that New Yorkers studiously ignored the possibilities of their own backyard to drive much farther, frequently for much less.

Then I moved West and, believe it or not, one of the things I missed the most was fishing on the watershed. It's an amazing place, really. There are 12 reservoirs and four controlled lakes with a total area of 10,000 acres. There are 18 miles of streams. And all of them, as well as the shorelines of all the lakes and reservoirs, are protected by a buffer of forest that belongs to the City of New York.

Last summer this vast area was a place of crisis because of a bad drought. New Yorkers were implored to save water. Few of them, no doubt, were aware that the watershed is not just a water source

EXCEPT ABOUT THEIR FISHING

Only a few miles and a few minutes from Manhattan's skyscrapers, there are wilderness lakes and streams which dot the city's watershed—yet the bass and trout are dying of old age for want of fishermen

but one of the most remarkable examples of a planned recreation area near any major city.

You can't build a factory or a hotel or start a used-car lot, or even put up a summer cottage on the banks of any of the lakes or streams. You can't pollute them with industrial or domestic waste. You can't chop down the trees. But you *can* fish, and while you're fishing you can watch a deer or listen to a grouse drum as a bonus.

Many cities permit angling in their water supply reservoirs and some have excellent fishing close at hand. San Francisco has striped bass in the bay and its connected sloughs; Seattle has salmon in the sound. These fish, however, are present *in spite of* San Francisco and Seattle, not because of them. New York is, to the best of my knowledge, unique in being the only metropolis that not only created good fishing but maintains much of it in a semiwilderness setting.

Sure, there are spots where a highway crowds the stream and you have to watch your backcast for fear of hooking some broad driving past in a convertible. But there are many others where, from all you can see or hear, you might be fishing a hundred miles from any road. And even in the roadside pools there are often big fish to be taken if you're smart enough to do it.

Last spring I had to make a business trip to New York. The first thing I thought about was fishing. I wanted to try some of the old spots. Then I got to worrying. After all, in the 20 years I'd been away megalopolis had sprawled from Washington to Boston, whole towns had grown up, the population had exploded into the very areas I used to fish. Maybe it would be better just to keep my pleasant memories than to jeopardize them by trying to turn back the clock.

But when I got to New York, one of the first friends I met was TRUE's Peter Barrett who, with writer Dan Holland, had [*Continued on page* 80]

A KNIFE FOR EVERY POCKET

World's largest folding knife is 26 inches point to point.

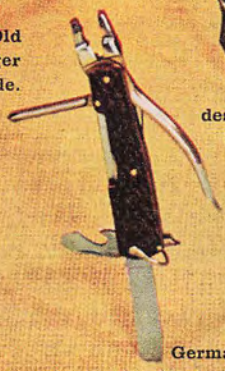
Cigar cutter has box opener at top, snip at bottom.

Calibrated blade measures fish, ball knocks them out.

Old Chinese folding dagger is handmade.

Crude Pygmy design tears in and out.

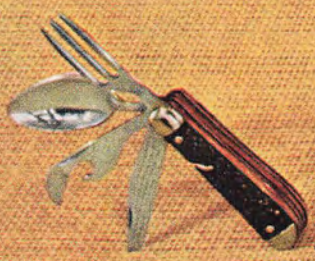
Surgeon's ancient folding lancet has a very thin blade.



German mechanic's knife includes pliers.

Claws atop hunter's knife remove shotgun shells.

Italian lighter also cuts cigars, cleans pipes.



Knife, fork, spoon and can opener fold into handle.

Antique German blade for scraping ink predates eraser.

Filipino chewers carry 6-inch betel nut cutter.

ORLANDO, FLORIDA

■ Manhood is a big step closer for the boy who gets his first pocketknife. If he's like most males, his knife will be a treasured possession for the rest of his life. Men have been carrying folding knives since before they had pockets to put them in. Togaed Romans had such knives and they've never been out of use since. Along the way they've acquired a lot of gadgets for special purposes but pocketknives all come from the simple, single-blade clasp knife that the 17th-century English called "jackknives" after a nickname of King James I. In time a smaller blade was added to trim the ever-splitting points of quill pens and thus came penknives. For the past 200 years pocketknives have never stopped turning up in new forms.

The specialized knives on these pages are standouts from the 4,000 personal knives owned by Bo Randall, maker of hunting and fighting knives. From the huge two-bladed jackknife to the cylindrical 16-bladed penknife each has a special use. The cigar cutter, for example, will pry open a cigar box with the top blade, then tap the nails in again with the knob on the side and trim a hand-rolled cigar with the snip at the bottom.

The ladies' elaborate cutting and shooting weapon is much milder than the nastily designed Pygmy knife that hurts more coming out than going in. But the square brass surgeon's knife is not much more civilized. It has a trigger that releases a dozen round-ended blades to sink into a patient's flesh for as much as a quarter inch.

The most up-to-the-minute personal knife here is at top right on this page. A survival knife designed originally for a U.S. soldier, it has a hollow handle to carry small gear. And the knife that Astronaut Gordon Cooper carried during his orbit 23 times around the earth may be the first Space Age pocketknife.

There'll undoubtedly be pocketknives going to Mars when men get there and maybe the Martians will want to swap. Who knows what sort of gadgets their pocketknives might have?

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE BY GEORGE X. SAND

Astronaut knife was designed to be generally useful.

Early, single-blade Barlow became classic American jackknife.

Lady's 200-year-old weapon has two big blades, two barrels.

Viet Nam survival knife is sent to GI's by relatives.

Rusted iron knife was found with Indian relics.

European gentleman's silver knife fits into waistcoat pocket.

Pruning knife with blade and shears is like Washington's.

Hinged section in bone-handled knife holds snuff.

Scissors, blade and file fold into old French silver coin.

Early surveyors gouged boundary trees with this tool.

Century-old, many-bladed knife trimmed turkey and goose quills.

Brass doctor's knife has 12 round blades.

It's not a mouse.
It's not a rat.
It's not a hamster.
It's not a guinea pig.
It's a **HYRAX!**

The African hyrax has been puzzling scientists for years. It gnaws like a rat, climbs like a goat and is closely related to the elephant. I've had the only one in America and I couldn't figure it out either

MY CRAZY, MIXED-UP HOUSEGUEST

BY DANIEL P. MANNIX

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE BY THE AUTHOR

■ Sitting on my sofa, sipping on a dry Martini and nibbling on a chocolate-chip cookie reinforced with vitamins, is Kimathi. Kimathi is a hyrax. Few people in America today know what a hyrax is. In fact, plenty of them don't even give a damn.

For me, the problem started when a gentleman named Joe Wolfe, connected with Columbia Pictures, gave me a ring and asked me if I wanted a hyrax. Naturally I answered, "What the hell is a hyrax?"

"Fancy your not knowing what a hyrax is," said Mr. Wolfe. "It's a member of the family *Procaviidae*, noted for its skeletal resemblance to the larger ungulates and its relationship to the *Proboscidea*."

"Jeez," I said. "What does it look like?"

"Something like an overgrown guinea pig but mainly like nothing you've ever seen," said Wolfe. "Columbia has just finished shooting Joy Adamson's book *Born Free* in Kenya and during production a hyrax joined the company. Everyone fell in love with him and now we're looking for a home for the little fellow."

"Is he tame?"

"Tame?" Obviously Wolfe couldn't believe his ears. "Why, he's a living doll. The girls on the set used him as a fur neckpiece. He took his meals with the rest of the company and likes his Martinis very dry—five to one."

Well, if I have a weakness it's being a pushover for weird animals. I said I'd be glad to take the hyrax. Wolfe said the animal would be sent to me by air express.

I then decided to read up on hyraxes. At the conclusion of my research I decided I didn't know any more than I did when I started. I also concluded that the leading mammalogists of the world were in the same boat. For years they quarreled about how to classify the animal. At first, they decided he was a rodent. Then they decided he was ungulate and classified him with the elephant and the rhinoceros. Finally they gave up and put him in an order all by himself. His incisors grow constantly like a rodent's but are shaped more like a cat's. The rest of his upper teeth are like a rhino's but his lower teeth are like a hippo's. When in addition to this you learn that his malar bones are thrown back into the zygomatic arch like an elephant's, you realize why the scientific experts have a habit of sticking straws in their hair when they get on the subject of hyraxes.

There are many unexplained mysteries about hyraxes which have long puzzled zoologists. Hyraxes are expert climbers but they have blunt claws resembling miniature hoofs, so how do they hang onto tree trunks and smooth rocks? A hyrax has a single claw in his inner hind toe. What's it for? A hyrax has more ribs than any other animal except a sloth. (The sloth needs his ribs because they form a basket to support his insides when he hangs upside down.) As hyraxes don't hang upside down, why so [*Continued on page* 86]

BY ELWOOD D. BAUMANN

ANOTHER DOCTOR WHO HAS IT MADE

Khotso's patients come to him from all over Africa. They have made him rich beyond measure. He has 16 wives, 25 children and a hoard of golf-ball size diamonds. All of which ain't bad for a little old witch doctor who practices without a license

PHOTOGRAPHED BY JOHN DRYSDALE

■ I didn't have any trouble finding the house. It looked like something straight out of the *Arabian Nights*. Bright blue-tiled spires and arches, stained-glass windows and rows of hideous marble statues all combined to give the place a somewhat sinister effect. Two South African flags fluttered limply over the entrance. Both of them carried the crest of Khotso, a capital "K" in a black circle. A huge sign hanging on the gate assured me that this was indeed the home of Doctor Khotso, South Africa's richest and most famous witch doctor.

The telephones in Lusikisiki were out of order so I arrived at the Khotso mansion unannounced. I didn't stay that way long. An apprentice witch doctor began thumping wildly on a drum as soon as I turned into the drive. Two more began washing my car while I was still in it. Another gently removed my cigarette and carried it out to the road. No one is allowed to smoke on Khotso's property because it may offend the spirits.

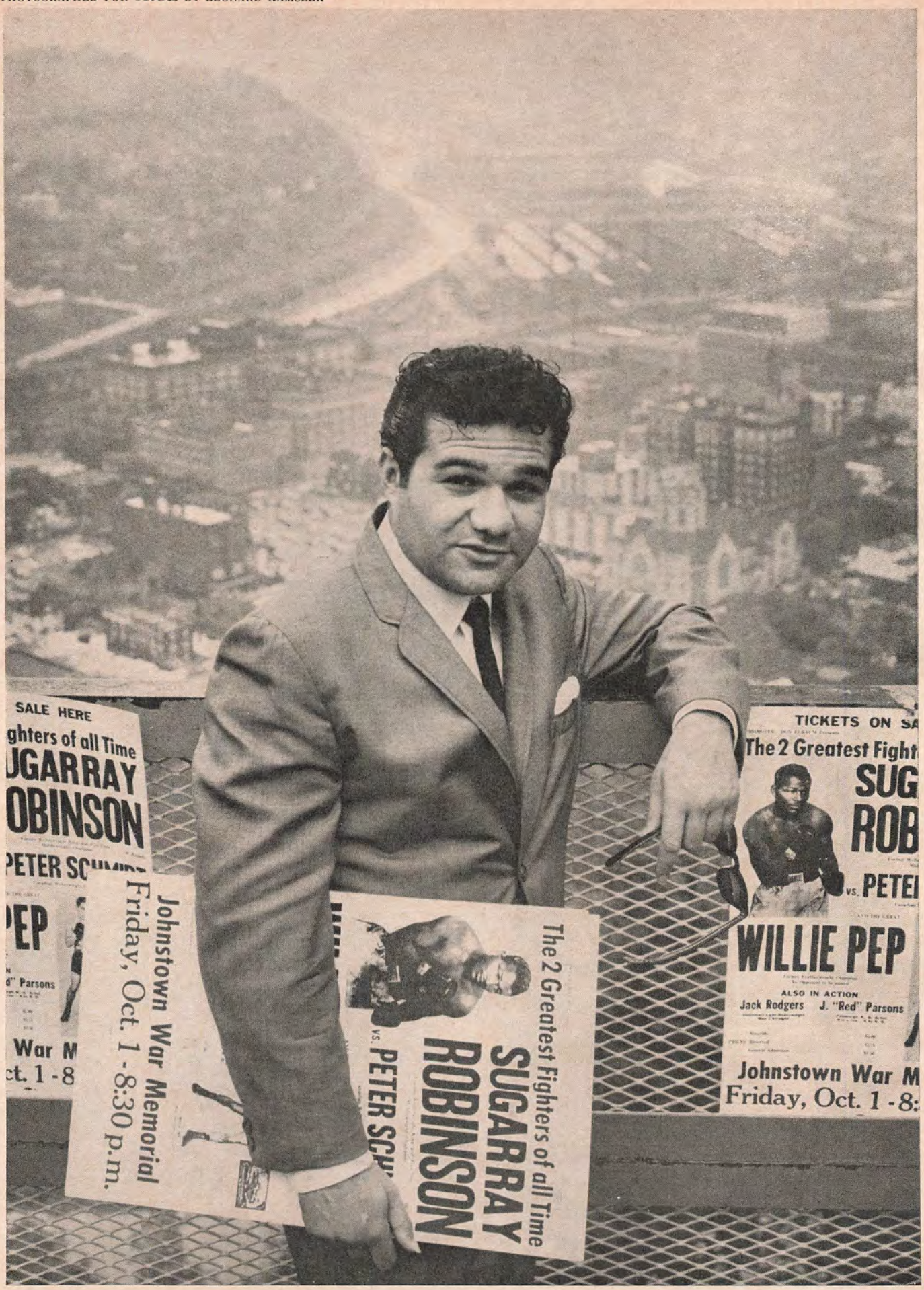
The staccato beat of the drums stopped and the witch doctor's 16 wives, all dressed identically in flowing blue robes and orange turbans, solemnly paraded out on the front veranda and burst into song. The first one, "Nkosi Sikelele Africa," was sung in Xhosa; the next, [*Continued on page* 74]

When visitors arrive, Khotso turns out his daughters and his wives to sing various national anthems.

Garbed in ceremonial robes, "Doctor" Khotso studies a handful of gleaming diamonds from his enormous collection.

The little witch doctor decorates his home with busts of various officials and famous people.

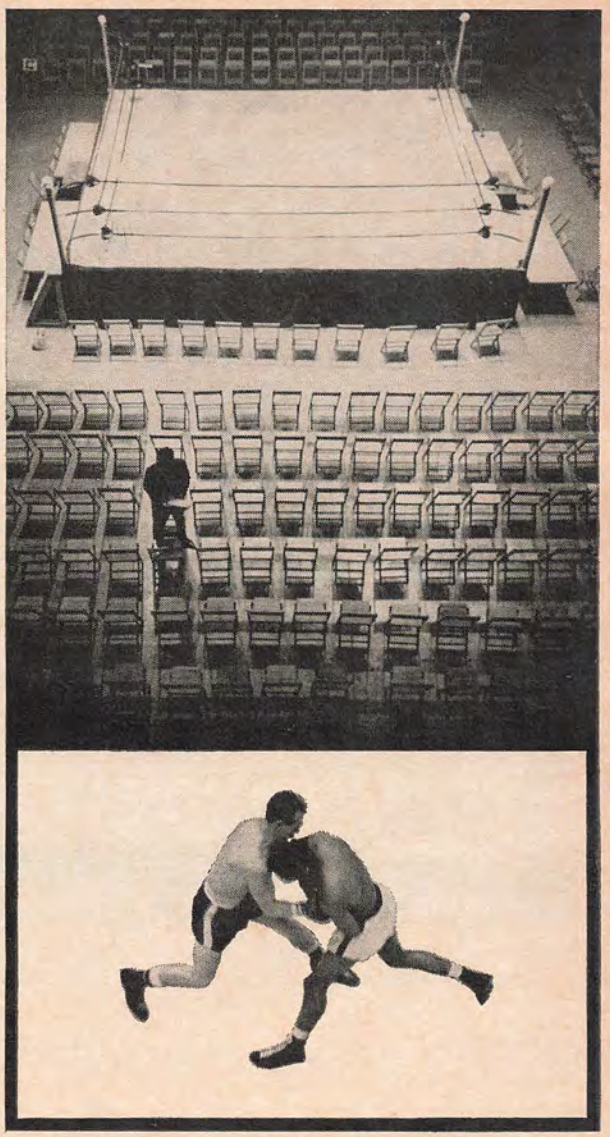
PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE BY LEONARD KAMSLER



Promoter Don Elbaum had a beautiful plan: get Ray Robinson and Willie Pep on the same fight card. Why hadn't somebody thought of it before? Then, one bleak night in Johnstown, Pa., he found out why

BY JERRY IZENBERG

Sundown Of a Dream



Shortly after Elbaum stood in shadows of an empty arena, shadow of the old Sugar Ray battled in the ring.

■ There were three men standing on the bare, cold railroad platform in Johnstown, Pa., one afternoon last autumn, and they squinted through the gloom waiting for a locomotive's headlight to make its first appearance in the East.

First there was Don Elbaum, who bills himself as America's youngest fight promoter ("I'm over 30 but what the hell, who isn't?"). It was Elbaum who had triggered the dream. His America is tinged with the soot from Johnstown's steel mills and the stale smoke of Steubenville's armory; of minor-league boxing shows which shuttle back and forth across the Alleghenies with one basic goal:

"Today the sticks, tomorrow the world."

It was Elbaum who went out and got Sugar Ray Robinson's name on the contract, which even then was safely tucked underneath the promoter's underwear in a bureau drawer back at the Town Manor Motel. Then he had signed Willie Pep for the cofeature. Now with the two fighters safely on the way, Don Elbaum was going to put together a boxing show which would transcend the taut confines of Johnstown. This, Elbaum knew, was going to be his breakout into the big time.

It didn't matter that Pep had lost his greatness long ago and that his opponent was a nobody named Willie Little. It didn't matter that Sugar Ray was 45 and the man across the ring wouldn't be Carmen Basilio or Randy Turpin or even Joey Giardello. The other man was going to be Peter Schmidt, a part-time milkman from Toronto who once was something called the welterweight champion of Canada. What did matter was a whole generation which had never dared dream it would see Sugar Ray or Willie Pep fight, let alone both on the same night in the same town. Put them on the same card, open the box office and look out, world, here comes Don Elbaum's formal good-bye to the coal fields.

"They are going to speak about this thing for a long, long time," Elbaum said to his companions on the platform. "Ten years ago, maybe even five, there just wasn't enough money to arrange it. I can't believe

Elbaum directs former champ Pep to dressing room he had to share with Robinson's opponent. At left is Willie's wife.

Some things never change. As in old days, classy Ray didn't lift a finger as an entourage of aides dressed him after bout.

it's happening. I can't believe nobody else thought of doing it."

"It will be," Bob Meagher agreed, "the biggest thing that ever happened around here." Meagher is 28 and he is the night manager at the Golden Key, a Johnstown nightclub. A year earlier he had been much impressed when Elbaum did $8,200 worth of business with an ordinary card in Johnstown during a 14-inch snowstorm. When Elbaum had signed Robinson and Pep, Bob Meagher bought 50 percent of the action.

He is an enthusiastic and optimistic young man but he is not a wealthy one. A week after he bought into the promotion, he sold half of his end to another local man named Burrell Hasselrig as a kind of insurance policy. Now the three of them waited in the deserted depot for Robinson to trigger the greatest moment in Johnstown's sports history.

"The train is 20 minutes late," Meagher said.

"He'll be here," Elbaum said.

"Are you sure?" Meagher persisted. As he spoke, he twirled a printed poster on the end of a wooden stick. The sign said "Welcome, Ray Robinson."

"He'll be here," Elbaum said, raising his voice slightly. It was at this precise moment that Don Elbaum first considered the possibility that Ray Robinson, indeed, might not show. Then and there he thought of 100 other cities where Ray Robinson didn't quite turn up. "If the train came without him," Elbaum later confided, "I was going to jump in front of it."

At 3:40 p.m., the locomotive light finally could be seen in the distance. The train came to a painful stop. Two people got off. The first was a girl. The second was a tired businessman.

"Well?" Meagher demanded.

And then, a small eternity later, George Gainford stepped onto the platform. He has been with Robinson since the beginning, a quarter of a century ago. He is a large man with a deep, lyrical voice and graying temples and around boxing he is known as, "The Emperor Jones." Elbaum's ensuing sigh fairly rattled the Alleghenies. With great dignity, George Gainford helped Mrs. Robinson and Mrs. Gainford alight. Then the small, slender trainer called Smitty stepped down. And then . . . well, Johnstown had never seen anything like it.

Even on a dusty railroad platform a million miles away from a world that once was, Ray Robinson makes an entrance. The alligator shoes were a rich black.

Elbaum tasks include supplying gloves. He haggled price of laces down from 50 cents a pair to 35.

With partner Bob Meagher on his right, the arena manager on his left and stacks of unsold tickets on table, gloomy Don Elbaum counts take.

The slacks were tapered. And the cardigan sweater was a dark blue suede with light blue cashmere sleeves.

And suddenly for Don Elbaum it was the best of possible worlds. Ray Robinson was here in Johnstown. Willie Pep—good, old, solid, dependable Willie—would arrive the next day by car. "Maybe," Elbaum mused, "I should put on extra help at the box office."

The fight was scheduled for Friday, October 1st. This was Tuesday and that night Elbaum gave the biggest press party in the history of Johnstown. It was held at the Golden Key, which had become an unofficial fight headquarters by virtue of Meagher's position. Everybody who was anybody in Johnstown was there. After cutting a big sugar cake bearing the words, "25 Wonderful Years," Elbaum turned to Robinson and said:

"We have a little surprise here for Ray. Gentlemen, these boxing gloves you see before you are the very same gloves Ray Robinson wore in Madison Square Garden the night he knocked out Joe Echeverria in his professional debut. It wasn't easy but we got them. It's just a little surprise from us, Ray, to you."

Millie Robinson dabbed at her eyes and Ray smiled wistfully and a local photographer said, "Put on the gloves, champ, I want to get a shot of this." But Elbaum leaped halfway across the table and said "Come on now. I'm sure Ray must be tired and I know I am. Let's all have a drink and relax." Then he whisked the scarred gloves out of sight.

"You know, of course, that you had two right-handed gloves at the party," a visitor to Elbaum's room at the Town Manor Motel said later that night.

"Well," Elbaum sighed philosophically, "nobody is perfect."

On Wednesday morning Willie Pep arrived. He drove a large light-colored Pontiac and his wife, an attractive blonde, sat beside him. Willie wore a sharkskin suit and sunglasses. When he raised the glasses, a blue-gray mouse was visible beneath his right eye. It had been hung there a few days earlier by a nonentity named Irish Johnny Gilmore. Five years ago, Irish Johnny couldn't have hit Willie Pep in the rump with a shovel.

"We've got to get out to the rehabilitation center for some publicity shots," Elbaum told Pep. So everybody piled into cars and the caravan proceeded to the hospital and Robinson signed autographs while somebody in a wheelchair asked Pep: [*Continued on page* 103]

BY GENE CAESAR
ILLUSTRATED BY TOM BALLENGER

For the past two summers a weird creature has been reported roaming southern Michigan. The big hairy thing seems relatively harmless—which is more than can be said for the army of kooks who went looking for it

THE HELLZAPOPPIN' HUNT FOR THE MICHIGAN MONSTER

■ Sometime this summer, in all probability, a strange report will come in to a state police post or a sheriff's office somewhere in southern Michigan. And with a readiness that the historic minutemen might well have envied, hundreds and then thousands of rifle-carrying men will turn out to go tramping through woods and brush and farm fields—stalking an unclassified creature that few of them will publicly admit they believe exists.

Beyond doubt, worried authorities will again issue threatening warnings, or even resort to further polygraph tests in a desperate attempt to debunk the entire business. For the spectacle of armed men stumbling through darkness in search of something that vaguely resembles a man has understandably left local law enforcement officials shuddering. But by two seasons of past precedent, the hunt will still go on, unhindered by reason, ridicule or even heavy rain.

"Has everyone gone crazy?" one state trooper wondered aloud last August, when an estimated 1,000 hunters were braving a downpour to comb the Monroe County countryside. "No self-respecting monster would even be out on a night like this, but just look at those idiots!"

Ironically enough, it all began with a police report, put out by the Cass County Sheriff's Department on the morning of June 10, 1964: CREATURE, IDENTITY UNKNOWN. ABOUT NINE FEET TALL. ABOUT 500 POUNDS. ALL HAIR UP TO ITS NECK. HAS BLACK FACE. SKIN LOOKS ABOUT A HALF-INCH THICK. HAS VERY LARGE EYES THAT GLOW LIKE AN ANIMAL'S WHEN SHINED ON AT NIGHT. MAKES NOISES LIKE A TAME GOOSE, ALSO LIKE A BABY CRYING.

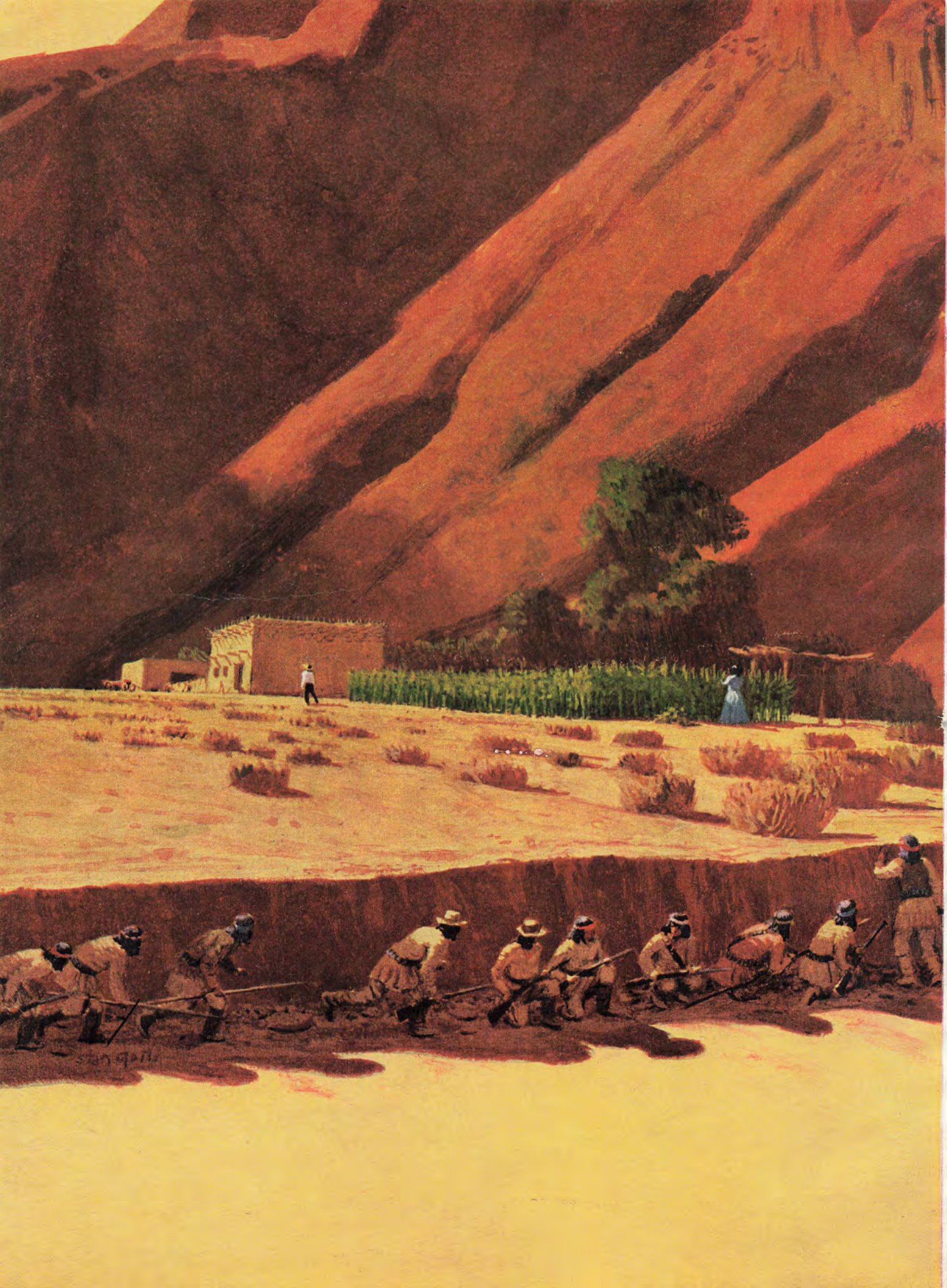
Late the night before, Mrs. John Utrup had heard her dogs barking at her farm home in the Sister Lakes region. She stepped outside and snapped on the yard light, only, it seems, to catch a nightmarish monstrosity in the sudden brightness at close range. Fighting off hysteria, she ran inside, bolted the door and phoned for help.

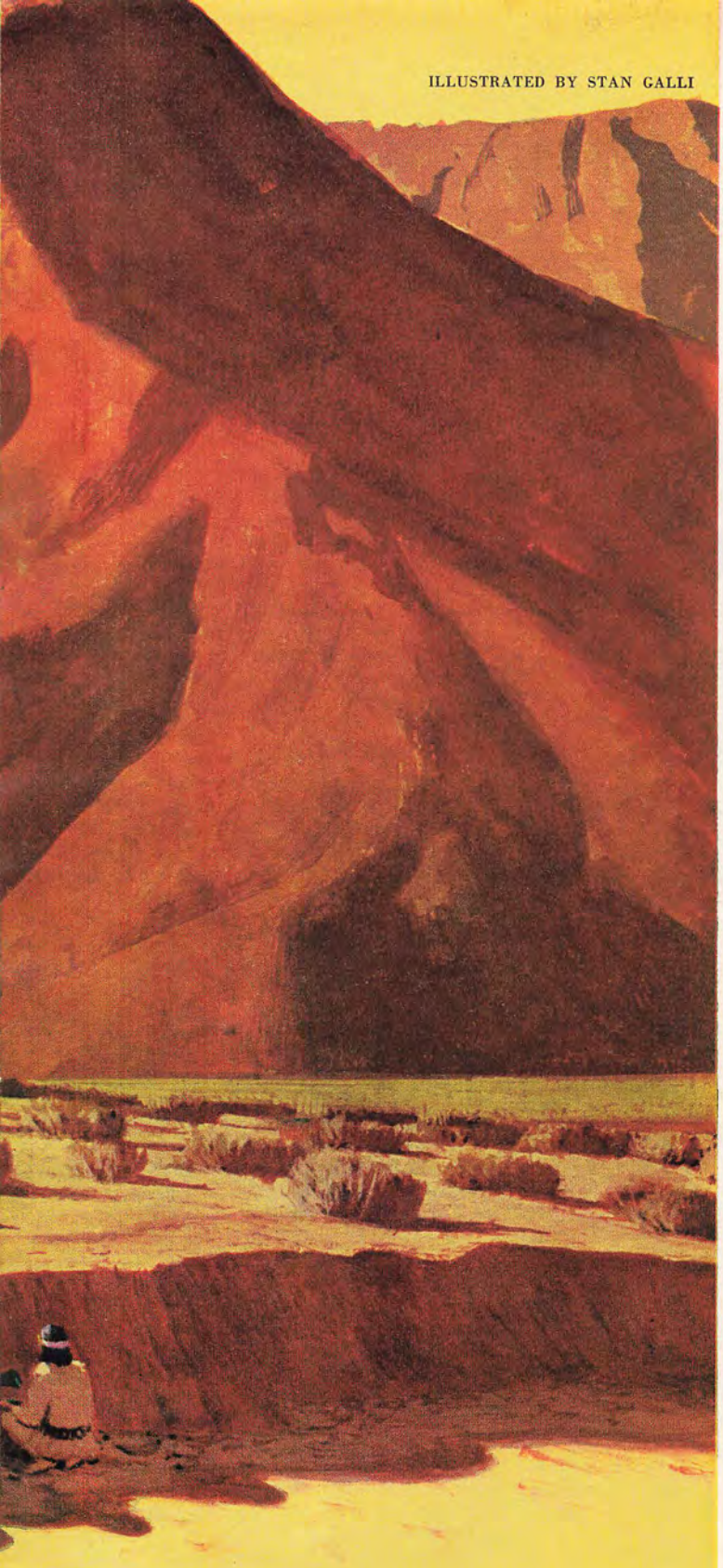
As a rule, big hairy things seen by rural ladies rarely cause much concern in sheriffs' offices. But this one could hardly be shrugged off as a hallucination, because the deputies who drove to the scene through an increasing rain found fading tracks in the mud, roughly resembling barefoot human footprints but measuring fully six inches across the ball of the foot and almost four inches across the heel. Then Gordon Brown, from the nearby town of Dowagiac, reported having seen the hairy creature at about the same time that night, catching it in his headlights as it ran across Swisher Road not far from the Utrup farm.

"It was no bear!" he swore adamantly. "It had a face like a human."

By midmorning, an investigation had turned up two more witnesses with detailed descriptions that varied only in estimates of height; some thought the thing was just seven feet tall. And at least 10 other local people guardedly admitted to having seen or heard "something strange" in the [*Continued on page* 84]

HUNT THE
MONSTER
$7.





ILLUSTRATED BY STAN GALLI

the apaches vs. the sodbuster

BY BILL HAFFORD

The frontier farmer knew what would happen if the Indians took him alive—so he hid a knife in his shirt. He would use it on his wife first, then on himself

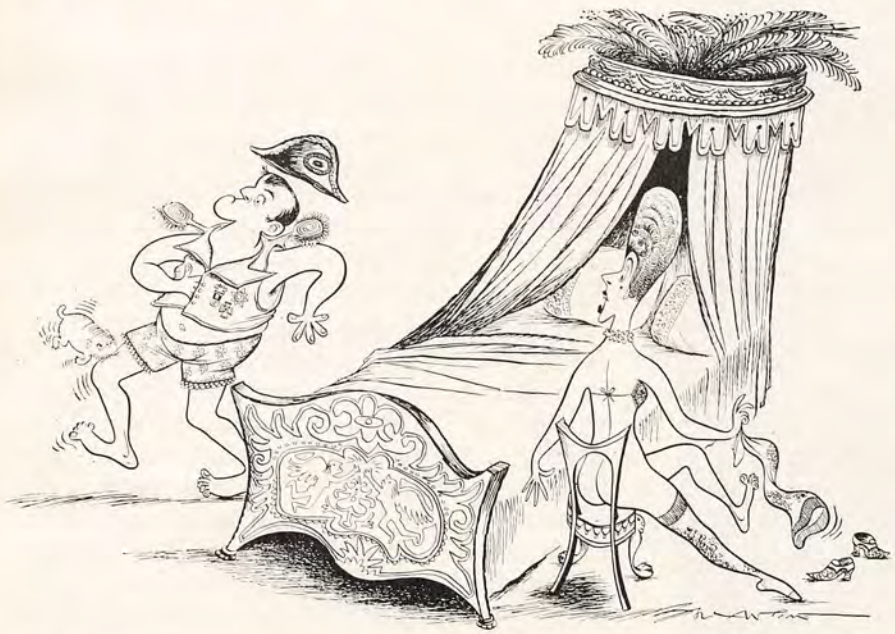
Indian attacks on early settlers and their homesteads were common enough in the old West, but for the most part the stories of these depredations have come down to us as legends and oft-told tales which all too frequently have been embroidered by time. This story is an exception. It was told to the author by an old Apache warrior on the San Carlos reservation in 1940. The Indian, known as "Billy Goat John," revealed that he had once taken part in an attack on a pioneer family. As evidence, he pointed to a grotesquely mangled right arm which he said was a result of the battle. Author Hafford, fascinated by the tale, set about checking it against historical records at several western historical societies and at the Arizona State College library. Matching detail against detail, he was able to establish that Billy Goat John must have been one of the Indians who attacked the adobe house of Martin Blaylock and his Mexican wife, Rosa, near the Santa Cruz River between Tucson and the Mexican border in 1864. Billy Goat John died in 1946, but his remarkable story has been preserved.

There were 12 of them—bronco Apaches—tired, hungry and mean, lying in the tall grama grass a quarter of a mile from Blaylock's adobe house. They had been there on the ridge throughout the night and most of the previous day. Like most of the small bands that roamed the area, they knew of Blaylock and hated him because through years of rampage they had not been able to drive him from his land. Eighteen warriors had died trying, and thus most of the savages learned to give Blaylock a wide berth. Not these 12, however. Hunger and hatred had made them mean enough to try what other Apaches had decided was bad business. Their intention was to capture Blaylock and his wife, hang them upside down and skin them alive.

In order to hold his land against the Apache, Blaylock had turned his adobe dwelling into a small fortress. The [*Continued on page* 70]

STRANGE BUT TRUE

By George R. Martin



Napoleon Bonaparte suffered a wound at one time during his military career that not all history books care to mention. At other times he was exceptionally lucky, as a soldier from the age of 16 and man of many battles, in having received only a couple of slight injuries. His unluckiest wound came on his wedding night. Josephine, his bride, had a pet pug dog named Fortuné that always slept on her bed. When Napoleon approached the nuptial couch, there was Fortuné, snarling at him. He tried to placate the ill-tempered little beast, without avail. Josephine shrugged and said she couldn't part with her pet; Napoleon would have to share the bed with Fortuné. He tried to do so. Whereupon Fortuné bit General Bonaparte on the leg. It left a scar that Napoleon liked to show to friends later when he related the story of his nuptial encounter. Revenge, by proxy, came a year afterward; Josephine brought Fortuné with her on a visit while Napoleon was campaigning in Italy; Napoleon's cook's dog, a huge mastiff, turned on the yapping little pug and executed it with one snap of the jaws. *By Douglas G. Holt, Little Rock, Ark.*

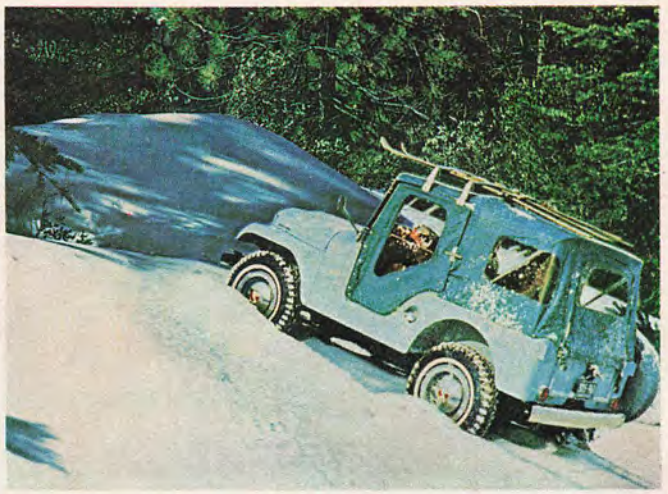
Of all freaks seen in carnivals, the most unusual representative of the fair sex undoubtedly was Madame Stevens, the Pig-Faced Lady. Her fearsome visage awed a couple of generations of British fairgoers in the last century and immortalized her in show business. Madame Stevens sat in an upholstered armchair, wearing a bonnet and swathed in a high-necked dress, her plump white forearms and gloved hands resting on a draped table before her. From her grotesque jaws—which, the lecturer explained, prevented normal speech—came a grunt or a growl signifying yes or no to questions put to her. Few spectators ever guessed this formidable female's secret. Madame Stevens was a brown bear, her face and forelegs carefully shaved to display the white skin beneath, her paws gloved with well-stuffed fingers. She sat tied into her chair, and beneath the table was a boy who jabbed her with a sharp stick to make her vocalize. Authorities finally banned her act as cruel. In U.S. shows, Jo-Jo the Dog-Faced Man later attained similar fame, but Jo-Jo was not an animal, unfortunately; he was human.

Doing what comes naturally has been solemnly pondered by control engineers trying to satisfy human nature. For example, they agree that it is "natural"—and hence desirable—to turn a knob on an electrical device to the right for *On* or *increased current*, rather than to the left. But in one direction there is international discord. Americans flip wall switches upward to turn lights on and downward for off. Englishmen do just the opposite. Which nation's way is more "natural" probably will never be decided, considering the cost of a changeover for either side.

A dash of cologne to make a man smell nice—or dab of perfume for a woman—didn't exist for the ancients, for they had no alcohol, the fluid used as the vehicle for most modern scents. Ancient civilizations used fats, which have the power to absorb aromatic essences. Thus Egyptians developed a bizarre party-going custom. Guests, male or female, arriving at a high-class Egyptian blowout were each greeted with a sizable lump of expensively perfumed fat pressed on top of the head. As the party warmed up, the scented fat melted and ran down over hair, face and shoulders, providing every person with a good smell to enjoy.

The first lighthouse built in the sea, instead of on shore, was a bold venture that had curious consequences for its creator. Henry Winstanley was a 17th-century artist, architect and practical joker who became serious about his eccentric idea. Fourteen miles out in the English Channel reared a tide-washed rock, the Eddystone, that was a killer of ships; why not put a light on it? Winstanley got official support and in 1695 began construction. Handicaps were many; he sailed daily from Plymouth with a boatload of men for the few hours' work they could do while summer weather and low tides permitted. Iron clamps sunk in the rock anchored a masonry-and-wood building that rose in a fantastically ornate design. A humiliating delay occurred in the third summer. A French privateer came along and kidnaped Winstanley off the job. England had to ransom him back with a war-prisoner exchange. The following year, he finished the structure, wherein a keeper and assistant dwelt to light candles nightly in its 60-foot top. They led a shaky existence. Winstanley vowed nevertheless that the edifice would endure, and said his fondest wish was someday to be in it during a great storm. He got his wish. He was there one November day with four workmen for routine repairs when the historic Great Storm of 1703 struck; next morning, lighthouse and all were gone. But today tall and sturdy Eddystone Light, fourth of its line, stands firmly where Winstanley heroically pioneered. *By Lewis Brody, St. Louis, Mo.*

For acceptable Strange But True paragraphs, accurately and briefly written, TRUE will pay $25 each on publication. Readers must state their sources of information when sending contributions. None can be returned. Address George R. Martin, TRUE, 67 West 44th Street, New York, N. Y. 10036



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Bonded gifts for swinging dads

James Bond never has admitted to being a Dad, but look what he's doing for Father's Day

PRODUCED BY RON BUTLER

The James Bond influence reaches far and wide (See *Gold-Dust Twins of the Bond Boom,* page 14). National manufacturers note a marked increase in gift sales for men which bear the 007 label or show its swinging style. Here, to prove that Dad is very much in on *that* scenario, is a lush sampling of "Bonded" gift ideas for Father's Day. Top row, from left: James Bond long-playing albums from United Artists and London Records, about $4. Gourmet foods from Hammacher Schlemmer, $3 and up. Leather-cased 20-ounce beer steins from Rolfs Black Strap collection, $6.95 each. Button-down Prince Consort tie with free Mr. Sid cologne sample, $2.50. Hand-painted Turkish

PHOTOGRAPHED FOR TRUE BY BEN SOMOROFF

water pipe by Wally Frank, Ltd., New York, $14.95. King Henry model all-wood jigsaw puzzle by Henri Bendel, $75. Simulated leopard-skin dinner jacket with satin shawl collar by Raleigh "On the Town" Formals, $69.95. Rubaiyat 17-jewel wristwatch (shown in jacket pocket) with 32 diamonds fixed in Florentine gold casing by Bulova, $395. Bottom row: 007 toiletries by Colgate-Palmolive, from $1. Winchester Centennial Model .30-30 rifle with gold-plated receiver, $125. Cordless Rowenta Electronic desk lighter by Sunbeam, less than $33. Mark II lotion and cologne in plaid cases by Hickok, $6. Lola T-70 slot car, #7, preassembled, by Monogram Models, $12. Aqua-Date skin diver's automatic wristwatch with calendar window and luminous hands by Hamilton, $99.50. Tie by Prince Consort, $2.50. Aqua-Lung tank from Abercrombie & Fitch, $64.95. 007 ticktacktoe and paperweight combination by Westminster Industries, $12.50. Monsieur sunglasses by Renauld, $15. Golf Club Clock, with Parker desk pen, by Universal-Geneve, $85. RCA Victor "Woosung" AM-FM table-model radio, in oriental styling, $85, and on it a Jaguar XKE model kit, ⅛-scale, by Monogram Models, $10.98. Lektronic IV shaver by Remington, $38.95. James Bond Action Doll desk ornament by A. C. Gilbert, $5. Decorative young ladies featured on these pages are from Bond movies, courtesy United Artists.

Bonded gifts

Speedboat is the center of more Bond-inspired gifts for Dad. It's called the Ski Bird, from Wolverine Marine Division of Michigan Ladder, and takes up to 18-hp. motor, $298. Other gifts at top, from left: 007 raincoat by Spatz Bros., $29.95. Large 007 towel by Perfect Fit Industries, $2.29. "Oddjob" Action Doll by A. C. Gilbert, $5. Remington 150th Anniversary Model 12-gauge skeet gun, $184.95. 007 bath mat by Perfect Fit, $3.98. In foreground, from left: traveler's toilet kit by Amity Leather, $6.95. 007 slot car racing set by A. C. Gilbert, $59. Instamatic M6 movie

camera (shown at seat of boat) by Kodak, less than $175. Tide clock, in brass, designed to operate in areas which have two high and two low tides per day, by Time and Tide, Inc., $65. I. D. Townsman wallet by Rolfs, $5. James Bond I. D. bracelet, $8.50, and key chain, $2.50, by Westminster Industries. All-channel transistor television set with 4″ screen by Sony Corp., $179.95. Gourmet foods by Hammacher Schlemmer, from $3. Baton, two light, high-intensity lamp by Lightolier, $22.50. Stamplak, displaying eight stamps from Poland, by K & K Originals, $5.95.

GIFTS PICTURED ON FRONT COVER, clockwise from top left: Judo Gi jacket from Paragon Sporting Goods, about $12. Fins, $13.95, and mask, $4.95, from Abercrombie & Fitch. Mexican ceremonial masks from Odyssey Imports, New York, from $40. Baroque silver wine cooler, by Wallace Silversmiths, $79.50. Underwater spear and spear gun from Paragon, $19.95. Nikonos camera by Nikon, $159.50; underwater case is extra. Armalite Explorer, 22-calibre, floating, detachable, semiautomatic rifle, $49.95. Match-O-Matic LP gas lighter, $9.95. Jet Stream sunglasses by Renauld, $13.50. Attaché case with built-in tape recorder by Martel Electronic Sales, $440. MG Midget Destino steering wheel by Wilco, $50.

APACHES VS. THE SODBUSTER

[*Continued from page 63*]

doors and shutters were of solid plank, heavily barred. Sharp mesquite spikes were imbedded in the walls to prevent scaling operations. The thick mud walls of the house extended well above the flat roof, forming a parapet. In the smaller of the building's two rooms there was a trapdoor in the ceiling. In times of Apache danger, Blaylock and his wife could go through this to the roof, lock the trapdoor behind them and wait for the raiders.

A high-walled corral behind the house was constructed of the same thick adobe as the main structure, offering protection to the livestock and horses that Blaylock kept there. A path, protected on both sides by a wall of mud and stone nearly five feet high, led from the house to the corral.

Blaylock had lived a life of vigilance for nearly four years. He and his wife raised only enough livestock and crops to exist, merely holding the land and looking ahead to the time when the Apache would be tamed. But throughout those unpredictable years Blaylock knew that he could let his guard drop only once. Now, while the Apaches waited in the grama grass, it happened.

The early morning sun had already topped the rugged Santa Rita mountains, sending a curtain of heat down across the valley. Blaylock and his wife stepped from the front door of the house and started toward a field of corn that lay between the house and the dry riverbed. When they reached the field they set an olla of water and their weapons against the trunk of a large cottonwood tree. Then together they went out into the cornfield to begin their day's work.

When Blaylock and his wife moved from the house to the cornfield the Apaches also moved. Leaving their vantage point they led their horses down a narrow arroyo to the riverbed. Then, staying up against the eroded bank, the dirt-caked Apaches crept to a point directly below the cornfield. There they waited.

It was almost noon when Blaylock said, "Think I'll go to the house for some more water. Want to get some tobacco, anyhow."

When the man walked back to the house alone the Indians saw their chance.

Inside the house, Blaylock filled the olla from a water barrel. He took some tobacco from a shelf and filled his pipe. Then, as he stepped out the door he faced an ugly scene. Rosa was being led toward the house by the 12 Apache bucks, one of whom was shoving her forward with the butt of his rifle. Seven others of the group also carried rifles, four carried lances and were wearing holstered pistols.

Blaylock knew without a moment's consideration that he and his wife were slated for death. He gave the situation his quick appraisal, stepped back into the house, took a sharp skinning knife and slipped it inside his shirt. The knife was not to be used against the Apaches. Blaylock's intention was to use it on his wife and himself when all hope was gone.

Blaylock walked quietly out into the clearing. Rosa was well aware of the Apache's savage habits, but her face betrayed no fear as she spoke to her husband. "They say they want something to eat."

Blaylock looked at the silent, impassive Apaches. One who appeared to be the leader stood behind Rosa, a little to one side. His lipless mouth was set without expression. He wore a checkered shirt that had a huge rust-colored patch running from the armpit to the waist. The blood obviously came from the shirt's former owner.

Blaylock gestured toward the one with the bloody shirt. "Tell him to wait here and we'll bring them some food."

Rosa turned and spoke to the Indian in Spanish, a language that many of the Apaches understood. Slowly the fixed expression on the leader's face changed and broke into a broad and evil grin. "Let us eat in house," he said in broken Spanish.

Inside, Martin and Rosa Blaylock found themselves in the company of a dozen creatures who were more cunning and deadly than any wild beasts that ever roamed North America. Every frontiersman had heard of unfortunate captives staked out over anthills, of living bodies heaved into pits of burning cholla, of prisoners tied to the ground facing into the blazing sun with their eyelids cut away. . . .

The intruders' first business was to confiscate all of Blaylock's weapons. Then several of them began poking through the pantry. With a yelp of elation one of them found Blaylock's supply of tobacco. The rest of the pillagers crowded around for their share. But it was what was taking place outside the door that sent a chill along Blaylock's spine. Two of the Apaches had looped ropes over the extended ceiling beams. That was all that Blaylock needed to see.

When the Apaches finished inspecting the house they squatted on the floor in a semicircle busily chewing at strips of dried meat. One warrior stood guard at the opened back door. Rosa was at the fireplace heating a pot of beans and preparing some tortillas when Blaylock spoke to her. "Did you see the ropes strung up outside?" Rosa gave him a quick glance and said nothing. "When they've had all they want to eat," said Blaylock, "they're going to have themselves a skinning party."

Mechanically the couple went through the motions of making a meal. When Blaylock spoke again it was to tell his wife about the knife. Her quick reply did not surprise him. Being a Catholic, the idea of murder and suicide was repugnant to her. "No, Martin," she said, "maybe they will go away." Blaylock knew better. They had 10, maybe 15 minutes before the Apache bellies were full and satisfied.

Blaylock was spooning beans into the tortillas when his mind, the type of mind that kept frontiersmen alive, suddenly clicked. Over the glowing coals in the fireplace there was a pot containing some bones that Rosa had been boiling down for broth. Blaylack quickly pieced together the elements of the situation, weighed the possibilities, and came up with a plan. In the concise terms of a man who knows how to make a decision, Blaylock told his wife what she must do. She accepted with only a simple nod of her head.

After Rosa served the beans and tortillas she moved back to the fireplace. While the Indians were digging into the food she calmly removed the boiling kettle from its hook. Blaylock picked up a cup and dipped it into the hot broth. With his back away from the guard he undid a single button on his shirt. Then he turned and approached the armed Apache, extending the cup as if offering a hot drink. Rosa picked up the pot and moved toward the group seated on the floor.

When Blaylock was directly in front of the guard he dashed the boiling liquid into the Apache's face. At the same time he whipped the knife out and plunged it into the brave's belly, grabbing his rifle as he did so. In that same brief moment Rosa flung the scalding contents of the pot on the Indians who were squatting on the floor.

Blaylock leaped through the door and ran full speed along the passageway between the house and the corral, pausing momentarily at the corral gate, but then running on, knowing he didn't have time to mount one of the two horses he kept there. Meanwhile, as the screaming Apaches groped and struggled to their feet, Rosa scurried into the second room and started up the ladder to the trapdoor. But before she was through the door an Apache lurched into the room and leaped for the ladder.

Rosa made it to the roof just as the Indian's dark arm reached up behind her through the trapdoor. She slammed the heavy plank door down on the arm with all her strength. With a howl of pain the Apache dropped from the ladder. He was Billy Goat John and he would carry the scars of that instant with him for the next 75 years.

Blaylock was almost to the edge of the cornfield when he looked back. Two Apaches were clambering over the corral wall with a singular lack of caution. Apparently neither of them had seen Blaylock grab the rifle from their fallen comrade. When the first Apache hit the ground, Blaylock sent a slug into his chest and the marauder fell dead. The second Apache dropped back inside the corral.

Blaylock stumbled on through the cornfield until he reached the riverbed. The Apache mounts were tethered upstream and Blaylock headed for them at a dead run. By the time he reached the horses

COMING . . .

A behind the inkpot story of the heavyweight champ of comic-strip land

THE MAN FROM POGO

Meet Walt Kelly, the irreverent iconoclast who produced the possum with a political punch

NEXT MONTH IN TRUE

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BUICK MOTOR DIVISION

"Well? How do you plead?"

his breath was coming in labored gasps and his shirt was soaked with sweat. Quickly he slashed at the tethers of the horses, all except one. Then, yelling and waving his arms, he drove the animals off. He mounted the remaining horse, whipped it into a gallop and headed north up the riverbed. When he knew he was well out of sight, he stopped, dismounted, and tied the horse to some mesquite branches. Then taking his rifle with him, he moved back toward the house by foot.

Inside the house, the Apache leader, who had been blinded, screamed out orders in a fit of agony and hate. "Get the woman on the roof!" The sharp wooden spikes offered safety only when supported by gunfire from above, and without a weapon Rosa would be powerless to stop the Apaches from scaling the outer walls. She could hear the Indians below. They had pulled a table from the house and were in the process of boosting one Indian up over the barrier of sharpened poles. When the Apache reached the roof Rosa planned to fight him with her bare hands, not with any hope of surviving, but in the hope that he would kill her then and there.

The Indian had almost reached the roof when a shot crashed across the valley and the savage fell back onto the table, knocking his companions into a dusty heap. Now, the Apaches knew that Blaylock had not fled for his life, but instead was out in the brush sniping at them. They scurried back to the safety of the house.

From a thicket a little over a hundred yards away, Blaylock moved back to the place where he had tied the horse. This time he rode directly west between two small hills, heading for a new vantage point. Once again he tied the horse, crawled on his belly through the undergrowth, and found a spot within good rifle range of the house. What he saw created a new problem.

One of the Apaches was outside the corral putting a bridle on one of Blaylock's horses. He was coming out after him. Blaylock raised the rifle and took careful aim. His pioneer brain, however, clicked again, and he lowered the weapon. Blaylock had decided to let the rider come out into the brush where he could snag his rifle after killing him.

Back on the horse, Blaylock rode to the crest of a small hump of ground and sat there. When he was sure that the Apache had seen him he wheeled the animal around and rode out of sight. He guided the horse into a sandy wash where the tracks would be clear and easy to follow. Then he found a side wash with high banks and turned into it, riding for another 30 yards before dismounting. Leaving the horse, Blaylock raced upstream, climbed the bank of the wash and made a wide circle, working his way back to a point near the juncture of the two washes. Now Blaylock was going to attempt to beat the Apache at his own game.

In less than five minutes he heard the soft crunch of hooves as the Apache rode slowly into view. Twenty feet from the side fork the Indian halted. He sat in the blistering heat for several moments, pondering the situation, then quietly slid from his horse. As Blaylock figured, the Apache didn't follow the tracks, but instead climbed out of the wash and slithered through the thick growth at its edge. When the Indian moved within reaching distance, Blaylock stepped out behind him and dropped him with a crushing blow from the butt of his rifle. He then picked up the dead man's weapon and hurried down to the wash to his horse.

Making a wide circle, Blaylock now worked his way to the upstream side of the house. After he had traveled nearly a mile, he turned toward the river and cautiously entered a dense thicket of mesquite on the north side. Between the house and trees the ground was flat and open.

There wasn't an Apache in sight, but Blaylock could hear the sound of chopping. The Indians were at the trapdoor with an axe. Blaylock doubted that they could get through the heavy planks while hanging onto the ladder, but the chopping would keep them busy inside, and that was what he needed.

He walked the horse to the edge of the thicket, paused for a moment, then dug his heels into the animal's ribs. When he reached the house he reined the steed with a vicious jerk, and the horse came to a sliding halt. Blaylock heaved the second rifle to the roof. As quickly as he had come, he turned and headed back for the brush.

The Apaches had heard Blaylock's horse, but by the time they got outside he was already disappearing into the trees. They knew his position was now on the north side of the house, so they decided to try for the roof again from the south side. None of them had seen Blaylock throw the rifle to his wife.

The procedure was the same as before. Two Apaches lifted a third up over the spikes. When the Indian was wrestling his way to the top Rosa stood up behind the parapet, aimed into the Apache's face and pulled the trigger.

The mystery and the shock of an unexpected blast from the roof was too much for the bloodthirsty intruders. Now they were in a trap, sandwiched between the man in the brush and the woman on the roof. Five were dead, the leader blinded and another was dragging a mangled arm. Blaylock *was* bad medicine. They knew they were beaten.

While two of the Indians covered the roof from the corral runway, the others killed Blaylock's cattle and bridled up the two horses. With four Apaches riding double and three trotting along on foot, the defeated band took off through the cornfield and headed toward the narrow canyons in the western foothills of the Santa Ritas.

For three days Blaylock and his wife stayed behind their barred doors. On the fourth day with water and food, a single horse and two rifles, they left for Tucson.

In a sense, the Apaches had won a victory. Blaylock returned to the valley of the Santa Cruz only long enough to gather up his belongings. The encounter had taken its toll on his wife, so he decided to move back to safety—the walled city of Tucson. Then in the fall of the year, he and his wife joined a group of wagons that were going west to Arizona City, now known as Yuma.

No one knows for certain where Blaylock and Rosa finally settled, but it is believed that they migrated to California. The few people in southern Arizona, plagued by the heat of the desert and the continuing menace of the Apache, did not have time to immortalize Martin Blaylock. He became an almost forgotten man in that struggling southwest frontier. After awhile, only a crippled Apache warrior truly remembered him, but perhaps that was tribute enough. **—Bill Hafford**

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DODGE DIVISION CHRYSLER MOTORS CORPORATION

ANOTHER DOCTOR WHO HAS IT MADE

[*Continued from page* 55]

"Die Stem," in Afrikaans and "God Save the Queen" and "Jesus Loves Me" were sung in English.

That done, the gate was unlocked and I was allowed to enter. An acolyte scrubbed the soles of my shoes, then the wives accompanied me down a catsup-red corridor to the room where Khotso receives his visitors. It was some room. About 20 feet wide and over 100 feet long, it was filled with bric-a-brac of every description. Busts of South African dignitaries, most of them of the doctor himself, were scattered haphazardly around. A statue of Khotso on horseback strongly resembled pictures of Teddy Roosevelt charging up San Juan Hill during the Spanish-American War. Newspaper articles written about the doctor had been framed and were leaning against one wall. A grandfather's clock and two massive bronze candlesticks only added to the incongruity.

Suddenly, the wives started clapping and shouting. A door on the far end of the room opened and out stepped a pot-bellied, bandy-legged five-footer with a shaved head. The corduroy jacket he was wearing was several sizes too large for him. He approached me slowly with a show of immense dignity. "Welcome to my humble house, Chief," he smiled. "I am Khotso who was once a Basuto herd-boy." Turning to his chanting wives, he roared, "Staff, shut up!" then ceremoniously kissed both of my hands and feet.

Having heard that Khotso loved few things more than discussing his enormous wealth, I asked him how rich he actually was. The answer was a long, loud whistle. Then screwing up his face, he said, "Plenty. Plenty. Too much money. I pay super tax. Since 1910, I pay super tax. I have too much money." Again he let loose with a long, loud whistle.

"He is very rich," one of his wives volunteered. "It would take more than two hours to count all his money."

"Staff," Khotso roared, "bring tea!" As his 16 wives filed off, the doctor shouted orders out the window at the top of his voice. There didn't seem to be anyone around but that made no difference to him. Closing the window, he gathered all the framed newspaper reports and piled them on a table. "Read about me, Chief," he ordered, "and remember that I am Khotso, son of Spellman, coachdriver of President Paul Kruger."

I had already seen all the clippings in the newspaper libraries, but not to get on the wrong side of a witch doctor, I started to read them again. Most of the articles dealt with his vast riches or speculated on how he had accumulated so much money. Khotso is reputed to be the richest African in the world. He'll proudly tell you that he owns 460 farms, but residents of Lusikisiki insist that 50 would probably be a more realistic figure. How much money he has invested in banks, insurance companies and the stock market is anyone's guess.

Some South African financiers have estimated his total wealth to be around $50 million but admit that this is only a calculated guess. "No one will ever know how much money Khotso has," they pointed out. "He has accounts all over the country. He loves to put a lot of money in a bank, then draw it out a few days later and deposit it somewhere else. This amuses Khotso and keeps the tax authorities guessing."

James Lunika, Khotso's ex-prime minister, is one of those who believe that the witch doctor may have found the Kruger treasure. "I think that when the Transvaal Republic fell," he says, "they buried all the gold from the treasury and shot Khotso's father to keep him from telling anyone where it was. The doctor's mother saw this happen and when Khotso was older, they went and got the gold."

"I believe he made most of his money smuggling diamonds out of Basutoland," declares a resident who has known Khotso for nearly 50 years. Henry Hennon, assistant magistrate of Lusikisiki, tends to agree.

Perhaps they're all correct. At any rate, a close friend of Khotso's, claims that the doctor once showed him a native beer basket full of diamonds and another one full of gold Kruger sovereigns. Everyone believes, too, that the little witch doctor keeps hundreds of thousands of dollars worth of South African currency in his house.

At an agricultural fair some years ago, Khotso pointed out three cars, a Jeep and two tractors he had taken a fancy to. The salesman added up the bill and Khotso immediately produced two battered suitcases crammed with currency and paid on the spot. One Kokstad businessman, says that when the witch doctor moved to Lusikisiki with his 16 wives, 25 children and host of acolytes and servants, the economy of the little town was dealt a severe blow. "We still haven't gotten over the slump," he complains.

"I don't know how much money he makes altogether," James Lunika told me, "but I used to keep his books and he averaged $75,000 a year from the sale of herbs alone. And that," he added, "is only a tiny part of his total income. Even a short consultation may cost as much as $300 and he has plenty of patients. ("Millions," says Khotso.) Then, of course, he has the income from his farms and investments which must amount to at least another hundred thousand dollars a year —but that's a well-kept Khotso secret."

A Park Avenue pathologist would hesitate to charge his wealthy patients as much as Khotso charges some of the impoverished and superstitious Africans.

But such is Khotso's reputation that people from as far away as South West Africa, Bechuanaland and Rhodesia come to see the little witch doctor. His patients get to Lusikisiki by train, bus and car. Others travel on foot or horseback. Khotso welcomes them all—provided they've brought plenty of money with them. If he knows that he can't cure them himself, he'll say that he has transferred his powers to a European doctor. One man, congratulated on his quick recovery after an operation, said, "Yes, that's because I paid Doctor Khotso $150 to give his powers to the white doctor so that the operation would be successful."

Khotso's expenses are minimal. He has no hospital or clinic; his consulting room is wherever people find him. Most of the ingredients needed for his cures can be purchased locally and prepared by his witch doctors in training. (Like his patients, the acolytes pay whatever they can afford for their education.)

For the benefit of those who can't come to see him personally or afford his astronomical fees, Khotso keeps 200 salesmen

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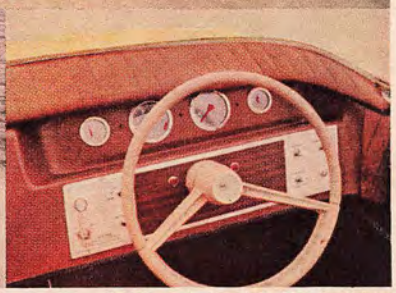

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"They appear to be quite civilized."

on the road throughout South Africa peddling his herbs and potions. "They bring me plenty money," Khotso says, screwing up his face. "Plenty money. Too much money." Africans, it appears, buy Khotso's remedies as eagerly as Americans buy aspirins, sleeping pills and tranquilizers. The big difference is that the witch doctor's prices are much higher.

The wives paraded in with the tea, then quietly arranged themselves on a row of chairs opposite us. "Read some more about me, Chief," Khotso ordered, pointing to his framed clippings.

"No, Doctor," I objected, "I've read all about you. Now I'd like to ask some questions. Is it true that you have an instant life potion that brought you back from the dead?"

"Two times," Number One Wife, Virginia, contradicted me. "Two times he was very dead and now he's 83 years old."

"Staff," thundered Khotso, "get out!" and away they filed. "Instant life," he murmured, and gave another long, loud whistle. "Instant life. Too expensive. Nobody can buy it from me. Only Khotso can afford it. Khotso can do anything."

A surprisingly large number of people really do believe that he can do anything. The superstitious Africans are frightened of him; Europeans regard him with a mixture of awe and amused tolerance. Khotso claims to be able to control the weather and James Lunika insists that he has seen him do it. African farmers who refused to pay for hail protection had their crops smashed flat by marble-sized stones and they tell about a farmer in Natal who drove Khotso off his property. The little doctor stalked off in a towering rage, vowing vengeance. A few days later the man's barn was struck by lightning and burned to the ground. "Probably just a coincidence," they say.

"Khotso worked on my dad's farm a long time ago," one man relates. "One day they had a big row and my dad chased him off the place. 'You'll suffer for this.' Khotso threatened him and a few days later every building on the farm was blown down in a tornado."

Although Khotso is illiterate and couldn't write out a prescription if he wanted to, even members of the medical profession refer to him as "Doctor." It wasn't always that way. Certain people took umbrage at the title and the witch doctor was hauled into court for misrepresentation. He emerged triumphantly. The crafty little African, hearing of the charge to be brought against him, simply had himself rechristened. "Doctor" was no longer his title, but his name.

Khotso modestly refers to himself as the world's most famous and knowledgeable herbalist but really prefers to be known as a witch doctor. Certainly, many of his medicines have nothing at all to do with herbalism. Powdered whale bones and ostrich eggshells, red candle fat, the hearts and shoulders of vultures and eagles, dried python and mamba skins, lion and hippo fat and a wide assortment of about every insect that creeps or crawls can be found in his medical warehouse.

But Khotso has remedies for far more than merely physical ailments. For a very handsome price he'll sell you medicines that are guaranteed to silence nagging wives, keep witches away, prevent barrenness in women and animals, cure fits and insanity, bring good luck, bring love, insure that your next child will be of the sex you want, cure cowardice and another one for girls to take when the men stop paying attention to them. One remedy that is in constant demand is a medicine that is good for everything in general. This one sells for only $15 a bottle.

"It seems to me," I said to Khotso's ex-prime minister who is also a herbalist and witch doctor, "that if Khotso has 22 daughters and only two sons, something must have gone wrong with his potions."

"Not at all," he objected. "The doctor is a very rich man and he knew that if he had more than two sons they would fight over his money."

Some of the doctor's prescriptions are basically sound, yet strangely unconventional. A story is told of two Africans who came to him for a bottle of success medicine but couldn't afford the $280 price. "Never mind," Khotso told them. "If you really want to be successful, I'll teach you how but you must follow my instructions." The two men agreed and the doctor turned them over to the foreman of one of his many farms.

After several weeks of laboring prodigiously from dawn to dusk, they knocked on the doctor's door. "When are you going to teach us how to be successful?" they wanted to know.

"I'm teaching you now," Khotso told them genially. "The best way to be successful is by working very, very hard."

The doctor attributes his own success to the happy combination of hard work and genius.

Europeans, understandably, are usually reluctant to admit that they consult witch doctors, yet a certain number of them visit Khotso under the cover of darkness. Some want medical advice; others come to buy success medicine or good luck charms. Although Khotso is known to take liberties with the truth, he does have a newspaper clipping stating that Dr. Hendrik Verwoerd, Prime Minister of South Africa, paid him several thousand dollars for a good luck charm for one of his sons. This is Khotso's favorite article and every guest is expected to read it at least twice.

One Durban businessman frankly credits the witch doctor with saving him from financial ruin. His pharmaceutical laboratory was teetering on the brink of bankruptcy and, in desperation, he rushed to Khotso for help. The doctor cheerfully sold him $4,200 worth of luck. Inexplicably, the faltering business immediately began to prosper. Today the beaming, Budda-like countenance of Doctor Khotso smiles at you from the labels of some of the laboratory's drugs. The explanation?

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WIDE-TRACK PONTIAC/'66

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"Simple," says James Lunika. "The man believed that Khotso could bring him good luck. You have to believe or nothing will do you any good."

No one could ever accuse the witch doctor of not being a patriot, but his greatest loyalty is reserved for Paul Kruger. Pictures, busts and statues of the first president of the Transvaal Republic are everywhere. Khotso even wears an embossed copper bust of Kruger on all his blazer pockets.

It's quite possible that Khotso's father actually was Paul Kruger's coachdriver, but it's highly unlikely that the witch doctor was a close personal friend of the president as he claims. Kruger died in 1904, but many insist that Khotso is no older than 65. So how does it happen that the witch doctor is 83 years old? Well, he sells an eternal youth potion and no one would buy it if Khotso claimed to be under 65 years old and looked his age. Besides, if he were that young, everyone would know that he couldn't possibly have been a friend of Paul Kruger and that wouldn't suit him.

As a showman, Khotso may not quite measure up to Barnum or the Ringling Brothers, but he does try hard. On his shopping trips to Durban and East London he's always accompanied by a truckload of bodyguards and assistants all gaily decked out in furs, skins and beads. When he goes for a Sunday afternoon drive, he leads the way in his Cadillac. His wives follow along behind in two vans, swallowing his dust. Khotso, it seems, can be a bit of an autocrat.

"He'll never pass up an opportunity to put on a show," the owner of a garage in Lusikisiki complained to me. "I heard once that he was interested in buying a Land Rover, so I called him and he invited me to the house to discuss it. I went through the entire performance of drum beating, car washing, singing, gate unlocking, shoe washing, kissing and tea before I dared to talk business. After all that, I asked him whether he wanted to buy a Land Rover. Khotso smiled at me, said, 'No,' unlocked the door and the gate and sent me on my way while his wives chanted and waved from the veranda. I hope I never have to go through anything like that again just not to sell a Land Rover," he mourned.

Khotso's latest triumph is his "American Tourist Center" which was opened late in 1964. Tours arranged by American Express carry passengers up the Garden Route from Cape Town to rejoin their ships at Durban. All of them stop at the witch doctor's mansion outside Lusikisiki to watch Khotso and his wives go through their paces. After the performance, they are taken out to the American Tourist Center for tea. Although Wellington Mzoneli says that one woman did pay Khotso $1,200 for a good luck charm, Khotso makes no effort to sell anything to the tourists. He is convinced that they have come all the way from America just to see him, and that is reward enough. Then, too, he takes fierce pride in collecting their signatures in his visitor's book which, appropriately enough, is a cash book. Some wag with a perverted sense of humor signed Abraham Lincoln's name in the register, but the doctor says it's not a forgery. "He was here," he continues to insist.

"But do you know who Abraham Lincoln was?" I had to ask.

"Khotso knows everything," I was told and the subject was closed.

Under the Transkei Constitution Act, Africans will soon be able to purchase property in the little towns of Mount Frere and Lusikisiki. Khotso has generously offered to assist the government by buying the entire towns and has set aside nearly three million dollars for the purpose. "I plan to resell the property to the Africans and make a small profit," he admits frankly.

"He already owns most of the land around Lusikisiki and Mount Frere," one farmer declared, "so the government may just as well let him have the towns."

Khotso is, of course, looked upon with mixed emotions. "He could do so much for our people," says B. B. Mdledle, minister of education for the Transkei, "but he simply refuses. He's a millionaire many times over, yet he won't give a cent for schools or education. He's gotten rich selling remedies to the people, but he won't use his money to help the public welfare."

"Khotso!" a Bantu clergyman laughed when I questioned him about the witch doctor. "I tried to convert him once, and he told me that he didn't need religion because he had so much money. Some day, though," he went on, "I believe that Khotso will build a cathedral. It won't be dedicated to the glory of God. It will be dedicated to the glory of Khotso."

Everyone agrees that for an unlettered ex-Basuto herdboy, Khotso has done very well for himself. It would be interesting to know, though, how many more millions he would have amassed if he had been able to read and write. However, his business acumen is unchallenged and as far as I could learn there is only one case in which a person got the better of him. A Pondo tribesman sold him a flock of someone else's sheep. Khotso, however, claims that he evened the score by sending a hailstorm to ruin the culprit's crops.

But there are many, many people who cannot sing the praises of the little witch doctor loudly enough. One man told me about the day he arrived in Lusikisiki with his wife and three children. "We were almost dead," he insists, "and Doctor Khotso brought every one of us back to health."

"Oh?" I asked. "What was the matter with you?"

"Everything! We had everything wrong with us and Doctor Khotso cured us. He's a marvelous man. Why, I've seen people recover immediately from a serious illness just by having him put a charm necklace over their heads. I'm studying herbalism with him now so that I can learn some of his secrets, then go home and help my own people."

"I don't know whether the man is an asset or a liability," one of the locals said, "but he certainly does keep us amused. The circus never comes to Lusikisiki, but with Khotso around, we don't need it."

Everybody in town seems to feel pretty much the same way about their happy witch doctor. —**Elwood D. Baumann**

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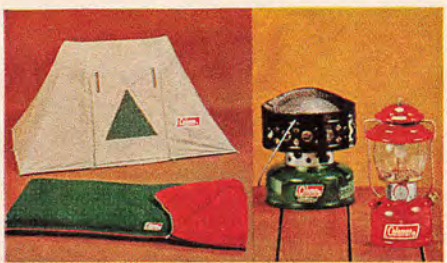

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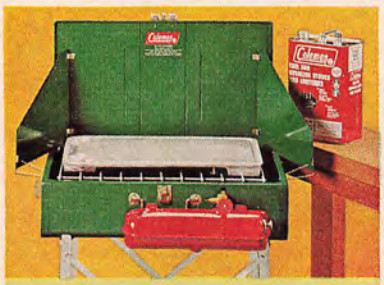

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8 MILLION NEW YORKERS CAN'T BE WRONG . . .

[*Continued from page* 49]

taught me the secrets of the watershed before World War II. I went home with Pete to spend the night and while we were waiting for dinner we mellowed a little and got to talking about the old days and before long it was easy to say, "To hell with business. Let's go fishing!"

Pete loaned me tackle. I bought a license at Brewster, in Putnam County, and we parked near the south shore of Lake Glenida. Its water was just as blue as I remembered. A guy in a red boat trolled slowly past. A gleaming white church steeple still marked the village of Carmel, hidden among the trees across the lake. Tacked to a tree the same old sign reminded all comers that no access was permitted—except for fishing.

On certain spring days 20 to 25 years ago, the big rainbows in Glenida used to feed on floating insects that hatched from its clear water. With a breeze from the north these insects drifted, and the fish followed, until a man standing on the south shore could reach them with a fly. You spotted a fish rising and cast ahead of it and with any luck at all you connected. And the trout might weigh three or four pounds!

The bugs still hatch and the fish still rise and a few anglers who know the secret and have the time still catch them. Pete and I talked to one of these fishermen, Dick Celik, who lives in nearby Patterson. He was there waiting for the rise, the same as we were. Probably we were a little too early in the season, but the wind came up and put a chop on the water that would have hidden the rises anyway. The rainbows didn't show. I was heartened, in spite of this. There were no more anglers, no more boats than before. Pete and I drove down to where Mahopac Road crosses the West Branch of the Croton River to eat our lunch.

This was a nostalgic spot. I remembered a lot of good days on the West Branch. When we parked on the little flat just past the bridge and got out the sandwiches and tea, I was keen as a falcon. Nothing had changed. It was great to be back.

The West Branch is a lovely little stream, whispering softly over riffles, curling affectionately around big rocks, and gliding into mysterious deep pockets in the bends. In this spot I caught my first trout that day. A hemlock, three feet thick at the butt and shoving up 100 feet into the clear sky, grew hard against the edge. Its sweeping branches barely cleared the stream and back against the bank, close to the twisted roots, flecks of foam circled slowly on the dark water.

I cast my nymph, an imitation of a mayfly larva, beneath the branches. I let the current carry it down into the pool, then pulled the line. There was a sharp, quick pluck and as I tightened, there was a flurry on the surface, a flash of gold. The line sprang tight.

The fish was only seven inches long. I turned it loose. I was disappointed, but not much, really. After all, I've caught seven-inch trout on the famous Madison. And like that Montana river, the West Branch always holds the potential of yielding up a really big fish. In fact, scarcely an hour earlier Dick Celik had told us about a brown trout of nearly 10 pounds that his father had caught from the West Branch the spring before.

Pete and I fished on downstream and caught several more trout. None of them was big, but none was so little as my first had been. And much as I love to fish, I had to pause occasionally to marvel at my surroundings. The first wild flowers lay in colorful clusters along the banks. Buds were swelling on the still-naked trees. A whitethroat was singing. I couldn't hear a car or train or smell a hint of smog—nothing but the good freshness of the awakening earth. We might have been a thousand miles from New York City.

This time—even more than when I first met the watershed 25 years ago—I'd feared that fishermen would be shoulder to shoulder on every available inch of water. After all, there are some eight million people in the city and its boroughs. But I'd overlooked the possibility that they might still be ignoring these lovely spots and this good fishing so close to home. Permits are required to fish the watershed, and since 1934 the Department of Water Supply, Gas and Electricity has issued approximately 150,000 of them. Even though they're good until revoked, this really isn't very many in 32 years. You don't have to be a city resident to get a permit, incidentally.

A spokesman for the department recently told me: "The problem in our watersheds today as I see it—and as I have seen it for over 30 years—is *underfishing*. The hardy souls who cast bass bugs from 9 p.m. to 2 a.m. are rapidly disappearing and most of our youngsters don't appear to be much interested in working for their fish. There are exceptions but they are few. Furthermore, people think the grass is always greener in the farthest pasture, and with our throughways many anglers would rather ride 100 miles for their fishing than look for big trout almost in the shadow of the Empire State Building."

This is an exaggeration, of course, but not a very big one. On a clear day you can see the towers of Manhattan from the hill above Titicus Reservoir. It's 52 miles from Columbus Circle, in New York City, to Brewster and Brewster is right in the heart of the watershed, literally surrounded by streams, lakes and reservoirs.

One August morning in 1941, Pete and I fished the East Branch of the Croton River near Brewster for trout. At noon we parked by a bridge a short way downstream from town to eat our lunch. Diverting Reservoir, into which the East Branch flows here, was moderately low. Its backwater ended at the bridge and there was a good flow of cool water coming down the stream from East Branch Reservoir to join it.

While we were eating, I noticed rises near the far shore. Pete and I watched them while we ate and decided they were made by sunfish taking insects that were falling off the overhanging trees.

I asked Pete after lunch if he'd mind waiting while I tried to catch a couple of them on a dry fly. He said, "No," so I took my rod, walked across the bridge, and climbed down the bank on the other side. My outfit had been leaning against the car in the sun while we ate and my leader was like wire. (Those were the days of gut!) I didn't think this would matter to the sunnies, however, and got into position to cast to the nearest rising fish.

It appeared to come willingly enough but somehow I missed. I cast to another and missed it, too. I was fishing carelessly with my leader floating like a snake, but sunfish aren't very bright and I only

TRUE

"For God's sake, what classification are they drafting *now*?"

wanted to catch a couple and turn them loose before Pete and I went somewhere else to try for trout.

When the third fish rose to my fly, I managed to hook it. Instantly I regretted fishing so crudely and putting down the other two, for I was fast to a fat, 14-inch brown trout that raced all over the river and jumped like crazy before I got it in.

Pete, of course, had seen it all. He hurried across the bridge. The rising fish were taking little insects falling off the trees all right, but they were all trout. We fished up along the shore with dry flies and caught several more, all nice ones. Then we fished back down with bucktails and caught another trout or two as well as several unexpected but highly welcome bass.

"Sure," you say, "that was 25 years ago. Guys are fishing now who weren't even born then. Are the trout still there?"

Recently, I told Bill Kilcoyne, Sr., of Carmel, New York, about our unexpected sport with these trout that had undoubtedly worked their way upstream out of Diverting Reservoir. "They still do it!" he exclaimed. "I get a lot of good fish out of the East Branch. Man, the most exciting trout I ever caught was right there by the big rock below Brewster. You know where the big rock is?"

I assured him I did and he continued, "It was the last week of May in '64. The boys had been catching a lot of white perch—they'd moved in out of the reservoir—and I was watching one evening. I seldom fish for anything but trout and it's flies only for me. I'd been fishing farther upstream, and when I came to the big rock I stopped to watch the kids and have fun with these perch.

"While I was sitting there, one of 'em put on a nightwalker and tossed it out. Something grabbed that worm the instant it touched the water! The fish tore the pool apart. It jumped and I saw it clearly. Then it broke off. The boys couldn't agree on what it was. Some said, 'carp,' and some said, 'trout.' I let them settle their own argument.

"A couple of evenings later, I came back. Several youngsters were fishing for perch again and there was nothing else showing. I stood around and watched—didn't even set up my tackle—and it got later and later. About the time the boys were quitting I heard a heavy rise—a splash, really. I put my rod together and strung the leader through the guides, but it was so dark by now I couldn't see to tie on a fly. I asked one of the boys to help and he managed to get the end of the leader through the eye of the dry fly and I finished the knot by feel.

"About this time I heard another splash. I cast to it, as nearly as I could in the dark. My fly hadn't floated more than a second or two when I heard a rise. I set the hook into a heavy fish."

Bill Kilcoyne paused. "All of a sudden, I was worried. I'd tied that knot in the dark and it was going to pull out. I *knew* it would pull out. I played the trout as gently as a kitten, believe me, and the battle seemed to last forever. Eventually I got it close. I got my net ready, but the trout raced away. This happened three or four times with me holding my breath and letting the line go just as freely as I could.

"Finally I got the net under the fish and lifted it out. I stumbled a few steps up the bank and laid trout, net, rod, and everything on the grass to sort of steady down before I climbed on up through the brush to the car. The fish gave a flop and the leader came out of the fly! If I'd played it one second longer it'd have been gone.

"I took the trout home and put it on the kitchen scales and it pushed them down to four and a quarter pounds. It was 20 inches long, a beautiful, well-shaped fish."

I said, "Boy! You were sure lucky."

"I was," he agreed. "I had to lord it over my fishing buddy, Joe Celik, of Lake Carmel, a little, too. But I didn't have the upper hand very long. A few evenings later, he went over to the West Branch where it flows into Hemlock Reservoir and caught a brown that weighed nine pounds and 14 ounces!"

A brown trout of almost 10 pounds is a big fish anywhere. So, for that matter, is a four-pounder. The reason these big fish are caught so close to the largest city in America lies in the maze of reservoirs and lakes which serve as sanctuaries. Nobody can catch all the fish out of them. Then, late in the summer when the water gets warm, the trout begin to move up into the cool tributary streams. They drift into the streams from time to time all season long, of course, but they are more likely to do it in late summer after most fishermen have deserted the watershed for what they think are greener pastures.

This was one of the secrets Pete Barrett and Dan Holland taught me during the first season I fished the watershed. Later I became acquainted with quite a few of the sly, secretive, skillful anglers who found good fishing there all through the open season. They gave me other worthwhile bits of information, one of which turned out to be the real key to catching big trout. Since these fish drift in and out of the streams, water that is loaded one weekend may be barren the next—and the pool with nothing but six-inch hatchery fish in it today might hold a real prize tomorrow. You may have to try half a dozen different places before you connect. . . .

This really was the only disappointing thing about my fishing with Pete last spring. We didn't have enough time. Given a little more time——But then, who ever has enough time for fishing?

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"There would be a lot less divorces if more married couples would go out together like this. But I can't get my wife out of the house."

The policy of permitting angling in the watershed goes back many years to the days when the city fathers asked the state legislature for the right to condemn land for water-supply purposes. The legislature granted it, but specified that access must be given for the purposes of boating, fishing and ice cutting. These uses, of course, were to be subject to reasonable rules and regulations. Fishing permits have been required since 1934; boating permits were necessary even before that. I doubt that much ice has been cut lately, but the rules governing fishing and the use of boats for fishing are still reasonable.

During the Mid-'30's, Kensico Reservoir, less than 25 miles from the heart of Manhattan, became infested with small marine fish called sawbellies. To control them, the Department of Water Supply, Gas and Electricity of the City of New York stocked brown trout, lake trout and chinook salmon. These larger fish gorged on sawbellies and grew like pigs. One year the biggest brown trout caught anywhere in the United States came out of Kensico. Five and 10-pounders were commonplace. In 1940, Thomas Powers, of White Plains, caught a 16-pound salmon.

And the lake trout! It was unbelievable. I remember fishing Kensico one spring morning and getting home in time to change my clothes and catch the 9:30 train to my job in the city—and I had three lake trout that weighed six and a half, six and three quarters and 13¼ pounds. I had also hooked two that got off and missed a couple of strikes. And I was simply casting a spoon from shore.

The red-hot fishing in Kensico gradually played out as the big fish exhausted their food supply. It still produces fish, of course, but not of the spectacular size nor in the amazing numbers it once did. Fortunately, there are other reservoirs and other fish. These include pickerel, a few walleyes, sunfish, white and yellow perch, bullheads, rock bass, bluegills, crappies, brook, brown and rainbow trout, large- and smallmouth bass. The biggest smallmouth I ever caught anywhere was—and perhaps still is—a resident of Titicus Reservoir in the New York City watershed.

I was fishing through the ice one day in January with Harry Erickson, of Pleasantville, for perch and pickerel. The bass season was closed. Something took my minnow. I thought I'd hooked the world's biggest pickerel, but when I finally got my fish up to the hole and saw what it was I nearly fainted. Never before or since have I seen a smallmouth bass so big—and I had to turn it loose!

Twenty-five years ago, Pete and I enjoyed great fishing for white perch. We caught them on streamer flies, kept what we wanted to eat and turned the others loose until we finally got tired and quit. The perch and bass are still there.

Friends who live in the watershed told me that fishing for both white and yellow perch was fast and furious last fall in West Branch Reservoir. Due to the drought, it was down 50 or 60 feet from the full mark—the lowest it has ever been—and huge catches of good perch were the regular thing. Big bass, fish of five and six pounds, were taken from the low water of various reservoirs late in the season, too.

What effect this may have on the fishing when the lakes fill again—and New Yorkers can get a glass of water in restaurants without asking for it—nobody knows. It could be bad. But there are reasons to think it might be beneficial, too. Perch, bass, crappies and sunfish tend to overpopulate any body of water. In most cases the cause of poor fishing is failing to catch enough of them, rather than catching too many. If their numbers were cut down drastically in 1965, there may be more big fish in a couple of years than there ever were before. And if there was a loss of trout, of course, they'll be restocked.

Such things were farthest from our minds when Pete and I got back to his house that evening last spring. We hadn't caught any big trout, but I didn't feel bad about it. Fishing the watershed was never easy; catching big browns isn't easy in Wyoming! Despite the times when we'd lucked into them, we'd usually earned every fish we caught. And that's the way it should be. So long as I know the fish are there and have a chance to try for them, I'm happy. I was happy that evening. It had been a great day, if for no other reason than discovering the watershed had remained unchanged. There were more houses, of course, and the towns were bigger, but the lakes and streams were just the same. I talked Pete into fishing another day.

Next morning we parked beside a sign on the bank above Amawalk Outlet that read: ". . . no bait . . . single hook . . . all trout caught shall be immediately returned to the water without unnecessary injury."

This was great! Some of the streams here, the same as streams everywhere else in the country, should have been given that protection 25 years ago. Even in Idaho where I live, most of the trout are taken out before they have a chance to grow up.

Pete and I started fishing near the upper end of the four miles of stream that flows from Amawalk Dam down to Muscoot Reservoir. We got skunked. While we were eating lunch, an angler from New Jersey paused to visit on the way back to his car. He had driven a hundred miles solely to fish Amawalk and he said he did it often. "Sometimes it's just great," he said. "Of course, you've got to be a fisherman. You can't go bungling along and scare every fish before you cast to it and hope to take many good ones. And it's always better late in the season after Muscoot gets warm and the big trout start moving up into the cool water."

After lunch we drove down to the bridge that crosses Amawalk about halfway of its length and then hiked downstream a mile or so before we started fishing. Here, as on the West Branch the day before, we were completely isolated from every sight, sound and odor associated with a metropolitan area. We couldn't see a house. We couldn't hear a car. Even the trail on which we left the road had grown dim.

That afternoon Pete gave me a fishing lesson, just as he had done when I first essayed the watershed 25 years ago. There were fish in the lower reaches of Amawalk. Some of them were respectable—trout of better than a pound. Pete caught and released a couple as we worked along downstream, alternately fishing and walking around the way you do when two of you have a stream all to yourselves. (Actually, we didn't have it completely to ourselves. We saw a man and his son fishing one pool as we hiked along the trail; farther down we met a lone angler. But, then, this was Saturday.)

Amawalk is a swift, rocky stream, 30 feet wide and 18 inches deep on a riffle, with hundreds of good pools and pockets to hold trout. Toward the mouth it flattens out and becomes wider, the current

slows and the surface is smooth. This kind of water calls for careful casting and smart fishing.

We looked it over. Trout were working in two spots 100 feet apart. Pete gave me the better one and started fishing the other. Very shortly he caught a trout about a foot long, a fat brown. In a few minutes he caught another, maybe an inch longer. All told, he caught five without moving out of his tracks, then came and sat down on the bank to watch me.

Several trout chased my nymph, one of them throwing up a wake that put my heart right in my mouth. I had a strike or two and even hooked one lightly, but I didn't catch a single fish.

It was getting late. We started back upstream toward the car. It was pleasant winding our way among the trees with the new green things pushing up underfoot. There were deer tracks in the trail and we heard a grouse drumming. I got a drink from a spring that bubbled out from the base of a cliffy spot and trickled down through a carpet of watercress to join the stream.

We came to a grove of hemlocks. The last rays of sunlight were filtering through their upper branches, giving everything beneath a soft glow, like the stained-glass windows of a church. The ground was bare, save for the carpet of fallen needles, as it always is in big woods. The air was still and the perfect quiet was broken only by the occasional tinkling notes of a thrush. We sat on a log to smoke a pipe.

As the smoke curled up, now lost among the dark branches, now gleaming white in a ray of light, we speculated on the age of these trees. Their clean, straight trunks rose like columns to support the green roof high above. They towered 150 feet into the spring sky and must be at least 100 years old.

How many anglers have rested here, content as we were content, at the conclusion of a good day's fishing? How many more will rest here while this grove remains the property of New York City?

We could only wonder. But it was a perfect spot in which to break off our flies and wind our leaders into our reels and take our rods apart and from which, finally, to start reluctantly toward home.

—Ted Trueblood

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THE HELLZAPOPPIN' HUNT FOR THE MICHIGAN MONSTER

[*Continued from page 60*]

shadows. Since all alleged encounters had taken place at night, Undersheriff Ernest Kraus planned to wait until darkness before conducting an organized search of the Sister Lakes area with powerful searchlights to probe for the large and reflective eyes.

"People have been reluctant to call," he told the gathering reporters, "because it's a fantastic story, and they're afraid of ridicule. There's definitely something out there! I think there's a logical explanation, though. I think it's an animal of some kind."

There was no reason for doubting that a large animal could conceivably be roaming the region without being seen in daylight. Southern Michigan may connote Detroit and automobile factories to outsiders, but industry and population alike tend to be highly concentrated, leaving great stretches of sparsely-settled country.

But when asked what kind of animal could fit the description, no one could supply an answer. Besides not having "human faces," bears don't stand on their hind legs too often, and there were no reports of a gorilla having escaped from a zoo or circus.

Michigan was by no means the first place where this baffling description had been heard. Back in 1958, a great many Californians reportedly saw an identical creature, dubbed a Bigfoot; its tracks were photographed and preserved with plaster casts, great heaps of its droppings were found, and some resulting research in old newspapers turned up previous accounts dating back over a century. British Columbia has long spoken of a similar beast called a Sasquatch, and the solemnly sworn affidavits of respected citizens who claim to have encountered it would fill a very thick volume. And, of course, there's the well known but elusive Abominable Snowman of the Himalayas. What had happened in Cass County, Michigan, had previously happened on countless occasions elsewhere, with one important difference: Michigan is a leading deer-hunting state, boasting perhaps a half-million rifle owners.

Just at darkness, the sheriff's men set out on their intended search of the lonely back roads. But all of a sudden, those roads weren't lonely any longer. An estimated 200 carloads of uninvited auxiliaries had jammed them like Long Island freeways on a Sunday afternoon. Every available lawman in Cass County and half the force of neighboring Van Buren County had to be called out that night—not to hunt unknown creatures but to direct traffic.

"Somebody's going to get killed out here!" the amazed deputies kept calling in. "These half-wits have deer rifles!"

It was the noisiest night the Sister Lakes area had ever known. Horns were sounding incessantly where automobiles had been left blocking the narrow byways. Men were pounding on the doors of the scattered farmhouses to demand directions and were shouting back and forth in the darkness as they swarmed through orchards and over fences. Tires were spinning shrilly on cars stuck in the sand, while police radios whistled and crackled. Not until 3 a.m. were the sheriff's men able to get the roads cleared, and dawn found armed hunters still wandering about everywhere, while others waited at all-night diners.

"Whatever that thing was," one exhausted deputy decided, "it's been spooked halfway to Canada by now."

And yet, at about 9:15 that morning, three young girls were walking down a wooded road in Silver Creek Township, a few miles from the Utrup farm, when something "like a big bear on its hind legs except for the face" suddenly broke cover in front of them. Twelve-year-old Patsy Clayton screamed; 13-year-old Joyce Smith fainted; and Gail Clayton, also 13, came running up too late to see anything, as the creature ducked back into the woods immediately. The girls raced to the nearest house and called the sheriff, but nothing was found beyond crushed weeds at the road's edge.

The possibility of a hoax seemed unlikely. What human prankster, in full daylight, would set young girls screaming in an area overrun with rifle-carrying men?

But any possibility of a serious investigation was shattered. All day long, new volunteer monster hunters kept arriving, up from South Bend, down from Kalamazoo, then from ever more distant cities and towns. Before Thursday, June 12, was over, once-desolate Swisher Road was deeply rutted and littered with beer cans and bottles, and the owners of taverns and gas stations were welcoming the invasion with such delighted grins that the entire affair might have been passed off as a promotion stunt, except that all the reports had come from farm and cottage people who were far from delighted, who were in fact furious about broken fences, trampled crops and debris.

By Friday, even armchair monster hunters were getting into the act, phoning in suggestions from as far off as Colorado and Texas: send up helicopters with big nets; call out the National Guard; burn the brush; stake out shapely female volunteers as bait. And the services of a steady stream of hounds guaranteed to run monsters were being refused. With the weekend, Cass County resembled a carnival. Every place of business had a Monster Sale going, the Dowagiac Theater was billing a double-feature horror show, drive-ins were featuring Monster Burgers, and a variety store called Harvey's East was even advertising "Special Monster-Hunting Kits"—a baseball bat, a mallet, a net, a spear and a flashlight for $7.95. All over the state, hoaxes were being perpetrated in imitation, as teen-agers, singly or on each other's shoulders, draped themselves with old fur coats and pranced about busy highways. Everyone, mocking skeptics and monster hunters alike, seemed to be having a wonderful time—everyone except the original witnesses and the sheriff's men, all of whom were turning silent and sullen refusing to discuss the matter.

By Sunday afternoon, with no more believable reports of sightings, men were coming out of the brush all through the Sister Lakes area like sleepwalkers awakening or mob members dispersing, sheepishly hiding rifles beneath car seats and hurrying homeward. Opening as a fascinating mystery, Michigan's first monster-hunting season had ended with such farce and derisive scoffing that it hardly seemed likely to become an annual institution.

The seasons circled on, the time for more normal kinds of hunting came, and what had happened in Cass County was largely forgotten by the following June—everywhere, that is, except in Frenchtown Township north of Monroe, fully five counties east of the Sister Lakes region. There, where lonely Mentel Road cuts a winding path through thick woods and swamps, strange rumors were circulating again.

There was talk of the frogs suddenly turning silent and crashing sounds being heard, of a great hulking shape that moved in the shadows. A 15-year-old girl saw something "big and black and terrible" under a backyard apple tree by moonlight. A woman and her daughter got a brief but clearer look in the headlights of their car. Possibly recalling the previous summer's fiasco, no one phoned the police. But by early August, practically everyone living on Mentel Road between Fix and Nardeau roads spoke of having seen the creature at least once, including an elderly couple, Mr. and Mrs. George Bush.

On the Friday evening of August 13, Mrs. Bush was visited by her daughter, Mrs. Ruth Owens, and by 17-year-old Christine Van Acker, Mrs. Owens' daughter by a previous marriage. It was a warm night. When they left, Christine drove with the windows open.

According to their story, Mrs. Owens suddenly saw something moving at a tightly wooded point in the road. Startled by its size and strangeness, she yelled at the girl not to stop. Christine panicked, jammed the brakes and skidded, brushing against the frightening thing just as she stalled the engine. Screaming incessantly, Mrs. Owens saw a "huge hairy hand" on top of her daughter's head. The girl felt hairs "like quills," and then her face was slammed against the door post. She froze on the horn, adding its steady blare to shrieks that "sounded like mad women" at a farmhouse 300 yards off.

Men came running, found the lady hysterical and her daughter unconscious. There were no clear tracks, only scuff marks in the coarse gravel. But for all to see, Christine had as large a black eye as any young lady ever sported.

This time the police were called. After taking down a description highly similar to the one heard in Cass County, they assumed an attitude of hard, cold skepticism. "No tracks have been found," the Michigan State Police stated. "There is absolutely nothing definite to show that there is a beast."

But the word was out, and by the next afternoon it was Cass County all over again—Transylvania transplanted to Michigan, except that the local peasants carried weapons far more potent than pitchforks. Not far away, the new Enrico Fermi atomic power plant rises

strange and modernistic from the marshes near Lake Erie, providing a melodramatic angle for hunters who were students of TV and horror movies where monsters are often "mutations" produced by radiation. The Consumers Power Company had to double its guard to protect the costly installation against posse after posse of invading vigilantes.

Countless cars were ticketed, and some 20 men were jailed for carrying concealed weapons. But even the hard rainstorm that came Monday night failed to stop the madness. More than a thousand drenched men went on stumbling about in darkness, and not all were armed with rifles. Archery nuts saw no reason to let gun nuts hog this new sport. By Tuesday night, even the Detroit counterparts of Hell's Angels were on hand—roaring up in the rain, belching and occasionally retching from too much beer, but bravely offering to take on any monster with nothing more than the motorcycle chains they were swinging.

Ravaged and littered, fences broken and crops trampled, the Mentel Road area had become a gigantic outdoor lunatic asylum; and the residents who'd originally claimed to have seen the creature were remaining in darkened homes behind bolted doors. New stories of encounters with the beast were still being heard, but none were believable. One cute little brunette told of being attacked and showed the monster claw marks on her arm to prove it. "Whatever attacked her," a state trooper commented dryly, "those welts are poison ivy."

Far more convincing, at first, was 23-year-old David Thomas, a distant relative of Christine's. He'd been certain the creature was a human hoaxter, he insisted, until he'd come face to face with the thing and saw it was "three heads taller" than his six-foot self. After being "thrown around like a rag doll," he'd escaped into his car; and two strange-looking hairs, dark and apparently boasting light roots an inch-and-a-half long, were taken from the grillwork of that car and offered as evidence. But they turned out to be paint-brush bristles, and the young man changed his story drastically and began talking about a human hoaxter again when the police began talking about polygraph tests.

"This thing has gone so far," explained Detective Sgt. Pat Lyons, "that we want to prove, once and for all, that there is no monster, or discover exactly what it is that's out there."

Actually, the "lie detector" could prove or discover neither of these things. But radio station WFOB of Fostoria immediately hired an expert polygrapher, and on August 20, he examined Christine, Mrs. Owens, Mrs. Bush and a neighbor named John Mayes. "The tests proved they were telling the truth," he reported. "That is, they saw something—something that frightened them very badly." As to what that something might have been, neither he nor his machine cared to make guesses.

The Michigan State Police, on August 23, gave their own examination to just Christine and her mother, then issued the statement: "It is our opinion that they were not telling the truth."

All of which raised a rather unique question: Which lie detector was lying?

Not that it really mattered. The last monster-stalkers were gone from the woods by then, and saner hunting was close at hand. Ducks would soon be coming down the flyway, the flushing of pheasants from the cornfields would follow, and then the all-important occasion when the rifles could be carried northward in search of whitetail deer. Michigan had miraculously survived another monster season without a fatality, and the relieved authorities could dismiss the case.

Still, none of the original puzzle had been modified in the slightest.

All that can be intelligently said is that a mystery exists, where every attempt at explanation has raised far more questions than were answered. And a mystery the matter will most likely remain, as long as men react to it with antics far stranger than any attributed to the unknown creature itself.

"I don't know whether that thing's still around here or not," one Mentel Road farmer muttered, expressing sentiments shared in Cass County and possibly a good many places between. "But if I saw it again, I wouldn't say a word. Not to anyone! Whatever it is, I'll take my chances with it anytime, before I'll go through any more nights of having a bunch of damned, drunken fools with high-powered rifles on my place."

—Gene Caesar

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*Unfortunately we can't picture all tobaccos. But the offer's good on any brand (except Kentucky Club Mixture).

MY CRAZY, MIXED-UP HOUSE GUEST

[*Continued from page* 53]

many ribs? I resolved to solve these age-old mysteries.

A week or so later, I got a cable from Nairobi saying that my hyrax was arriving at Kennedy Airport in New York. This was during the subway strike and Kennedy is a big place. I called the airport to find out where the hyrax could be picked up.

"What the hell is a hyrax?" asked the airport official.

"A biblical sawed-off elephant that lives in trees," I explained.

"Oh, a wise guy, eh?" he snarled. "Well, whatever it is, things are so fouled up nobody knows where anything is."

The prospect of my hyrax's dying of hunger or cold goaded me into desperation. I started calling every official of Pan American I could contact. Finally, to my astonishment, one of them called me back.

"I understand the Hyrax of Kenya is arriving by special flght," he said anxiously. "It is the policy of our line to do everything possible to cement relations between the United States and the newly emerging nations of Africa. How does a Hyrax rank in relation to the Kabala of Uganda and the Ugi of Nigeria?"

"When you've hit a hyrax, you've reached the top," I assured him. "Communism will sweep Africa if he's offended."

Airlines can really get cracking when there's a crisis. In no time at all, I discovered the hyrax had arrived at the Philadelphia airport.

When I got there, I found chaos. A terrified group of clerks were huddled in a corner while the room was filled with a low hum reminiscent of a buzz saw going through timber.

"Where's my hyrax?" I demanded.

"What the hell's a hyrax?" asked one of the clerks.

I explained and at once a glad cry arose.

"That's it!" shouted a dozen clerks pointing with trembling fingers to a large packing case.

The case was perfectly designed for shipping hyraxes except for one detail. It was made of wood and my new pet was systematically eating his way out of it. While we watched, two large fangs suggestive of a saber-toothed tiger appeared through the rapidly growing hole and bit off another chunk.

"Get that thing out of here," cried the head of the shipping department in shaking tones.

"Just a minute," announced a customs official. "You'll have to pay duty on that animal."

"What's the current duty on hyraxes?"

"Well, it's valued at $100. Must be a valuable fur bearer. The duty is seven and a half percent."

"What's the purpose of the duty," I asked, "to protect our infant hyrax industries?"

"Look, mister, I don't make the laws, I only enforce them," he said wearily.

I forked over the $7.50 and collected the crate. The hyrax was halfway out of the hole he'd chewed and the agent looked at him curiously.

"What are those things good for?"

"Look, mister, I don't make hyraxes, I only collect them," I told him wearily.

I carried my new pet to my car. Luckily, I managed to get him home before he chewed himself entirely out. While my family eagerly gathered around, I opened the door of the crate, confident that I was dealing with a thoroughly tamed animal.

I have handled giant python, withstood the charge of an infuriated Kodiak bear and encountered man-eating tigers in Assam, but when that hyrax waltzed out of the crate I realized I'd met my match. Jumping on chairs and tables did no good; the hyrax was built for climbing. Fortunately during the mayhem, he ran across a box of chocolate-chip cookies. Our sensitive little guest delayed the massacre of the Mannixes while he tackled the cookies.

The phone rang and I managed to answer it. Joe Wolfe from Columbia was on the line.

"Did the hyrax arrive?" he asked.

"He sure did," I told him.

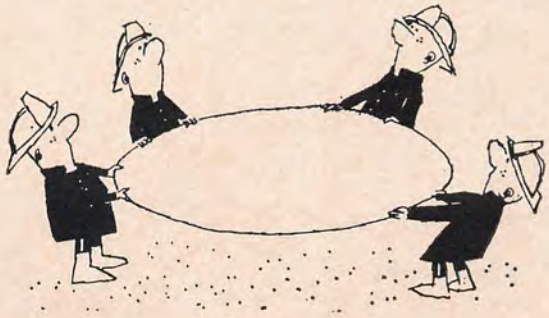
"Fine, fine. No trouble at all, eh? I'm glad everything is going smoothly. Oh, by the way, the hyrax you have isn't the tame one we used on the *Born Free* set. A family in Kenya adopted that one. This is an old male we trapped especially for you. He may be a little shy at first but I understand they're naturally tame. You'll get to love him in no time." Then he hung up. Those Hollywood types certainly have a rollicking sense of humor.

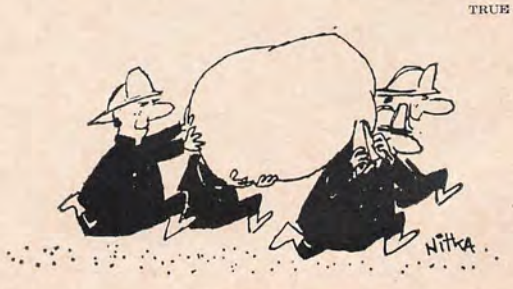
I decided to name my new pet Kimathi. Kimathi, in case you don't know, was a Mau Mau leader who murdered 180 people before he was hanged. It was the most appropriate name I could think of.

Kimathi wasn't particularly impressive to look at. He was about a foot and a half long and weighed around five pounds. He had small, cup-shaped ears, a pointed muzzle and stiff gray-brown fur. If he had a tail I couldn't see it. He reminded me of a miniature peccary. He had a pig's snout and the way he pushed it under things was piglike. I decided the zoologists who had classified him under ungulates had the right idea.

I soon discovered why some scientists disagreed. Kimathi was fond of salt and the best place to find salt was in the varnish on the furniture. In addition to his two upper incisors which stuck down like fangs, it turned out he also had four lower ones. The upper incisors had pointed cutting edges while the lower ones were chisel-shaped. When he was after us, I'm inclined to think he used his uppers to slash, although I didn't wait to study his technique closely. When working on furniture, he got a good grip with his uppers and then chewed away with his lowers. The only animal I've seen who could equal him in this respect was a porcupine. The hyrax must be a rodent, I decided.

For a long time Kimathi couldn't make up his mind whether the best way to handle the Mannixes was to come charging out unexpectedly from under a chair and bite the living daylights out of us or remain hidden until we went away. He tried both systems, frequently mixing them up. You'd be walking peacefully across the floor when Kimathi would suddenly appear, giving his war cry—a series





of short grunts. Just as he was about to sink his incisors into your ankle, he'd abruptly scream in terror, spin around on his hind legs and dive under the nearest chair.

We took great care to keep Toto, our little Cairn terrier, away from Kimathi. Toto has a conviction that I only bring wild animals to the house as playmates for her. Her way of playing is to take a flying leap on top of the new arrival by way of introduction. I've got to admit it works pretty well on plenty of animals but I had an idea Kimathi would take a different view of the business. Toto couldn't see it that way. She sat outside the closed door of the living room wailing to be allowed in. Once when leaving the room I forgot to take the necessary precautions and Toto bolted in between my legs, making straight for Kimathi.

Kimathi charged the little dog, giving his war grunt. I expected to see Toto ripped up by the tusks but Kimathi went right under her. Toto shot up in the air and while she was still coming down, Kimathi charged again. The hyrax was so fast the terrier couldn't avoid him and Kimathi spilled her again. Then to my surprise I saw Kimathi jump into the air, give himself a shake and come down beside the dog with his nose between his forepaws and his rear end wriggling. The darn thing was playing. Toto got the idea at once and they tore around the room, stopping to rear up on their hind legs to wrestle and then resuming their race. When Kimathi had enough of it, he'd worm his way under the sofa where Toto couldn't get at him. Kimathi could get in a hole that would have puzzled a ferret. He seemed to be elastic; he just stretched out long and thin for the process.

Watching him, I decided that Kimathi's resemblance to Silly Putty had something to do with his extra collection of ribs. Instead of his ribs forming a solid cage, there were so many of them he could elongate himself like a snake. For a small animal whose life depends on his ability to get into holes among rocks, this was a useful accomplishment.

Although Toto likes to play with anything that will play with her, Kimathi exerted an almost hypnotic fascination on the little terrier. I finally decided it was Kimathi's scent gland. Like a peccary, Kimathi had a scent gland in the middle of his back about the size of a quarter. The gland was generally covered by a special sheath of hair but when the hyrax was excited, he'd flick the sheath back so the gland was exposed. The position of this sheath was a perfect index to Kimathi's feelings. If it was closed, he was feeling safe. When he opened it, the hyrax was frightened. At such times, he was apt to bite and also gave off a strong musky odor that permeated the room.

No one seems to know the purpose of this scent gland either among hyraxes or with peccary. Some mammalogists think the animals use it to establish territorial ranges. Others think the gland enables members of the herd to keep in touch with each other by scent. Still others think it's sexual and shows when the male and female are ready to breed. I think it's a protective device. The odor is so strong and clinging that any predator following the hyrax into his maze of passages through the rocks would be choked by the odor and unable to find his quarry.

The Kaffirs in Africa, though, have still another theory. They claim God once made a lot of little elephants and while He was sewing them up the back, they jumped out of His hands and escaped. That's why the hyraxes have holes in the middle of their backs. I wouldn't want to argue with either a Kaffir or a mammalogist but when Kimathi decided to use his scent gland, Toto was completely unable to find him. If the terrier got too rough, Kimathi would flick open the hairs covering his gland and dive under the sofa. Then he'd pop out the far end, lay a trail around the bookcase and a few chairs, ending by jumping on top of the radiator. Toto would wander aimlessly around, her nose so full of scent she looked like a person playing blindman's bluff. Often she'd walk past the radiator and Kimathi would lean over and almost touch the dog with his pointed muzzle. Toto never noticed him.

Outside of my raven, Grip, who could swear in three different languages, Kimathi had the most extensive vocabulary of any animal I've ever seen. He could whistle, grunt, hiss, chuckle and produce several other noises for which there's no equivalent. His specialty was a creaking noise like a long disused coffin lid being slowly forced open. This was always followed by a shrill scream. Kimathi only made this noise at night, preferably when everyone was asleep.

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with Kimathi was his habit of chewing everything within reach. If he wasn't chewing the furniture, he was chewing the rugs, books or wall sidings. I tried giving him a salt block. He'd chew that all right, but he'd also chew anything else handy. Kimathi knew he wasn't supposed to be doing it. If while lying in bed, I heard him start chewing I had only to shout "Kimathi!" and the noise would stop, followed by the quiet pad of his hoofed claws as he stole away. But an hour or so later he'd be back at work.

The solution turned out to be simple enough. I just supplied him with some tough timothy hay, roots and nuts. Like a rodent, Kimathi had to chew to keep his long upper incisors from growing. He didn't care what he chewed as long as he chewed something; otherwise he developed a toothache. When he wasn't chewing anything else, he sat on the arm of my chair and chewed his cud.

I know scientists say that hyraxes can't chew a cud because they're not hoofed ruminates. They admit a hyrax seems to be chewing a cud but they claim he hasn't any cud to chew. Prof. W. P. Pycraft, F.Z.S., says his secretary goes through the same motions with her mouth when she takes dictation and she's not chewing her cud.

Kimathi's great hobby was climbing. He climbed not because he wanted to get to the top of anything especially—he just liked to climb. He'd have agreed with George Leigh-Mallory who, when asked why he was so determined to climb Everest, replied, "Because it is there." Kimathi could go straight up the side of a bookcase or a sideboard (which Leigh-Mallory couldn't). He was particularly good at this if he'd just chewed a hole in a valuable rug and my wife was chasing him with a broom handle.

It has long been a mystery to scientists how hyraxes can climb the way they do. They shouldn't be able to climb at all. They haven't any balancing tail like climbing animals; they don't have grasping fingers or sharp claws. In fact, their claws more nearly resemble hoofs. How then do they do it? I must admit I had to give up. It took Ernest P. Walker of the National Zoological Park in Washington, D.C., to clear the matter up for me. The hyrax's feet have a special muscle arrangement that retracts the middle of the sole. This forms a hollow, which is a suction cup of considerable power. In addition, the soles are kept continually moist by a glandular secretion. So that's the answer. How many hyraxes Mr. Walker's wife had to chase up bookcases before he solved this problem I can't say.

Kimathi, like all hyraxes, had a large curved claw on his inner hind toe. He never used this claw for climbing and its function has long been a puzzle of scientists. What does a hyrax use this claw for? I'm happy to say I've solved this mystery. He uses it to scratch himself with. Kimathi spent half an hour each day combing himself with this claw. He did a good job of it, too. He could reach any part of his body with that claw, and did.

I've had a number of climbing animals from Jupo, a spider monkey, through kinkajous and raccoons. All of them left wrack and ruin in their wake. You could follow their progress by the crash of breaking vases and bouncing books they knocked off. Kimathi was a happy exception. He never knocked anything over. He could run along a shelf loaded to the gunnels with bric-a-brac, threading his way through the *objets d'art* and not disturb one. I've seen him run across a china cabinet without so much as shaking a plate. So has my wife, although she's still shaking from the experience. The crucial test came when he got loose in the sun-room where I keep my aquariums amid a tangle of wiring leading to thermostats and air pumps. Kimathi leaped from aquarium to aquarium without getting his feet wet, disturbing the glass covers or fouling the wiring. Not only was he sure-footed but also remarkably light on his feet. For a close relation to an elephant, he made a squirrel look like a water buffalo.

Kimathi had a purpose in climbing over the aquariums. When he got to the top of the sun-room, he lay down and basked in the sun. When there wasn't any sun, he lay down on top of the radiator coils. If the radiator wasn't on, he settled for an electric light bulb. He loved warmth. He'd stretch out his full length, frying himself first on one side

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and then on the other, obviously having the time of his life.

Kimathi combined two mental traits which, like his many anatomical characteristics, didn't combine too well. He was very curious and very nervous. He spent his waking hours investigating everything in the house. As he was convinced that every object was out to get him, this was a nerve-racking experience, but Kimathi persisted. Instead of staying in the living room or sun porch where he felt safe, he'd go on expeditions to the bedrooms, closets and attic. Making himself long and thin, he'd carefully smell the handle of a mop. Suddenly he'd decide the mop had tried to grab him and go scuttling downstairs to dive under the sofa. You'd think that would teach him to stay in the living room where he belonged but after shaking with terror for five minutes, he'd start up the stairs again, carefully circle the mop, and start investigating the leg of a bed. Sure enough, the bed would make a spring for him (or Kimathi thought it had) and he'd be running for his life again.

Kimathi solved this problem by carefully checking all possible hiding places in his progress through the house so in case of danger he always had somewhere to hide never more than a few feet away. He had a remarkable memory for these hiding places and no matter where he was always knew the nearest hole. For example, in the kitchen he had three hiding places: between the dishwasher and the sink, under a cabinet and behind the wastepaper basket. Before venturing out into the middle of the floor, Kimathi always oriented himself for the nearest escape hatch. In case of trouble, he dove into it so fast it was hard to see him move.

Once, as an experiment, I blocked up all three holes. When Kimathi came in, I shouted "Boo!" Kimathi dove for the dishwasher hole and found it blocked. In wild panic, he turned and ran for the cabinet. That was blocked too. He had to go 10 feet to reach the wastepaper basket and then found that I'd taken that away. Kimathi sat in the corner, his teeth chattering with terror. He made no attempt to find any more holes as he knew from experience there weren't any. I was afraid he'd have a nervous breakdown so I unplugged the dishwasher hole. Instantly Kimathi tore across the floor and dove into it. After that, whenever he came into the kitchen he'd check each hole in succession to make sure it was clear before settling down.

To protect what was left of the furniture, I decided to keep Kimathi in a cage. He didn't seem to mind the cage but getting him into it was a difficult proposition. He was so fast I couldn't catch him and even putting apples (his favorite food) in the cage didn't work after the first time. When Kimathi saw me close the door on him, he got the idea. The solution turned out to be his wooden sleeping box. Kimathi felt safe in that box. By now, I knew his different holes as well as Kimathi did so when I wanted him, I'd put his sleeping box in front of the nearest hole and then shout "Boo!" Kimathi would dive for his escape hatch and finding the box there, go into that. Then I could put the box into the cage.

Kimathi has now settled down as a regular member of the Mannix household. He always turns up for cocktail parties as he likes his Martinis. His usual approach is to steal in quietly, walk over to the nearest guest and start pulling at his shoelaces. Kimathi has a flexible upper lip which comes in handy for pulling at shoelaces and makes his resemblance to a miniature elephant all the more remarkable. The startled guest, who's generally had a few drinks himself, invariably shouts, "What the hell is that?" At the first word Kimathi instantly disappears as though by magic. Naturally we stare at the guest in astonishment and say, "We didn't see anything." The guest's expression is always interesting.

Kimathi's relationship to elephants has been recently demonstrated in a new and striking way. Dr. Bernard Weitz has shown that a hyrax has the same type of blood as an elephant. This is a handy thing to know in case Kimathi ever needs a transfusion. We're short of hyraxes in America but we've lots of elephants.

—Daniel P. Mannix

[*Kimathi has gone to live permanently in New York's Bronx Zoo since Daniel Mannix wrote his story. Readers who live too far away to visit him there may see his relatives in* Born Free *this summer.*]

MILLION-DOLLAR WINNER IN A BILLION-DOLLAR BONANZA

[*Continued from page* 41]

strike, Texas Gulf Sulphur declared that reports of "a substantial copper discovery . . . mention . . . statistics of size and grade of ore that are without factual basis. . . ."

A year later, in April, 1965, the U.S. Securities and Exchange Commission was to charge that the statement was a deliberate misrepresentation by Texas Gulf Sulphur officials to drive down the firm's rising stock temporarily so that company pooh-bahs could buy big blocks at bargain prices. But at the time the official discouragement began to worry Bragagnolo. "I saw my life cut out for me—paying off all that debt," he remembers. And Ken Darke still would reveal nothing.

But on April 16, Texas Gulf Sulphur's President Stephens finally broke the big news. The assay of the original core sample had been completed, he announced, and the drilling of seven more test holes had confirmed the presence of a monstrous ore body. Texas Gulf Sulphur's explorations had thrown back the lid of a treasure chest deeper than the Empire State Building is tall, roughly five city blocks long and nearly three football fields wide.

At least 55,000,000 tons of the highest grade copper, zinc and silver are packed into that bed. Its worth is estimated at upwards of $2 billion. The silver alone recovered will pay the cost of mining 6,000 tons of ore a day for more than 25 years—and the lode it comes from may be the largest silver deposit ever tapped. Ken Darke had bored into the biggest bonanza in the history of North American mining.

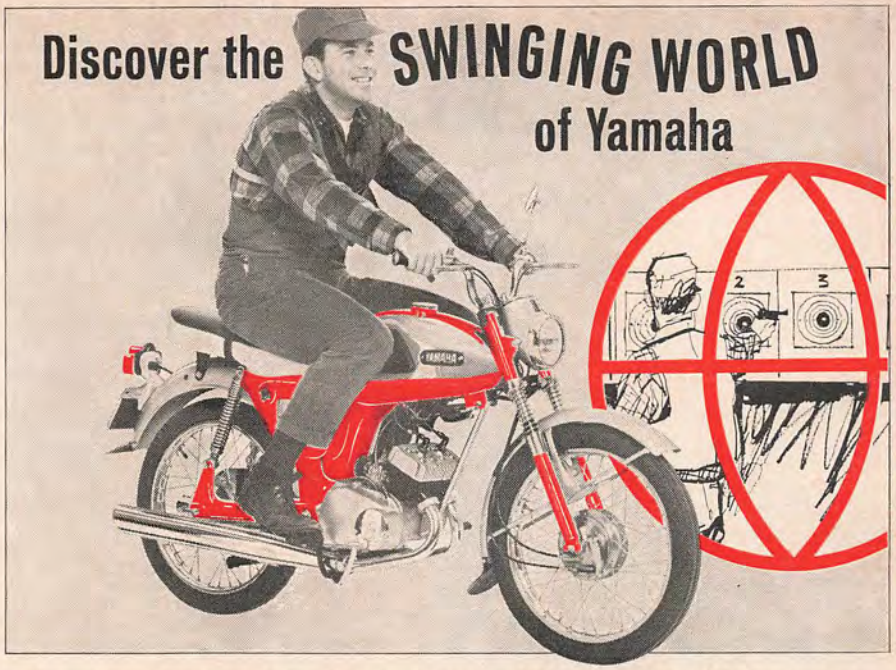
In Timmins hysteria swept the streets like a prairie fire. Men surged into the bush despite 25 inches of snow, which the spring sun was fast melting into torrents of water. Some places in the woods were hip-deep lakes, and the muskeg thawed into quicksand consistency. Yet an estimated 3,000 outsiders, as well as the hopeful townsmen, frantically snatched up land as far as 100 miles away.

Helicopter rental leaped to $230 an hour and eager beavers in the long waiting lines at the tiny Timmins airport offered chopper pilots $1,000 cash for the next trip to the bush. The big machines clogged the air, as many as 17 hovering over a patch of ground at a time. One pilot remembers that "we flew until our hands were raw from the controls."

So many applications for prospectors' licenses were made that Mining Registrar Chris Egerton had to quadruple his staff. Almost as rapidly came complaints of claim jumping—some still awaiting adjudication.

Farmers squawked that land hogs were chopping down their fences to make claim stakes. Homeowners screamed that strangers were staking their yards. One band bent on getting rich quick staked the runways at the Timmins airport.

Some stakers were grizzled prospectors with long experience. Most weren't. A young doctor from Toronto ran out on a $50,000-a-year-practice to try for his



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BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING
. . . *THROUGH CHEMISTRY*

strike. A bearded weirdnik knelt in the Yoga position over maps in a Timmins saloon and boasted that "the Zen method of thought" would find him ore-bearing ground. Greenhorns strutted around in spanking new prospector outfits—with carefully knotted kerchiefs at their throats.

It took only a day for many of the newcomers to stagger back out of the bush for keeps—bloody and nearly batty from merciless attacks of mosquitoes and black flies. But others poured in to replace them. Throughout Canada, miners quit good jobs to come to Timmins, although no actual ore extraction could be expected for 18 months. Men swarmed in from the Yukon, from Florida, from as far as Rhodesia. Hotelkeepers jammed four beds into every room.

Yet some townspeople were wrestling with despair. These were the men who had owned sections of this once worthless land—and, to save meager taxes, had let their holdings revert to public domain sometimes only days or weeks before the discovery.

Down on Pine Street, not land but the stock market was king.

Texas Gulf Sulphur's announcement touched off a major stock explosion. Young and old alike cashed in life insurance policies, withdrew savings, took out loans, mortgaged homes, dug up secret hordes and flocked to Timmins' two brokerage houses. The Timmins *Daily Press*, viewing the morning opening of trading in one, reported: "The muted roar of a hundred whispered conversations died away to funeral silence. The only sound heard as the first figure appeared on the tape was a sharp intake of breath. . . . Someone yelled, 'They're off!' . . . then bedlam."

"They bought everything that moved," a broker remembers. Many popular "penny" stocks represented long-dormant companies. Now the mere rumor that these ghost organizations were *trying* to acquire land near Timmins sent their stocks skyrocketing. One issue zoomed from 10 cents a share to $1.28. Some were wildly inflated by phony "buy" orders.

On April 17, 1964, the wildest day in Canadian market history, the Toronto Stock Exchange roared to a new trading record—more than 30 million shares. The volume was nearly 14 million shares greater than the heaviest day on the New York Stock Exchange during the '29 crash.

Trading hummed in the United States, too. Texas Gulf Sulphur shares, which had been languishing in the $20-30 range, climbed above 70. The firm was suddenly the darling of Wall Street and trade was so heavy that New York Stock Exchange officials banned stop-loss orders in its shares.

The news came out then that Curtis Publishing Company had a share-the-profit contract with Texas Gulf Sulphur on some of its Porcupine timber land. Curtis stock spurted ahead and eventually doubled in price.

In Timmins a local radio station began broadcasting direct from the brokerage houses. Clerks in the town shops made customers wait while they listened to the latest quotations over transistor radios. Grocery stores held stock lotteries instead of giving trading stamps. High-school kids pooled their lunch money for speculation. Townspeople even talked of opening their own stock exchange.

Viewing the turmoil with horror, Howard Graham, president of the Toronto Stock Exchange, warned that "unsophisticated investors are taking great risks and should be prepared . . . to accept losses." Ministers preached caution, and a radio announcer quipped, "Come to the Timmins June fashion show. . . . See everybody in barrels."

But the chant of "buy, buy, buy" never died. Prospector Larche recalls, "People who'd hesitate at a two-bit limit poker game were gambling $1,000 a crack on stock about as chancy as an Irish Sweepstakes ticket." A Toronto psychologist equated the speculative frenzy to "the mania that motivated witch-burning and lynch mobs."

At night, Timmins boomed even louder. It was a carnival of sex and sousing. Promoters from nearly 100 mining companies who dispensed "secret tips" on often anemic stock by day, turned to wooing successful claims stakers after sundown. Sleek call girls were flown in from Montreal. Motel orgies sizzled all night. One promoter tried to fill a swimming pool with champagne and peaches. Drunken prospectors danced in saloon fountains. Land traders lighted their pipes with $50 bills. Bellhops were getting $10 tips.

The climb in land values was spectacular. A young Alaskan who'd been suckered out of $1,800 for 89 acres of classic Ontario moose pasture back in 1960 now sold it for $20,000, plus 10 percent of the gross from any ore found there. A prospector who turned down $4,500 for a tract normally worth $500 waited 12 hours and peddled it for $40,000, plus stock. Another who'd staked four claims in four hours traded them for $100,000.

Hundreds of thousands of dollars changed hands in deals made by pay phone. In those first few days of the rush, nearly 2,700 long-distance calls were handled by Timmins operators alone, and there was a constant waiting list for open wires.

For years, recalls prospector Larche, who made a small fortune off his claims, he had tried to convince mining bigwigs in Toronto and Montreal that land around Timmins seemed to be a base metals repository. "The standard answer was, 'Timmins is a gold camp, nothing else.'" Now many of the men who'd laughed flooded in for the action.

But of all the ringmasters of commerce in the mad circus, the star was Ned Bragagnolo. He ran a buzzing land bazaar in a smoke-filled room at the musty old Empire Hotel. "When some of the big boys walked in and saw a guy so young," recalls a friend, "they figured he was a rube. Nobody walked out thinking that."

In exchange for land, Ned wanted not only cold cash—up to $160,000 for some sets of claims—but stock in the purchasing company as well, as much as 600,000 shares. Furthermore, the buyer had to

agree to sell him additional shares before revealing the transaction, since any announcement that Bragagnolo's choice tracts had been acquired was certain to jump the stock's price. Ned also demanded the right to inspect all drill cores pulled from the property, before any information was made public.

Not a single ore-pointing anomaly was known to exist on any of the land the partners held, yet calls poured in to Bragagnolo from all over the world. When the land trading was over at last, the net from the 11 firms he made deals with amounted to nearly $1 million in cash, plus 2,800,000 shares of stock. And under Canadian law it was practically tax free.

Although Bragagnolo handled the land transactions, splitting the take, cash and stock, with his partners, each man was on his own in the stock market itself. There John Angus, the brokerage manager, came in as handy as Bragagnolo had anticipated.

The phone in his private office gave Bragagnolo and Darke use of a direct line to the Toronto Stock Exchange. While the ordinary speculations in Timmins had to rely on the ticker tape for stock prices, Ned got up-to-the-minute quotations from the floor of the exchange. With the tape sometimes running an hour behind actual trading, the difference meant everything.

Of the 45 stocks he traded during the boom, Bragagnolo claims winnings on 43. Just on Texas Gulf Sulphur shares he cleared some $500,000. He places his total gains at "between one and two million dollars." Other observers pushed the estimate as high as $5 million.

He'd kept his promise to be a millionaire by 35, with months to spare.

For every investor who became a winner, however, there were dozens of losers. By June, the market had turned into a roller coaster, dipping and rising wildly. More often than not, amateur speculators were left holding worthless shares of what the Timmins *Daily Press* called "Consolidated Moose Pastures, Unlimited."

"The whole spree gave us more deadbeats than millionaires," says a Timmins loan company official. Desperate miners flocked to the welfare office for help. The number of "guests" at the city jail doubled. Today, heavy debts at brokerage houses are still being paid off.

But while others suffered staggering losses, Ned Bragagnolo never missed a card. Even in the infamous Windfall action, which touched off a Canadian government probe after it had caught hordes of investors, including Ken Darke, Bragagnolo wound up holding a winning hand.

In July, 1964, the stock of Windfall Oil & Mines, Ltd., with a previous top price of 81 cents a share, leaped to $5.85 after drilling was started on some of the wildcat land it had snared.

While the public eagerly sought news, telegrams arrived at brokerage houses, newspaper columnists ran stories, and "insiders" dropped broad hints that the first core had been loaded with ore. The stock climbed fast.

Bragagnolo had no inside information, but he operated only on his own hunches. So he chartered a helicopter and landed on the Windfall drill site. While the pilot kept the motor running, Bragagnolo snatched up several tiny fragments of core rock that workmen had dropped. Back in town he had them assayed: graphite, with traces of pyrite. Worthless.

Bragagnolo promptly dumped every Windfall share he owned. Soon after that, a company spokesman revealed that the drilling had been a dud. The stock fell like a bomb. Those left holding it lost immense amounts of money. Ken Darke, who knew aerial surveys had shown no electromagnetic indications of ore on Windfall land, says he dropped $130,000.

But Ned Bragagnolo cleared $66,000, just on Windfall.

These developments, and the secret partnership, did not become common knowledge until the spring of 1965, during the government inquiry into the Windfall tragedy. Almost instantly, Bragagnolo sensed a change in the feeling toward him.

When his millions were piling up, fellow Timmins residents hung on him in swarms for market tips. But when the investigating commission made it clear that his success was due to shrewdness and not just blind luck, many people turned on him. Vicious rumors were spread, and some soreheads even threatened his life.

Ned didn't flinch. He picked up his mountain of moola and moved east to Montreal, Canada's top financial hunting ground. Today, in an office at a small brokerage house, he wheels and deals unceasingly with stock market coups and long-shot minerals investments.

Since the Timmins operation he has bought a copper mine in New Guinea, brought another into production in Ontario, gained control of an estimated dozen mining companies and dealt his way to 60 percent of the profits of a fantastic potash bed in Saskatchewan that may be worth $6 billion.

"I want to prove that Timmins was no fluke," he says. "I want hundreds of millions of dollars before I die. I want to build an empire."

"If anyone can make it," says a longtime associate, "Ned can."

Timmins, even without Bragagnolo, looks hopefully to the future. Texas Gulf Sulphur, despite a flurry of lawsuits, is pushing ahead with its plans to develop the ore body. With the first mining of the big lode (now called Kidd Creek Mine) this year, new jobs will open up. A smelter in the Porcupine will offer more work. Whatever money *was* made locally during the boom is busy pumping life into the town's economy. Civic leaders talk seriously of Timmins' population doubling.

But the real excitement still simmering is the expectation that more big ore bodies will be found. "This is elephant country," says one mining man, "and you never find a lone elephant. In a year or two, I think another rich core will be drilled, and this place will blow apart even wilder than before."

—Charles Remsberg

Photographed at Cypress Gardens by Buddy Gaines

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LITTLE CHAMPION WITH A HEAVY FOOT

[*Continued from page* 45]

running second. That was last year. This time it figures to be a four-man race—Clark, Foyt, Jones and Andretti.

As in any automobile race, only a small percentage of the 33 starters at Indianapolis are capable of winning. The rest can only finish first if this handful drops out, if something happens to them or to their cars. The top drivers are naturally faster and they have better equipment than the others.

Mario knows which men are the ones to beat this year and he has his own opinions of them:

On Clark: "He has tremendous finesse and, when it comes down to it, for single-seater cars he's got to be tops."

On Foyt: "He has the greatest ability, but he thinks himself such a superior being that he can't think of himself fighting with anyone; its got to be a breeze or nothing."

On Jones: "Great finesse and natural ability . . . his chances are too good for me to be comfortable."

Clark was faster than Andretti last year, so were Foyt and Gurney, but they are (and have been) the best drivers in the world, men who were big-time pilots in high-powered equipment when Mario was still running jalopy races on a half-mile dirt track in Nazareth, Pennsylvania. But they weren't much faster and the 1965 race was Mario's first experience at those speeds. He's undoubtedly improved more in the last year than have the others.

This season his outlook is different. For one thing, his car bears the big No. 1 on its nose and flanks, the mark of the USAC champion. He has proven himself as fast as anyone else and he has the confidence which must accompany talent for a race such as the 500.

Mario: "I have a different approach now; I've got to think that I could be in there all the way, so I'm going to try . . . I can't wait, I'm very anxious."

Al Dean of Dean Van Lines (one of America's biggest moving companies) for whom he drives, has ordered a new car for this year. It is a British-built Lotus of basically the same configuration as the one Clark will drive at Indianapolis. Mario feels this will make him even more competitive. But the car is only part of it; the mental attitude is also a big thing and Mario has attempted to train his mind for the race.

Mario: "I think a driver's approach to this race, as far as mental preparation is concerned, should be no more . . . I mean it shouldn't agitate you any more than a short sprint race does. I try not to give it any more emphasis than any other race because I think, psychologically, that can beat a driver."

Training his outlook is a part of Andretti's life, the same as tire testing. Both contribute to his ability to drive fast in races. That, after all, is Mario's business. It has made it impossible for him to spend more than seven consecutive days at home for the past two years

Andretti: "Right from the beginning, I loved it so much . . . I *know* there's men making a living at it—a good living at it—and I am going to do it. As long as I'm in this game that's what I am going to go for, and I don't care if I work 24 hours a day at it . . . every morning when I get up it's the first thing I think about."

Mario Andretti was born in Montona, on the Istrian peninsula near Yugoslavia, in the winter of 1940. After the war that part of the country was ceded to Yugoslavia and Mario's family had a choice: stay with the communists or get out. Father Andretti, who had seven farms in Istria, got out. They lived in Trieste for a year before moving on to Lucca, in Italy, between Florence and the sea.

Mario: "Our family traces back . . . they lived in Montona for generations . . . there were even two bishops named Andretti. . . . I remember the American soldiers: they were quite a thing for us kids because it all spelled freedom. I didn't know what freedom was, because the war started when I was born . . . I knew of nothing but conflict, although our home was never hit."

In Lucca, across the square from where the Andrettis lived, there was a garage which sometimes tuned cars for amateurs who wanted to enter in local races. Then once a year there was the big one, the Mille Miglia, a 1,000-mile road race around the Italian peninsula, and somebody from Lucca was always entered. The men who ran the garage would drive 70 miles to stand by the side of the Mille Miglia route near Florence. They would take Mario and his twin brother Aldo with them. The small boys stood at the side of the road and watched.

Mario: "There was one long straightaway and they would come up into a gradual, sort of reverse camber, wide-sweeping turn that seemed like a good spot. I was never really able to express it, but you can imagine how much it meant to me at that time to be as close as I was."

There was Alberto Ascari in his Lancia and the aging Rudolf Caracciola in his Mercedes, Umberto Maglioli and the Marzotto brothers in Ferraris, and Luigi Musso, Piero Taruffi and three-time winner Clemente Biondetti, with their straight-pipe exhausts snarling across Italy, and the small boys watched and dreamed.

Then the garage owners put together a little single-seater for Mario and Aldo.

COMING . . .

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THE FORD IN THE GOP'S FUTURE

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NEXT MONTH IN TRUE

It had a simple frame and a tiny Fiat Topolino engine, but it was a real car and they set up a little course and raced with other boys who had similar cars.

Mario: "My brother and I were, you might say, pretty brave (he laughs), and we got skinned up and things like that but we came out pretty well; we were the hot dogs . . . we got mixed up in other things, too . . . Aldo and I used to own a motorcycle . . . we never had two of anything, we always had to share one."

Who was better?

Mario: "I think my brother; you know my brother, he was always a brave one . . . he always did well and, even in this country, when we started racing, he went out first . . . he always had a little bit of an edge, he used to try awful hard."

The Andrettis came to America in the summer of 1955 and they went to Nazareth, in the heart of the eastern Pennsylvania dirt-track country. The twins' dreams of becoming race drivers, which they feared were over when they left Europe, started again within a week after they landed. They discovered modified stock cars, older models with new, hotted-up engines and fat, oversize tires, and these replaced the sophisticated European machinery.

By 1958 the Andrettis had their first car, a modified 1948 Hudson. The car and all the new parts cost them $1,109. They got a local contractor to sponsor it and pay for the gas, oil and tires, and they ran it on the half-mile oval in their hometown. This car was Mario's first lesson in chassis engineering and with it the two brothers won their first four races—two with Aldo driving, two with Mario.

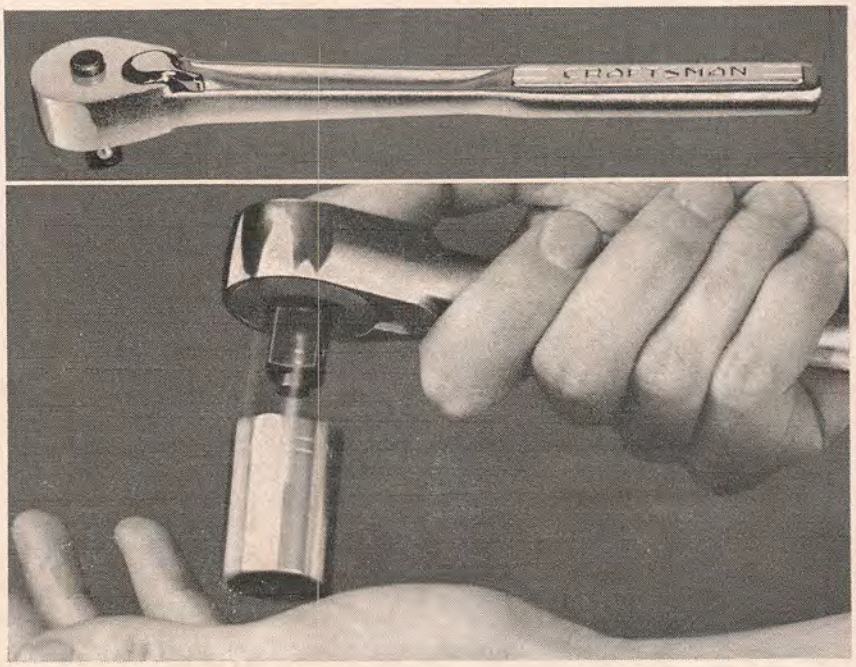
Mario: "Those people who helped me at the beginning, whenever I'm home now we get together and they like to talk about the early days; they rerun it like a movie, the whole bit . . . you know, if it wasn't for them, a lot of things wouldn't have turned out as well as they did for me."

Then in the fall of 1958 Aldo hooked the fence at Hatfield, Pennsylvania, and went end for end, demolishing the car. He fractured his skull and was rushed to the hospital; 18-year-old Mario was left to tell his parents what happened.

Mario: "I called home and gave my mother a story that he was watching me race and fell off the cab of a pickup truck and that he'd be all right, he just got the wind knocked out of him . . . I slept in the hospital corridor all night. The following morning they wanted my parents; they said if they didn't show up they'd send the police after them and I was trying to stall them. Aldo was in the hospital 45 days and he was in a coma for 30 days . . . one of the first reasoning things he said when he woke up was 'Considering everything, I'm sure glad I'm here and you were the one to go home.' He knew how our dad would react."

The twins had another modified stock car the following year and their father found out. Things got so bad that for several months he wouldn't speak to his sons. But for Mario that wasn't the worst of it; Aldo was trying to drive again, and he wasn't doing well. He hung one car onto the wall at Nazareth and he never again was able to catch up with his twin.

Push-button ratchet wrench releases without a fight. New and only at Sears



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Aldo now lives near Indianapolis where he has a wife and three children. Every so often he makes another start at racing. When it has been a person's existence since childhood, and when your twin brother is the USAC national champion, it is not easy to give it up.

Mario: "I think he's more of a man than I might have been. About his racing, I don't say do and I don't say don't . . . if I say don't he'll do it anyway if he wants to."

Although as they grew older and married, the twins would have drifted apart anyway, the accident was the start of this. Mario was on his way as a racing driver and nothing, not even the accident, could deter him. His reaction to his brother's fate is the same that governs his entire approach to driving: you can think about injury and you can think about death, but not too often and you can't let it bother you. You will no longer be a racing driver if it does.

From the dirt track and the jalopys at Nazareth, Mario moved to three-quarter midgets which he ran indoors in the wintertime, then to sprint cars and regular midgets. He competed in all the minor leagues of racing, driving 65 to 70 races a year at places like Pine Brook and Old Bridge, New Jersey; Allentown and Reading, Pennsylvania; Essex Junction and Rutland, Vermont; Harrington, Delaware; Raleigh, North Carolina; Olive Bridge, West Lebanon, Riverhead and

Freeport, New York—the education of a race driver.

It was an education that meant working in the daytime and driving at night, coming home at 4 a.m., then getting up at 6:30 and driving over to Easton, where he worked for a go-cart manufacturer; he even drove the go-carts when he had time.

On Labor Day of 1963 Mario won six of seven midget races at two tracks a few hours away from each other. He won three races at Flemington, New Jersey, in the afternoon, then won four at Hatfield, Pennsylvania (the track where his brother was injured), that night. The next year he quit his job and became a full-time race driver—with no car and little money.

He got one ride and did fairly well. Then he got his first major-league chance in the USAC championship race at Trenton, New Jersey, that spring—and spun out. Someone else was to blame, but Andretti was involved and he was the rookie, so the finger was pointed at him. Then, coincidentally, Andretti was in a race at New Bremen, Ohio, early in May when Chuck Hulse was injured. Hulse at that time was the driver for Dean Van Lines. His accident left Dean without a pilot for Indianapolis, only three weeks off.

Many aspiring race drivers haunt the Indianapolis Motor Speedway during the month of May. They are the youngsters without a reputation or a car and they hang around, tugging at coattails, looking for someone who will give them a chance at this 500-mile maelstrom. In 1964 Andretti was one of these and he knew the Dean car had an empty seat. He wangled his way into the garage area and got an introduction to Clint Brawner, the veteran crew chief of the team.

Mario: "He was so dejected because of Hulse's crash . . . we got into the garage area and I was introduced by Rufus Grey, who owned the car I was driving at the time. He hardly knew Clint but he was trying his darndest to get me a ride so he says to Clint that I drive sprint cars and Clint came on and said, 'Goddamit, sprint's a dirty word in this garage.' "

Sprint cars, perhaps the most archaic, from an engineering standpoint, of all present-day racing machinery, were what Mario and Hulse were driving at New Bremen. They go almost as fast as the cars at Indianapolis do, but their road-holding qualities aren't nearly as good. What's more, the races are short and furious affairs, the mortality and injury rates are high and the pay is relatively low. Brawner, just having lost a driver in one, wasn't about to look at an undersized rookie who specialized in this sort of thing. Lacking a qualified driver, Brawner kept his car out of the 1964 Memorial Day race.

Then, a few weeks later, still beating the bushes for a replacement, Brawner saw a sprint-car race at Terre Haute, Indiana, and got another look at Andretti in action. He came up to Mario and told him he was wanted. That first, brief meeting at the Speedway turned out to be a fortuitous one.

Mario: "I was excited, very excited, because in major league racing there are only a few outfits worthwhile driving for . . . the ones that are going to produce a winner. I considered Dean one of these, so I thought maybe I'm finally getting into something good, and it turned out that we started working very well. The last word from Clint was always 'Take it easy and don't worry about a thing, take it easy and learn, we have lots of time.' That's the thing he always said and it played a big part, because you know damn well you're not going to take it easy, you're going to go fast, as fast as you can go, but boy, it takes an awful lot of the pressure away. Now Clint knew that, he's experienced enough to know that . . . he figured 'If this kid is any kind of a driver he'll still go as fast as he can, but maybe he'll stay out of trouble a little, too.' "

Brawner wasn't the only man keeping a close watch on Andretti. Al Dean, although he never interferes with the running of the team, is intensely interested in it from both a business and a sporting standpoint. Dean Van Lines is an outfit that does a gross business of $20 million a year and makes good promotional use of its racing activities.

But with all his racing success, Al Dean has never had an Indianapolis winner. He's had several national championships and he's had some of the great drivers of American racing in his cars: Jimmy Bryan, Bob Sweikert, Eddie Sachs and A.J. Foyt. But the way things worked out, when Bryan, Sweikert and Foyt won the 500, they were driving for someone else. Dean means good cars to Mario and Mario means a potential winner to Dean.

The 1964 season, as soon as Andretti got settled in the big roadster that was the Dean Van Lines Special that year, was mostly one long learning process. Andretti didn't win anything, but his impressive performances at Milwaukee and Phoenix were enough to indicate to Brawner that Mario would do—and do well. Andretti had won himself a regular job.

For the 1965 season, realizing that their front-engined, Offenhauser-powered roadster was outmoded, the Dean team set about finding a new race car. They settled on a British Brabham chassis of the type used by Tulsa racing car owner Jack Zink. Arrangements were made to copy Zink's chassis, and the rig was transported to Phoenix, where the Dean team makes its headquarters. The winter was spent in building the jigs and welding the chassis together, then a brand-new Ford V8 was dropped into the rear. Because of delays in construction, the new car didn't turn a wheel until it arrived at Indianapolis early in May. Andretti had to give the vehicle its shakedown runs right at the Speedway and, to make things more complicated, the rookie was driving his first rear-engined car. The difference in handling was another factor he had to get used to.

Mario: "The first ride I took in the car, it felt so secure that it worried me to death that night, because a million things were going through my head, like 'I'm going to have to drive this thing fast when the time comes,' and 'I wonder if it's going to give me a warning [of trouble], and all that sort of thing. It was a completely different feeling from what I'd experienced before . . . almost every day, every time I went out to practice, I gained, and that made me feel confident."

Then came the first day of qualifying trials. The top one-day spectator sports event in America, based on the number of people who come through the gate, is the 500, where more than 300,000 pay to see the action. The second biggest is the first day of qualifying trials, a mid-May event for which more than 200,000 pay to see one car at a time go through its ritual of four laps.

On the first day last year the relatively unknown Andretti was fourth fastest, which gave him a race-day starting spot in the second of the 11 rows of three cars each. Actually, at the time he qualified, he established one-lap and four-lap records for the Speedway. Later the same day, the three men who qualified faster

TRUE

"No need to worry, fella. It produced no ill effects on my wife!"

(Clark, Foyt and Gurney) also had to beat Andretti's 158 mph. mark.

In the race itself, once the herd got sorted out, the lead group turned into a tiny one—Clark, with Foyt behind him and dropping farther back. Behind them, Andretti, Jones and Gurney were having their own race and were likewise leaving the rest of the field behind. Then Gurney went out with mechanical trouble, and Mario and Jones were left to fight it out.

Mario: "I was lucky to be close to the front at the start, but I was disappointed I wasn't able to challenge for the lead, because I really thought I'd be able to from the way I was practicing, but when I started having more fuel in my right tank than the left one, I started having problems. I was turning laps in the 156 mph. bracket right after my second pit stop with a balanced fuel load, but then I got progressively slower and I was breaking my butt going 151."

While Andretti was battling his ill-handling car, in front of him Jones was rapidly running out of gas, going as slow as he dared during the last three laps and actually making the car dart from side to side on the straightaways, hoping to slosh a little fuel from the bottom of the tanks into the hungry pumps. He limped across the line just a few seconds in front of Mario and didn't have enough fuel left to make it around on his cooling-off lap.

Mario's third place was achieved at an average speed higher than the previous record for winning, and the rookie of the year voting was a mere formality.

As the season went on and the 17-race USAC "Championship Trail" unfolded across the country, Mario was almost always a factor, almost always among the fastest, and in the end he was the most consistent of them all. He won once, placed second six times, was third twice and fourth twice, earning enough points thereby to be named the champion. No one else was as consistent and hardly anyone else was as fast.

This caliber of performance in a rookie was a remarkable feat. He had never seen some of the tracks until he raced on them for the title. True, his only victory came when Foyt ran out of gas on the next-to-last lap of one race, but there were three other events which Andretti would have won except for his own bad luck; such things as broken engines, broken sway bars and broken universal joints. Along the way he engaged in some of the best wheel-to-wheel duels of the season, notably one at Milwaukee in which he and Dan Gurney ran that way for 127 miles in a 200-mile race. Ultimately both of them dropped out with mechanical troubles.

Mario: "I'll bet he was alongside of me a dozen times, I mean clean alongside of me. Usually if a guy plays me short, I'll play him short right back, it's a natural thing . . . when we went into the turns I went on the outside and he had all the racing room possible to give a man . . . we talked about it later, and we both really enjoyed it."

Toward the end of the 1965 single-seater season, Mario drove his first sports car in a road race at Bridgehampton, Long Island, at the invitation of North American Ferrari distributor Luigi Chinetti, himself a three-time Le Mans winner and also an Italian immigrant. Andretti failed to finish—his unfamiliarity with a five-speed gearbox caused him to use the clutch too roughly—but once he settled down he was the cleanest of all through the curves of the twisting circuit.

Then this year, in February, Chinetti gave Andretti another chance, teaming him with veteran Mexican long-distance driver Pedro Rodriguez in the 24-hour race at Daytona. The general opinion was that a heavy-footed charger from the oval tracks couldn't keep a delicate sports car intact for 24 hours. The Andretti-Rodriguez Ferrari finished fourth, beaten only by the more powerful Fords.

Chinetti on Andretti: "One day he'll teach them all how to drive a sports car —not only here, but at the Targa Florio, Le Mans, Rheims. . . ."

That may be. But Indianapolis is still the biggest event in auto racing and, certainly, the most important thing in Mario's life right now. On Memorial Day, he will sit, with his bottom only six inches off the ground, for 500 miles and more than three hours, speeding along the tightrope of disaster, getting as close to the limit of tire adhesion as possible, yet not stepping over it. If he makes a mistake, he is apt to pay with his life.

Andretti is very close to his wife and children and he knows what life means to all of them. He worries about injuries and death. Because of his experience watching his brother race, he realizes that his business must cause his wife mental anguish. But he also knows that when they married she was aware of his intentions; he was already a driver—and had been since he was a boy.

Mario: "I'll never really know what goes on inside her, but I know how it is if somebody close to you is out there . . . I'd rather be out there myself. I usually tell her 'I don't worry, why should you?' but that's a different story. I can understand her feelings, but she knows there's nothing she could do to turn me any other way."

On Memorial Day, with the giant crowd filling the Indianapolis Motor Speedway again, Mario Andretti's hopes, his fears and his butterflies will be forced aside at 11 a.m. when 33 cars, with the thunder of more than 15,000 horsepower, come bellowing toward the starting line. The quest for the automotive version of the Holy Grail, a 150-, 160-mile-an-hour wheel-to-wheel search, will be under way.

The small boy who used to stand by the route of the Mille Miglia near Florence will be there too, in a white car with a big No. 1 on its nose, running up towards the front of the pack—a little closer to the wall on the straightaways, a little deeper than the others into the corners . . . faster . . . quicker. . . .

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TOUGHEST FOE SINCE ROMMEL

[*Continued from page 37*]

Division—would pad along, loaded down with rice, water and light and heavy arms.

Viet Minh staff officers remembered later that Giap would sometimes go for days without saying anything, concentrating on messages brought to him by runners and gazing at a huge map on the wall of the hut. He moved slowly and he seemed clumsy in everything he did. Then, suddenly, he would fire questions like a string of firecrackers at his staff officers, pound the long table in the hut and begin snapping out orders.

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The order in the autumn of 1953 was to take on the French Army for a showdown battle in the wide basin of Dien Bien Phu near the Laotian frontier.

Dien Bien Phu, a sweeping plain ringed by rugged, jungle-covered mountains, is at the extreme northwestern corner of North Viet Nam. In 1953 it was a cornerstone in the strategy of French General Henri-Eugene Navarre's strategy for holding both Laos and the Red River Delta. Navarre and his staff decided to build every kind of fortification into Dien Bien Phu and make it an impregnable obstacle to the Viet Minh. The base was swiftly occupied by six battalions of French paratroopers.

The French built two airstrips to supply their fortress, and equipped it with tanks, heavy artillery, huge stores of ammunition and supplies and endless quantities of reinforced concrete and barbed wire. They thought it would hold forever. So did the Pentagon in Washington, which was staking the French army heavily with supplies: arms, ships, planes and tanks.

The French realized their base was surrounded by mountains, but since the enemy had no roads and no heavy mechanized equipment, it seemed impossible for the Viet Minh to get artillery up on those peaks. American advisers agreed that it was impossible.

But Giap did the impossible. His men pulled the cannons he needed up the mountains with ropes, several hundred men to a rope. Many of the guerrillas were crushed when cannons broke loose and rolled out of control. Some guns were lost. But Giap always found time to wander among his troops, calling encouragement to the exhausted guerrillas and haranguing them with the importance of the mission.

On March 13, 1954, Giap began his siege of Dien Bien Phu. The French were stunned when the first Viet Minh shells began landing on Dien Bien Phu's airstrips, ripping the supply planes to pieces. Fifty-five days later it was all over. The French commander, Gen. Christian de Castries, and 10,000 other French defenders of the base were prisoners. Giap had won his first war, and scored a military victory that has been ranked with Waterloo as one of history's most important battles.

Giap's army had been bled white to win its victory over Western forces. North Viet Nam has never said how many casualties it suffered in the Indochina War, but many experts believe Giap probably lost about half-a-million troops. Nevertheless, he put 141,000 well-trained French soldiers out of action—6,000 more than the U.S. lost in the Korean War, and without the help of any Chinese "volunteers."

The Vietnamese themselves could scarcely believe what they had done. After nearly a century of colonial rule by France, a peasant army had overcome a modern military machine.

Since then, military analysts of dozens of nations have been studying Giap and his tactics, hunting for the secrets of the mastermind, the Rommel of Viet Nam.

Giap, meanwhile, has written countless articles about his methods, as well as several books. If they do not entirely explain his genius, they do make clear that he believes that the same strategy he used against the French will work just as well against the Americans. How does he think his new war is going? These are the words of a diplomat who talked to Giap recently in Hanoi:

"I've never seen the man so self-confident and even cocky. It's dangerous. It seems to me he is completely underestimating the strength of his American enemy and will lead the world into something horrible by his miscalculation."

Giap's philosophy, for all the hoopla his propagandists have written about it, is fairly simple. He believes that poverty-stricken Asian farmers can always accomplish the militarily impossible, as at Dien Bien Phu, if you can once manage to get them fired up. That idea is the underlying basis of his whole war machine.

Giap doesn't express it in those words, of course. As a doctrinaire Communist, he talks about "people's warfare," in which not only men but women and children are called on to fight. He writes about the need for "political development" of his army. What he means is that in every army unit, however small, there must be not only military officers but political instructors whose job is to make sure that every soldier believes in his cause. This process of political education starts in the North Vietnamese and Viet Cong kindergartens and carries on right to the battlefields. It is the mainspring of their morale.

In his memoirs about the Indochina War, Giap added another bit of his philosophy:

"The sole source of supply could only be the battlefield—to take the material from the enemy to turn it against him. While carrying on the aggression against Viet Nam, the French Expeditionary Corps fulfilled another task: It became, unwittingly, the supplier of the Viet Nam People's Army [Viet Minh] with French and even U.S. arms."

True to Giap's guidelines, the Viet Cong today arms itself in much the same way. While the North Vietnamese regulars are mostly equipped with modern Soviet and Red Chinese weapons (including good antiaircraft radar and missiles), the VC in the south still depend largely on captured American weapons. Viet Cong gun crews now are showing up with communist-made machine guns, rockets and ultra-lightweight flamethrowers, but the standard weapon of the rank-and-file guerrilla is more likely to be an American M-2 automatic carbine than a Soviet burp gun, and the cases of ammunition he carries into battle very often have U.S.-aid handclasp stickers on it.

Apart from emphasizing political training and the stealing of supplies and weapons from the enemy, what else makes Giap tick? Basically the same tricks used by Maj. Robert Rogers, the American ranger who wrote the first guidebook on guerrilla warfare in the mid-1700's.

Says Giap (as did Rogers before him):

"Is the enemy strong? One avoids him. Is he weak? One attacks him. Losses must

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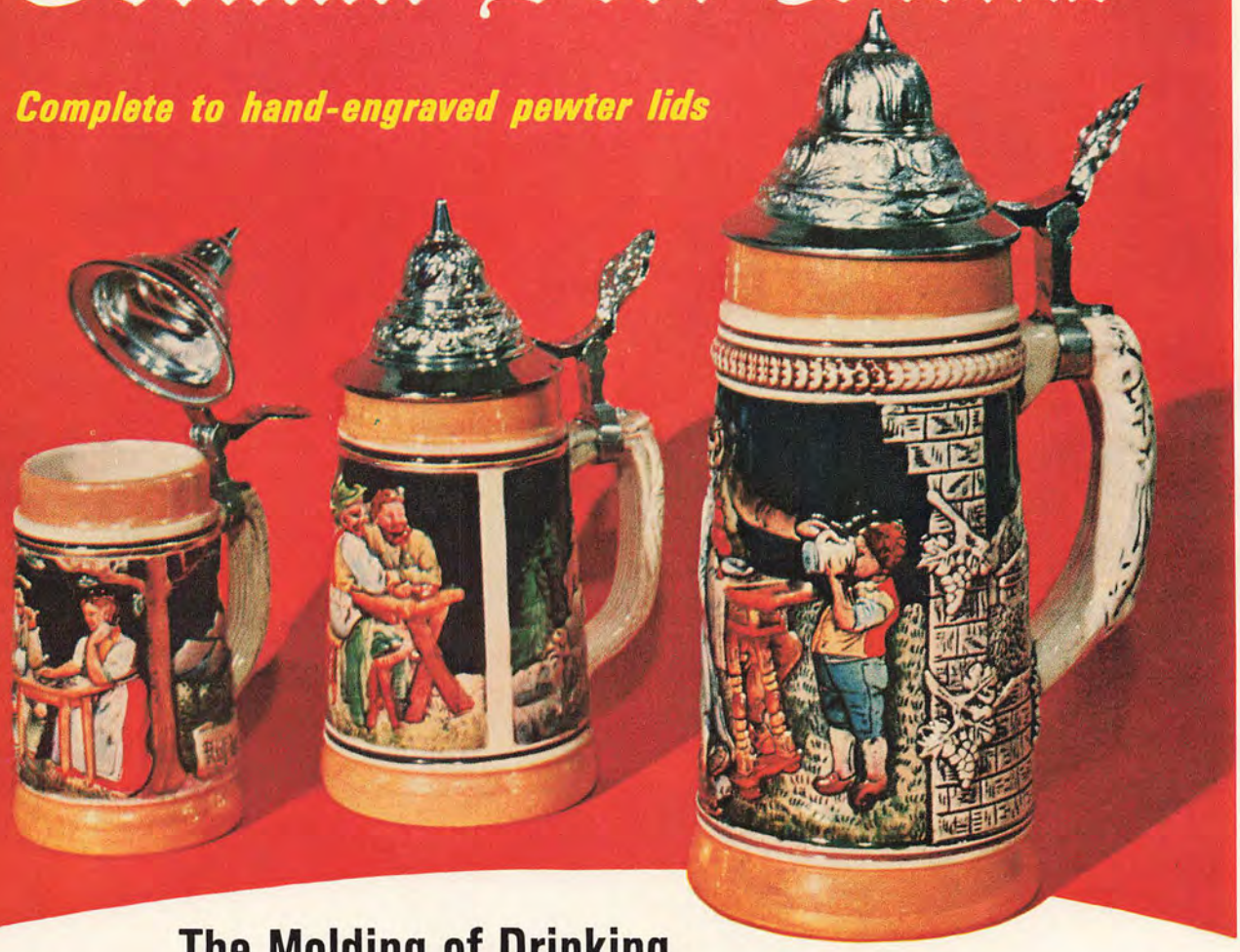

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be avoided even at the cost of losing ground."

In everyday practice this translates—as GI's have sadly learned—into heavy reliance on ambushes. The force that carries out an ambush can usually pick and choose its fights to best advantage. Such tactics make for a war in which there are very few really big, decisive battles. The aim instead is to achieve victory by slowly bleeding the other side to death.

Giap's longtime political and military mentor, Ho Chi Minh, was interviewed in France by David Schoenbrun, an American correspondent, just before Ho went to war with France. Schoenbrun asked Ho how he expected to beat a modern army with the ragged peasants he commanded, and received this answer.

"It will be a war between a tiger and an elephant. If the tiger stops, the elephant will pierce him with his tusks. Only the tiger doesn't stop. He lurks in the jungle by day and emerges only at night. He will leap onto the elephant and rip his back to shreds before disappearing again into the shadows, and the elephant will die from exhaustion and loss of blood."

Giap took that teaching to heart and even today he sometimes refers to his American enemy as "the elephant."

And the superconfident general adds: "No matter how modern its equipment, the American expeditionary corps cannot escape the inevitable defeat which is likely to befall any aggressive army facing a whole nation resolute to resist them."

Viet Nam, of course, is not a "whole nation resolute," and as such platitudes show, Giap has his weaknesses. Despite outwardly pleasant manners, he is a man filled with hate. He also has a native impulsiveness which has led him into bad military blunders which Red propagandists prefer to forget. Three years before Dien Bien Phu, for example, Giap had his fingers badly burned when he gambled on beating the French in a series of pitched battles for the Red River Delta. His army was not yet strong enough, the French still had plenty of troops and supplies, and he overextended his own supply lines. The French smashed his forces at Vinh Yen and in three later encounters.

But Giap does have the ability to learn from past errors. Much of his guerrilla strategy has evolved since 1951 and with the passing years he seems to have placed an iron rein on emotions that can get him into trouble. Before taking on Dien Bien Phu, he had made certain that if his troops performed as expected the French wouldn't stand a chance. And the story of his life has been a series of carefully planned and often sly maneuvers to bring his goals within reach.

Vo Nguyen Giap was born to a peasant family in central Viet Nam where he quickly learned to hate both of the primary targets of the Vietnamese communist: the foreigners and the rich. By the age of 16 he already had joined a secret revolutionary party, and at 20 he was arrested by the French for political agitation. Three years later he enrolled in the Indochina Communist Party. At about the same time he became a history teacher which allowed him to indoctrinate students in communism right under the nose of the French government in Hanoi. He went on studying and took advanced degrees in law, history and political economy.

In 1939, when Giap was 29, the Indochina Communist Party attempted a revolution which failed. The party was outlawed and Giap had to go underground, escaping to the mountains of southern China. By this time he had become a close friend of Pham Van Dong (the present premier of North Viet Nam) and the two younger men worked together with Ho Chi Minh to found the Viet Minh.

During Giap's absence, his young wife, also an ardent Communist revolutionary, was arrested by the French and packed off to a concentration camp, where she died in 1941. The Giaps' only child also died that year. And Giap's sister-in-law, a prisoner of the French in Saigon, was supposedly decapitated by them about this time—at a political prison standing on the site now occupied by the official residence of U.S. Ambassador Henry Cabot Lodge.

So Giap had several personal scores to settle with the hated foreigners, as well as ideological ones. He returned to North Viet Nam and began to organize the People's Army of Viet Nam. It's still in business.

Things started slowly for the PAVN. Giap had to scrounge weapons and food wherever he could, and he found himself making some strange allies. He cooperated at one point with Chiang Kai-shek's Chinese Nationalist army in south China, even advising Chiang in guerrilla tactics. Giap got some arms in exchange. He also got some weapons from the American Office of Strategic Services (OSS), the World War II behind-enemy-lines outfit that organized anti-Japanese guerrilla activities.

Actually, Giap did little fighting against the Japanese but bided his time in the jungle until he was sure the military collapse of Japan had become inevitable. He was equally sure that the French colonialists would try to move back into Viet Nam as soon as Japan fell, and he intended to beat them to the punch.

When Japan surrendered in 1945, Giap's forces struck like lightning throughout Viet Nam. Victorious Allied troops found the Viet Minh seemingly had supplanted the Japanese everywhere, and Ho Chi Minh's big red flag with the yellow star was even flying over Hanoi.

Later, France returned in force, bombarded the port of Haiphong, and the Indochina war began. Giap was ready. The entire Ho Chi Minh government vanished overnight from the cities and set itself up in the jungle where it continued to operate in secret for nine hard years.

Those years in the jungle were hard on all the Viet Minh. Commanders and troops alike suffered almost constantly from dysentery, malaria and other jungle ailments. It's a measure of Giap's skill as a leader and as a guerrilla that he kept

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Giap had his technicians figure out a process for improving the texture and flavor of an available but previously unpalatable type of rice. He also succeeded in designing underground kitchens in which the smoke was ducted through absorbent chimneys and could not be spotted from the air. The whole concept of jungle warfare now plaguing American forces in South Viet Nam's D Zone and the Iron Triangle began to take shape under Giap's hand during this period. Always the emphasis was on perfect camouflage and movement at night. French fighters and bombers were almost useless against him.

Giap still speaks scornfully of air power (although he now has some MIG fighters and Ilyushin jet bombers of his own). When visitors ask about the impact of American bombs on North Viet Nam, and the possibility of raids on Hanoi, Giap minimizes their role in the outcome of the war by asking: "Do they really believe we have forgotten how to fight from the jungle?"

Because Giap stresses the political training of his troops, he long ago issued eight general rules to his men aimed at making his soldiers popular with local peasants and winning recruits. The rules, still in force with both PAVN troops and the Viet Cong, include orders to pay for all food and supplies confiscated, to be courteous and helpful to farmers, to avoid raping women and to treat prisoners humanely, trying to convert them to the cause.

Giap claims that such courtesy and aid have made the people prefer the Viet Cong to the armies of Saigon and the United States. As a result, he contends, the Vietnamese people give the VC the three things guerrillas must have to survive: food, shelter and intelligence about enemy activity. American officials have conceded the effectiveness of Giap's code by adopting it for the special South Vietnamese cadres now being sent to work in rural areas.

For the VC, though, Giap's rules do not preclude controlled terrorism—the murder of popular local officials and village elders who favor Saigon. Nor have his rules prevented harsh treatment to some American prisoners. Like Giap, the Viet Cong and North Vietnamese have a loathing for foreigners that sometimes stuns even friendly outsiders.

An East European communist diplomat was walking through a Hanoi street recently and struck up a chat with a little street urchin. The diplomat stopped at a coffee stand and bought the child a cup of coffee sweetened with sticky condensed milk. The child was about to take a sip when a white-uniformed policeman walked up, saluted the diplomat coldly, and then knocked the glass out of the child's hand to the pavement. "We don't take charity from foreigners in this country," the policeman snapped at the crying child.

Giap has also been rude to foreign communist friends. Although North Viet Nam relies heavily on Chinese communist support, Vietnamese don't like Chinese and Giap is no friend of Peking.

At one recent party, Peking diplomats in flowery language were promising Giap all kinds of assistance, saying China was ready to do anything to help in the war against America.

The North Vietnamese leader snapped back that the most helpful thing would be for China to open a second front against the Americans somewhere else, such as Korea. The Chinese changed the subject quickly and left the party a short time later in obvious embarrassment.

Experts among the forces now fighting Giap feel that he will continue to follow the same strategy against the United States that worked against the French: small attacks and ambushes that could go on for several decades; no showdown battle unless he's sure the large and powerful American army has been bled dry. He believes time is on his side, and patience is the most important Viet Cong virtue.

One of the officers who served with Giap in the war against the French was his intelligence chief, Pham Ngoc Thao.

In 1954, Thao, who was a Catholic and not a communist, left the Viet Minh to join President Ngo Dinh Diem of South Viet Nam. Thao resumed his rank of colonel, became chief of Kien Hoa province and went to war against the Viet Cong. In recent years he tried to take over the Saigon government in several unsuccessful coup attempts, and last year the current premier, Gen. Nguyen Cao Ky, had him chased down and shot by army agents.

But once before Thao died, he talked to me about his old boss, General Giap.

"What makes things so serious here for us is that we are up against one of the most brilliant men in Asia. It's a tragedy that a man of Giap's talent is on the other side. I have worked for him, and I can tell you that no one on this side has been able to match him."

Many American officials privately agree.

Giap never attended any formal military academy. He is fond of saying that the bush is a better teacher than the academies at St. Cyr and West Point.

Only time will tell whether or not the former history teacher is overconfident in equating this struggle with his last one, in believing that the American army will act and react exactly as the French did. But U.S. strategists are in general agreement that Vo Nguyen Giap is the man we must beat if we are to win the war in Viet Nam. **—Malcolm W. Browne**

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Will the real billionaires please stand up? Only three men in the world can.

Somewhat staggered by the information that the U.S. now has nearly 100,000 millionaires, Ward Newsome of Cincinnati is moved to ask us if there are any billionaires today or if there ever have been any?

A billionaire, bear in mind, is a gent so incredibly well heeled that he is, at any one time, worth $1,000,000,000. That's one *thousand* million dollars, or if it seems more understandable, ten million hundred dollar bills. At five percent, a billion dollars would yield $50,000,000 a year in interest alone.

The answer to Ward's question is that in the entire world there are only three living men, all Americans, who have managed to latch onto a cool billion or more. They are the much publicized oil kings, Haroldson Lafayette Hunt and Jean Paul Getty, and industrial magnate Howard Hughes.

Nobody else at present comes even close to the billion mark, yet two of these men, Hunt and Getty, actually have billions to spare. There are wild variations in the estimates of the fortunes they hold. Hunt's has been put at seven billion by some of his associates, but most authorities say three or four billion is closer to the mark. Three or four billion is also the usual estimate of Getty's wealth.

Both men assert that they don't really know the extent of their fortunes. This is an understandable statement, since variations in the price of oil and of stocks in the numerous companies they control can easily make quite a difference—say of a billion or two.

Neither will admit that he has the biggest fortune. "I'm probably the *second* richest man," Hunt says modestly. To which Getty disagrees, "In terms of extraordinary personal wealth, there's only one richest man, H. L. Hunt."

Howard Hughes (TRUE, May, 1966) is estimated to have amassed between a billion and a billion-and-a-half dollars from holdings which are mainly in aviation, real estate and manufacturing.

In the long pull of history, various rulers, including Ramses II, King Solomon and Cleopatra, may well have been billionaires. In the recent past, no individual Europeans, for all the vast fortunes held by such families as the Rothschilds and the Krupps, seem to have made the list. Two plutocrats from Asia did: the Nizam of Hyderabad and the Aga Khan III. The latter had a stake in being overweight because every 10 years his followers equalled his weight in gold, diamonds and other valuables, all of which were subsequently donated to charities.

In the U.S. three men in the past rated as billionaires: John D. Rockefeller, Sr., Andrew Mellon and Henry Ford, Sr. They had about a billion each. Due to estate taxes and division among heirs, no individual member of these families has a billion today.

A reporter who, 20 years ago, termed Henry Ford "the last billionaire" turned out to be wrong. Now many experts predict Getty, Hunt and Hughes will be the last of their kind. But these predictions could prove equally wrong. With rapidly changing technology sparking the growth of brand new industries, who can safely say that no individual will ever again stake out a big enough claim to provide himself with a billion bucks?

Q: How can we be having a population explosion in this country if the birth rate has been falling during recent years? ***Harry Branboard, Scranton, Pa.***

A: People live longer. Even though the birth rate here has been on the decline since 1957, the death rate is now less than half the birth rate. As a result, our population increases by more than two million each year.

Q: How did "May Day" originate as a distress call? ***Mrs. Beth Matthews, San Jose, Calif.***

A: It approximates the English pronunciation of the French phrase *m'aidez*, meaning "help me." In 1927, the International Radio Telegraph Convention designated May Day as its official call for help.

Q: What good are those signs that say "Deer Crossing"? Are the deer supposed to know where to cross? ***Al Andrews, Trenton, N. J.***

A: No, drivers are supposed to know that deer are in the area and are likely to cross at those points in the road so designated. Deer are hypnotized by the strong headlights and will come to a complete stop in the middle of the road when a car approaches. Thousands of deer are killed each year by persons who don't know what good those signs are.

Q: Is it true that a famous baseball catcher once caught a ball which was dropped from the top of the Empire State Building? ***Arnold Drueger, Gilbert, Minn.***

A: No. But on August 21, 1908, George "Gabby" Street, a catcher for the Washington Senators, did catch a baseball dropped from the 555-foot height of the Washington Monument.

Q: Having been attacked by swarms of hungry mosquitoes when entering remote unpopulated areas where there are few or no game animals, I have wondered what these mosquitoes were feeding on before I arrived? *W. H. Lucas, Eastlake, Ohio.*

A: The normal food of most species of mosquitoes is the juice of flowers, fruits and other plants. Mosquitoes also exist on fishes, frogs, birds, mammals and even other insects. Nibbling on humans, by the way, is almost exclusively a trait of the female mosquito.

Wide World

Q: Since the National Baseball Hall of Fame was established in 1939, how many players have been elected to it? Who was the last one? *Larry Lewis, Reading, Mass.*

A: 103; Ted Williams.

Q: What is the origin of the big kettles used by chuck wagon cooks and campers, and why are they called "Dutch ovens"? *Henry Schipman, Jr., Las Cruces, N.M.*

A: Such kettles were brought over on the *Mayflower* and were great favorites of the early settlers because they could handle a lot of cooking while taking up little space. They are still popular today for the same reason. As is well known, the Pilgrims spent some years in Holland before coming to America. The Dutch oven was widely used there at the time, thus its name.

Q: Who was Matilda from the song, "Waltzing Matilda"? *Lawrence W. Daly, Smithtown, N.Y.*

A: "Waltzing Matilda," Australia's most popular song, contains aboriginal words of Australian slang. Matilda is not a person, but actually refers to the bedroll, or swag, in which itinerant workers carry all their worldly belongings.

Q: A woman once told Winston Churchill that if she were married to him she would put poison in his coffee. He answered, "If you were my wife, I'd drink it." Who was the woman? *Tom Boring, Cincinnati, Ohio.*

A: Lady Astor.

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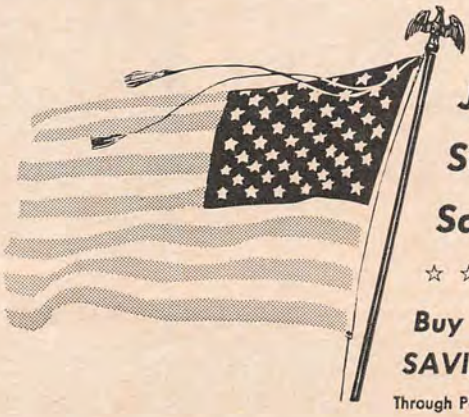

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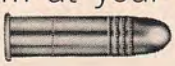

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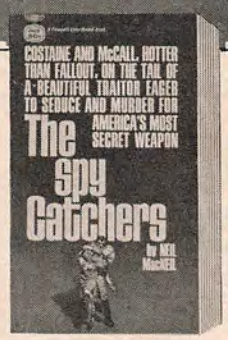
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Q: Do bats use radar to navigate and find food? ***Nelson Blunt, Fond du Lac, Wisc.***

A: No. They use sonar, which employs the reflection of sound waves. As a bat flies, it utters sounds, inaudible to the human ear, which bounce off objects. The time it takes for the sound's echo to return tells the bat where the object is. Whales and porpoises use the same system, but their sounds are audible. Radar, by the way, involves the use of radio waves.

Q: I understand that while in space our astronauts are paid $16 a day traveling expenses, the same as any government employee on travel status. Is this correct? ***A. E. Judson, S. San Gabriel, Calif.***

A: Correct. On the other hand, since food and quarters are provided by the government while the astronauts are aloft, the per diem is reduced accordingly. They actually receive only $1.25 a day in addition to their regular pay.

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SUNDOWN OF A DREAM
[*Continued from page* 59]

"What's your name?" After that, Willie hung back. Elbaum tried to prod him to mix a little more but Willie said, "Naw, it's Ray's party."

This day did, indeed, belong to Ray Robinson. He smiled and he joked and that night, on Bill Wilson's local television show, he crooned a song called, "I'm Older, But No Less Bolder."

That was Wednesday and Wednesday was beautiful. The next day the pieces began to come apart. Because the margin between profit and loss in small-town promotions can be the sale of a couple of dozen hot dogs, Elbaum has developed an acute sense of timing and foreboding. While lying in bed at 7:30 Thursday morning, he decided that he was in trouble.

Elbaum frequently reaches such important conclusions on his back. Take the night he lay on his back in his room in the Trent Gymnasium in Seoul, Korea. He was in the Army then, but still dreamed of becoming a lightweight contender. In pursuit of this ambition, he had just had his block knocked off in a

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NEXT MONTH IN TRUE

bout with some unknown. Elbaum weighed asset against debit. In some 60 fights, he had knocked out only three opponents—one of whom had been forced to quit because he broke his hand on Elbaum's head. Now, supine and thoughtful, Elbaum decided to become a fight promoter.

The first fight he ever promoted took place the following week in Seoul's Olympic Stadium. The contestants were a wiry South Korean named Kim and an American GI named Don Elbaum. "The ring was higher on one side than the other," Elbaum recalls. "A smart guy could keep his opponent punching uphill all night. I was a smart guy. I also paid myself pretty good."

With a modest bankroll, a great deal of guts and a powerful, well-hidden radio, Elbaum began to nurse his finances. He booked bets on American fights, wisely figuring to win because the radio gave him the results several hours before the Pacific edition of Stars and Stripes arrived. He believes that he emerged from his military service as the richest Pfc in Korea. Still, he has had to replenish that bankroll several times in recent years at something more than the nominal bank rates. A man learns to face reality in this way. Don Elbaum began to face it at 7:30 in the morning that Thursday when he looked at the newspaper and discovered that 18 high-school football games were scheduled for the Johnstown area the night of his fight card.

Thursday *was* a horror. Ticket sales stopped. All over town people talked football. It rained all day and Pep sat in his room and Robinson sat in his room and then Peter Schmidt arrived from Toronto in time to sit in his. Willie Little was still in Philly. Everyone was depressed except Meagher. Elbaum spent the entire day on a treadmill between the offices of the Johnstown newspaper and the local TV station. Each hour he called Tony, the box office man at the Cambria County War Memorial arena where the bouts would be held. And each hour, Tony said:

"It's lousy, Don. You are going to need a very big miracle."

That night Elbaum and Meagher sat at a rear table in the Golden Key. A girl piano player sang ballads. The bar was moderately busy. Outside, the rain continued to slash against the soot-gray buildings.

"Sure this is the biggest thing ever happened here," Meagher said. "This is a beer and shot town . . . a blue collar town . . . a Saturday night town. The high-school football figures to hurt but, my God, Sugar Ray Robinson in Johnstown! If they don't come out, they deserve to see high-school football."

"I don't know," Elbaum said, cautiously voicing what he already knew to be fact. "The advance stinks. You can always smell a bomb the day before. Sure it's the money that bothers me but, what the hell, Pep and Robinson on the same night. I know I'd pay to see it and I don't pay to see many things. Well, we can't sell any tickets here. Let's case the diner."

The rain had turned to a raw, irritating drizzle, but Elbaum and Meagher walked to Topp's Diner, maybe six blocks away. When they got there, Meagher put his arm around the cashier and said: "How many tickets we sell today, beautiful?"

"How many you sell yesterday?" she asked.

"None," Meagher said with a hollow laugh.

"You ain't lost any ground," she replied. "That's what we sold today. None."

An hour later Burrell Hasselrig deposited Mrs. Gainford and Mrs. Robinson in a front booth and walked to the rear of the diner. He is Negro and he had been trying to drum up some business in the predominantly Negro bars.

"We did ourselves a lot of good," he said hopefuly, "a lot of good."

"We could use something good," Elbaum said.

"No, I mean it," Hasselrig replied. "Ray was beautiful about the whole deal. I said tonight we're going to see some of the members and he said, 'Well, I was wonderin' when we could do that,' and so we hit all the spots. People lined up to see him. We just phoned ahead and they were waiting for us. Ray Robinson right here in Johnstown. It was like a dream."

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"Sell any tickets?" Elbaum asked.

"Well, I think we will tomorrow," Hasselrig said. "I hope so. The night cost me 50 bucks. But I don't want it back unless we make some money."

The silence was deafening as the partners looked at one another.

Now it was 2 a.m. and back at the motel Elbaum had a message to call Bernie Blancher in Buffalo. Blancher is a fight manager and he was going to bring in some kids for the preliminaries. The room was a magnificent sprawl of dirty laundry, newspaper clippings and record books. Robinson's magical right-handed gloves lay on one of the twin beds.

"Yeah, Bernie," Elbaum was saying into the telephone. "I know. I know you'll try. Listen, I'll call Charley in Pittsburgh and see what he can do. Meanwhile, see if you can make the bail. Get a lawyer. Do something about the kid. Please, Bernie. It's important."

"Lovely," Elbaum said when he hung up. "Sammy is in the can."

"Which means?" a man asked.

"Which means if he's in jail I got nobody to fight Red Parsons. Red Parsons sold 100 tickets for me. I got to find a way to use him. I gotta call Pittsburgh.

"Operator . . . yes . . . get that Pittsburgh number I gave you earlier. I know what time it is. He'll be up. I'm up. He has to get up to answer the telephone. Hello . . . Charlie . . . listen, Sammy is in the can . . . yeah . . . go out and get me Kenny Rose . . . well, find him . . . how the hell do I know? Check the missions and the soup kitchens. Charley, please, I need him."

Later Friday morning, Max Liflander, who manages Peter Schmidt, sat down next to a reporter in the motel coffee shop and said: "I got to get Peter over and get him a good meal. I want more weight on him. He's a good kid. A lot tougher than most people would think.

"Schmidt does okay tonight," Liflander continued, "and I could move him a little. He's tough. He could hurt you."

Peter Schmidt walked over. His face is more milkman than fighter. He said he was glad to have this opportunity. The Ring Record Book shows that he did not set the world on fire in 1965. Still it was better than 1964. In 1964, he didn't win a single fight.

The weigh-ins were scheduled for noon. At 11, Willie Pep walked into the motel lobby—which looks more like a living room—and switched on the television set. An old Dick Van Dyke rerun was on. "You ever think about Sandy Saddler?" a man asked. Saddler and Pep passed the featherweight title back and forth in three memorable battles from 1948 to 1950.

"Well, yes," Pep said. "I guess that was the high point, but it's over now. I just want to fight kids I can be in with and look good and entertain people. I still can do a lot of things people like to see. With me it's the money. If I could get a public relations job with something like a brewery, I'd quit. I ain't trying to win no titles."

The weigh-ins were at Del's Lounge on Walnut Street. Danny Del is a former local athlete and he shook hands with the early arrivals at the door. Then they all went back to the ladies' room. The walls were pink and a pink and black bathroom scale stood in the middle of the room. A man named Leo Porko from the state boxing commission sat behind a rickety table and told Pep to weigh himself. As Pep stepped nude onto the scale, Peter Schmidt chatted amiably with a man from the local Sealtest Dairy. Schmidt works for Sealtest in Canada. When he walked over to Porko, the commissioner said, "What's your name?" Peter Schmidt smiled and accepted his minor role.

Pep was pulling on his shirt now. "Hey, Elbaum," he called out, "you got a doctor comin' or not?"

"He'll be here, Willie. Just relax."

Suddenly there was Gainford standing in the doorway. Sugar Ray walked in directly behind him. There are some things in life which even the calendar cannot change and the way Ray Robinson enters a room is one of them. He neither walks nor shuffles. He is simply there. He wore a tan raincoat and a porkpie hat. His shirt was white with vertical charcoal-gray stripes on the collar and cuffs. He wore the same dazzling cardigan he had worn at the depot. Leo Porko nearly upset the table jumping to his feet.

"Hi, Ray," Pep said softly.

"I can't tell you what a thrill this is," Peter Schmidt said.

"Can't we get started?" Gainford asked.

They weighed in and the doctor still hadn't arrived so Elbaum chased everybody out front where there was a small buffet prepared.

"Where's the doctor?" Pep kept asking nobody in particular.

The doctor was an agreeable young man who took his work seriously. Everybody crowded back into the ladies' room and the man from Sealtest looked at Robinson's flat stomach and said: "God, how does he do it?"

"Work," said Pep, who had come up softly behind him. "Hard, tough, lousy work." Then the doctor examined him.

Everybody went outdoors and on the street just in front of Wanda's House of Beauty, Pep was saying: "Did you know Ray and me once fought? It was in the amateurs up in Connecticut and I remember I looked across the ring and I told my manager that the other guy looked awful big to me. This manager, he said to me: 'Listen, you got no complaint. Number one, you get a sawbuck under the table and number two if he was any good he wouldn't be here fighting you.' Honest to God that's what he said."

"He sounds like an amazing judge of talent," a fellow replied.

"Yeah," Pep said, "he was something all right." Willie lost the fight.

At 4:30 that afternoon, with the first preliminary only a few hours away, Elbaum and Meagher sat at the bar in the Golden Key and figured. "Burrell says he thinks we got some money due us at some of his joints," Meagher said, riffling a gigantic stack of unsold tickets.

"Swell," Elbaum said. "I hope it pours. I hope it drowns every damn high-school football player in Pennsylvania tonight. They told me I was all right. They said the local high school wasn't playing. Now I find out they meant the local public school. The Catholic school plays right down the street tonight."

Then Elbaum went down to the shoemaker's to get laces for the gloves. He bargained the price down from half a buck to 35 cents. "How the tickets going?" the guy behind the counter asked.

"You bought one?"

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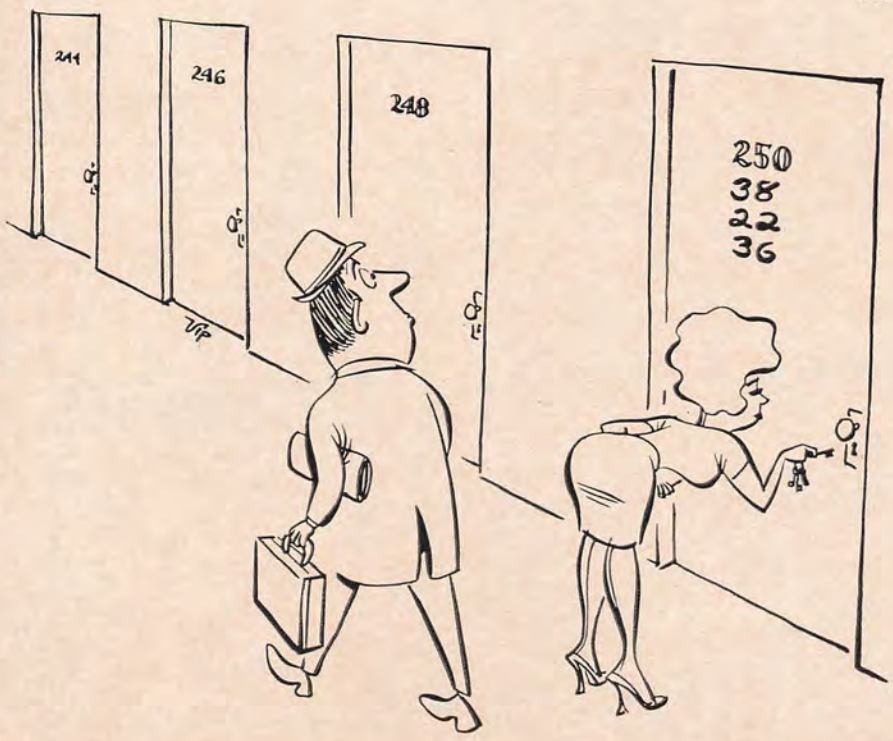

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"Well, no, but. . ."

"Then don't ask."

The Cambria War Memorial is a large arena. It is a fine, modern structure and it gave every promise of being fine, modern and empty that night. Tony, the box office man said he'd sold two tickets since Elbaum's last call. A maintenance man reminded Elbaum that he only had one ring stool. "I'll think of something," Elbaum said. It wasn't clear exactly what he meant by that.

Meanwhile, back at the Golden Key, Meagher and Hasselrig sat gloomily at the bar watching the waitresses set up for the evening meal.

"We didn't do as much on those night-spot sales as I expected," Hasselrig said. "It's a shame."

"Forget it," Meagher said with a nothing-can-save-us-now expression of gloom. Then he brightened and said: "At least I'm going to announce at ringside. It's my first promotion and I'm going to get that much out of it." He fingered the black-and-white checked jacket with black lapels he was wearing. "How do I look?" he asked. "They won't forget this jacket."

Now it was 7 o'clock and outside the War Memorial two kids on bicycles pulled up alongside Elbaum as he parked the car. "Lend me half a buck," Elbaum told his passenger. "I need it for the parking attendant. Right now," he added, fishing out some coins from his pocket, "I got exactly 28 cents in cash. I think I'm going to be sick."

"Hey," one of the kids hollered. "You fightin' tonight?"

"Yeah," Elbaum said. "I'm fighting tonight. Boy am I fighting tonight. My name is Willie Pep and I'm fighting Sugar Ray and now get the hell out of my way."

"I hope he beats your brains in," the kid said.

"Somebody is doing just that," Elbaum replied.

At 7:30, the preliminary fighters began to show. Bernie Blancher arrived without the much sought-after Sammy. Elbaum was supposed to be offering a five-bout card and now it would be four. Red Parsons, the kid from Pittsburgh who had sold all the tickets for his bout, came in. "You can't fight tonight," Elbaum said, and explained why. Parsons looked as though he might cry. Then Bob Meagher walked in. "That damn high-school game. It looks like everybody in the world is out at the ball park." Now Elbaum looked as though he might cry.

"Don," the arena manager interrupted, "can I see you a minute? We still only have one stool."

"Jeez," Elbaum said, looking at the ceiling. "Do I have to do everything?"

"Cool it," Charlie Daniels said. Charlie is from Pittsburgh and he was going to work one of the corners. "Just get me a folding chair from inside."

"Fighters can't sit on a chair," Elbaum said.

"They ain't going to. Now go on, get a chair and I'll fix it."

Elbaum walked into the arena and reached for a folding chair. "Where you going with that, Mack?" an usher demanded.

"Listen," Elbaum said, "I am promoting this fight. If you don't take your hand off my arm I will break it. At the very least, you won't get paid."

"Sorry, sir," the usher said.

Outside the preliminary fighters' dressing room, Charlie Daniels slammed the chair against the stone wall. He did it four times, very much like a man who had done this sort of thing before. The back of the chair shattered. "Now you got yourself a stool," he said.

"Charlie," Elbaum said softly, "please, not for Sugar. Make sure Sugar gets the real stool, O.K.?"

"Okay," Charlie said.

By this time a little over 1,000 people had trickled into the arena, which holds 5,000. Nobody else was coming. If any more did, they came disguised as empty seats. In a corner room, Pep and Schmidt sat silently. Schmidt wore a black bathrobe with the legend, *Peter Go Go Schmidt* scrawled across the back. Pep wore a red, shorty bathrobe. Willie looked down at the floor and rubbed his hands together nervously in his lap. "What's the crowd like?" he inquired.

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NEXT MONTH IN TRUE

"Don't ask," a man said. "It's better to be surprised."

Peter Schmidt said nothing but from time to time he smiled an incredulous smile. Outside two middleweights had finally begun the program and down the hall, Robinson had slipped into the dressing room normally used by the local hockey club.

Over at the far end of the room, Gainford was taking small bottles out of a medical kit and placing them in a neat little row. Then he took out the tape and bandages. The room was amazingly empty. Everyone had to feel a little older.

Robinson sat quietly on a low wooden bench, his feet occasionally tapping on the red linoleum floor. There was no heat in the room. "Lots of people at that football game," he said slowly, ". . . a . . . whole . . . lot . . . of . . . people."

Then he untied his shoes. With a hint of a shiver, he stripped, pulled on his athletic supporter and protective cup, donned his bathrobe and walked over to Gainford. "Don't go catching cold," Gainford cautioned softly, and then he began to wrap Robinson's hands. He worked quickly. He has wrapped a great many hands and most of them have belonged to Robinson. Max Liflander stuck his head in the door.

"You started taping?"

"Yeah," Gainford replied. "I wrap them good and easy. New York style." Liflander did not stick around to watch.

The first two bouts were over now and the crowd, which had enormous freedom of movement in a hall designed to hold five times its number, was shuttling between the arena proper and the soft drink concessions when Pep came hurriedly down one of the aisles from his corner dressing room. The customers did not know quite what to expect and when they suddenly caught sight of the red shorty robe with the matching hood, there was a kind of embarrassed titter.

All week long they had seen the full-length picture of him on the posters around town. The picture was an old one. It showed Willie with the world featherweight championship belt, his right hand cocked high, the left well out in front, a young face with a shock of curly black hair.

Now he was 43 years old, at least 10 pounds heavier and his forehead had grown several inches. Willie has a good face. It makes no secret about where he's been. He walked quickly into the ring and he did not look at his wife, who was sitting in the sixth row with Millie Robinson. He also did not look across the ring at Willie Little, his opponent. He had seen a lot Willie Littles lately.

A man named Buck McTiernan was the referee. He did not relish the assignment. Twenty-two years earlier, Willie Pep had won a 12-rounder from a very good fighter named Jackie Wilson in Forbes Field in Pittsburgh. There had been noise and drama and thousands of faces looking up at him. On that long-gone night Willie Pep was everything anybody has ever told you he was. He was spectacular. Buck McTiernan knows because he was the referee that night.

Once Willie Pep won 62 straight prize fights. But now in Johnstown, Pa., Willie Little apparently would not fight and Willie Pep apparently could not fight. The result was a tragic charade. On lifeless legs, Pep pressed forward against a so-much younger man who would not strike back. The first time Willie Little went down, he had been hit by absolutely nothing and McTiernan stood over him and yelled: "Slip . . . no knockdown. . . ." And a little less audibly he said: "Get up and earn your money."

McTiernan stopped it at 1:05 of the third and Pep was puffing violently. There were no boos. There was only a long, sad silence and McTiernan raised Pep's hand in obvious distaste.

"He was," the referee said afterward, "beautiful that night in Pittsburgh. Tonight I was disgusted. A younger man always can beat an older one. Pep opened his robe at the start and I thought, 'My God, he looks 100 years old.' "

"Did you feel a little sad about this?" a bystander wondered. "I mean a little sorry for him?"

"Why?" the referee said firmly. "I didn't put him in there."

Johnstown can be proud of itself. In other communities Sugar Ray Robinson would still be in his dressing room waiting to go on. In other towns, they would have sacked and pillaged and turned the joint into a bowling alley after the first fiasco. There remained no chance to save

the show financially. But Ray Robinson came on and saved the arena. He walked tall on his way to the ring. There were no people to shove aside, no cops to follow, no giant ball park with the big lights burning down and the full-throated roar sounding from the far-off bleachers. There was only Johnstown, Pa., and not very much of it at that, and a take home pay of $790.

But it was not the money. In the crowd was Archie Litman, a Pittsburgh promoter, and earlier he had told Gainford that if Ray looked good, he would try to get somebody for him like Joey Archer in Pittsburgh.

This was the stage and in the sixth row Millie Robinson looked at Ray and smiled and George Gainford leaned on the ropes behind him and said nothing and across the ring Peter Schmidt smiled in wonder. He was still smiling a minute later when Ray hit him in the head with a left hook. Then there were two more hooks sandwiched around a right hand and Johnstown ooohed and aaahed and it didn't matter that Peter Schmidt gave no ground. Nobody goes to *Aida* to cheer for the spear carriers.

In the second Robinson slowed the pace and in the respite a voice in the audience began to intone over and over: "Sweeten him up, Sugar. Sweeten him up." Other voices joined the chorus and in the third, Ray obliged by drawing blood from Peter Schmidt's nose. In the fourth, there were two Robinson flurries. They came quickly and accurately: rat-tat-tat-tat, but you could count the punches. Try to count the punches Ray Robinson rained on Randy Turpin that night in the Polo Grounds or the ones which took out Graziano in Chicago, and give up.

You could count them, though in Johnstown, and it was like watching punches on the isolated camera. They were all there but Peter Schmidt unlike the foes of long ago did not reel or back away. Happily, Johnstown either didn't notice or care.

In the fifth, Peter Schmidt stole a round. The voice was still calling, "Sweeten him, Sugar," but suddenly Schmidt banged home a right to the head and Gainford hollered "careful." When the round ended, the former welterweight champion of Canada gave Ray Robinson a patronizing tap on the arm. In the corner Gainford spoke softly and put the sponge to Ray's tongue and the words had to be words of caution.

Peter Schmidt had no more moments. In the seventh there was another flurry of hooks and rights by Robinson and Schmidt didn't come forward this time but he didn't back away either. Robinson stared at him at the bell.

In the eighth, Robinson drove a hard right cross flush against Peter Schmidt's jaw and Schmidt went down for an eight count. In the ninth, two lefts put him down again. In the tenth, Robinson leaned against the ropes and clowned. He won it big despite the obvious inroads of the calendar, and for what it was worth, the decision was an accurate one.

Elbaum paid off the preliminary kids in the arena office. They came, the four of them, each with his canvas gym bag and they waited patiently against the wall. Then the three partners and the box office man went to an adding machine and the partners came away a little green after they figured the rent. Elbaum stuck the tape with the financial figures in his pocket and everybody went back to the motel.

The dirty laundry was still on the floor and Meagher sat on one of the twin beds surrounded by stacks of unsold tickets. Robinson's right-handed gloves were still on the other bed.

"Why kid myself," Pep said when he came for his money. "For me the name of the game is don't get hurt. Look, Don, I don't need no financial statements. Just give me what you're gonna give me and I'll get going. You don't ever have no trouble with me." Elbaum handed him $250.

Gainford collected Robinson's share and Elbaum told him that the Archer-Robinson fight was set for Pittsburgh. Joe Pollino, Pep's cut man, walked into the room. While Meagher and Hasselrig shouted figures across the room at each other, checking them against their records, Pollino flipped on the television. The time was 2 a.m., and the screen came up with "The Bride of Frankenstein." It was very appropriate. Elbaum's date with destiny had needed to do six grand to break even. It barely did four.

Finally, the men in the room said the hell with it, left the federal tax to be figured the next morning and adjourned to the Golden Key, which by now was dark and empty. When Meagher, still wearing his checkered jacket, broke out the booze, there wasn't an atheist in the foxhole. At dawn, they went to bed.

On Saturday the skies cleared and in the morning sunlight, you could see the magnificent Johnstown cable car silhouetted against the mountains which front the city. In less than a month both Pep and Robinson would be retired (though Willie soon "unretired" again), Elbaum would have held another boxing show in Steubenville and Hasselrig and Meagher would be talking about a second try on their own.

But now Elbaum sat in his room, wearing a T-shirt and his underpants. His eyes were the color of tomato juice and the newspaper on the bed indicated that the local parochial school had drawn 4,000 people to its football game the night before. "I can't figure it," he said. "I mean what happened, the way nobody came to see us. I'll never understand it. Now I got to go back to Steubenville and put together another show."

"It's a different world now," a visitor suggested. "Perhaps it was televison that changed things, or the hard guys in boxing, or who knows what. But you can't promote fights on yesterday's names any more."

"Maybe," Elbaum said. "But listen, you know I got this Jewish heavyweight named Dick Whipperman. He can punch. What about Cassius Clay and him in one of those big soccer stadiums over in Israel? Hell, Clay's gotta fight somebody, don't he? An Arab and a Jew. . . ."

As Elbaum dreamed out loud, he never even saw his visitor leave.—**Jerry Izenberg**

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LOVE—IN THE LINE OF DUTY

[*Continued from page* 47]

obey an order than a colonel too regimented to think and act for himself."

David was sent to India. It was his mission to recruit, organize and train native personnel as saboteurs for the OSS to be used against the Japanese wherever they might be most vulnerable. Written, like this, it looks neat, tidy and quite simple. In fact it was fantastically complicated.

Fortunately, two things played into David's hands. The first was the fact that, owing to the long association with the British, an unusually high percentage of the natives spoke English. The other fact was that one tribe alone stood out as warriors. The Gurkhas, above all others in India, had the longest history, the proudest record as fighters of incredible courage and daring, inhuman ferocity and tenacity. It would be among the proud Gurkhas that he would be most likely to discover the men he needed for the sabotage activities of the OSS.

OSS headquarters in New Delhi found a small house for David. With a personal boy, two other servants besides and the necessary organization and money of the OSS behind him, David was in a world as far removed from the one in which he had grown up as it would be possible to attain. One other change was made. David was elevated to the rank of captain.

The first few weeks were filled with frustrations. Contacts were made, discussions were held, there was much formality, there were bowings and smiles, toasts drunk, meals proffered but there was little actual progress made.

Then, quite unexpectedly one evening over a drink with a Gurkha officer, casual mention was made of the fact that there was a man of great power, a Gurkha chieftain, who would perhaps be able to help. He lived in Nepal. The Gurkhas were proud men, men who refused to come to the world, men who demanded that the world come to them.

It took them two days to reach the Gurkha chieftain at the small enclave which made up his headquarters. It was neatly ordered, green and serene and there were many buildings, a kind of self-contained village set about a gardenlike court. A large house of brick-red stone with many arches dominated the scene and looked down upon smaller buildings of less pretension.

They went straight to the large red house, where they met the chieftain. To the young Gurkha officer he made the Indian gesture of greeting, palms together, fingers pointing upward, head slightly inclined over them. Then, as the young officer acknowledged the greeting and introduced David, the chieftain held out his hand, smiled and spoke a perfect English "Good afternoon."

He was exotically handsome, the Gurkha chieftain, tall, lean and sinewy. His skin was the color of polished walnut.

He was disarmingly attentive to David, telling him that he knew only few Americans. He asked how David liked India, how long he had been in the country, if he had known it before the war. Not a mention was made of the purpose of David's visit, not that afternoon. The purely social, casual atmosphere of an English country weekend prevailed.

David and the young Gurkha officer were quartered in another of the houses near the main house and each was given an apartment containing his own sitting room, dressing room and bedroom.

Dinner was of many courses, exotic, lavishly served and highly seasoned. And it was taken alone. Servants brought a low table into David's sitting room, placed it before a huge cushion on which he was to sit and served him each course with meticulous courtesy. He learned later that the young Gurkha officer was served the same meal in the same fashion in his own sitting room and that they had eaten each course simultaneously with their host who remained and was served in his own large house.

At the end of the meal coffee and liqueurs were brought and placed on a low table before a huge divan. A young, gloriously tawny-colored girl came into the room. She carried a long-necked, small-bodied stringed instrument. She curtsied low before David, smiled and then placed a single white blossom on the table before him. With a lithe grace she moved to one side of the room, sank to her knees against a cushion and began to stroke the instrument and to sing.

A servant pattered in to offer fresh coffee, more liqueurs. He had hardly left when another servant came in, bowed low and asked if David would care for something else. Another girl? Or two? Or something more? Before David could reply, a young girl was beckoned into the room before him. She glided past him, young, prettily dark, unspoiled-looking, with firm breasts under shimmering silk and she was silently followed by another and another and another until six elegant, young, glowingly bronzed girls had come before him, bowed low, smiled and gone out.

Then came the boys, some in their teens, others in their 20's, one or two more mature. They wore slender white trousers but were nude from the waist up showing either the undevelopment of their bodies or the hard, muscled mahogany sheen of their chests and shoulders. Two of them wore beards, dark and glistening. They bowed low before David, smiled and glided silently from the room on bare feet.

The haunting voice, the plaintive instrument continued their sensuous music. The smiling servant reappeared and waited for orders.

David thanked him for his kindness, and explained that the journey had been long and tiring. He would just stroll quietly for a few minutes in the garden and then retire. . . .

The next morning David learned from the young Gurkha officer that he had passed a most pleasant evening. He had chosen three girls and one man. David never discovered how they had managed. that. Frankly, he was too embarrassed to ask about it.

It was midmorning when David and the young Gurkha officer met with the chieftain to discuss the possibility of obtaining Gurkha fighters for OSS sabotage groups. David explained the objectives of the OSS against the Japanese, the difficulty faced by an American organization operating in the Orient, the impossibility of using American personnel in critical areas, the hopelessness of infiltrating Americans into strategic locations with any success.

He described how our training areas would be established, how the Gurkha recruits would be taught the most refined and deadly of sabotage techniques, how they would be equipped.

The Gurkha chieftain made no comment of any sort.

David fought a rising inner panic. He

"My Blue Cross ran out."

emphasized how the British had made available to the OSS much of their training know-how, how we could utilize some of their training schools and how, in some cases, they would be able and willing to provide instructing personnel.

The Gurkha chieftain broke his silence. He began with a long, rather scholarly and articulate summary of the history of Gurkha-British relations. He had himself served under the British in the field and he knew first hand what such a service was like. He was bitter. And as David listened, unbelieving and aghast, the chieftain poured out his hatred.

It was all said with quiet dignity. There was no ranting, no heated anger, but it brought David up short with its conclusion. There would be absolutely no Gurkha assistance, no participation—at least on the part of this chieftain—in any project in which the British had the slightest influence.

Then his Oriental good manners came to the fore. He told David that he admired the Americans. On a personal level he added that he found David a charming guest, intelligent, sincere and amusing. He hoped he would at least stay the night and leave fresh the next morning for his return to New Delhi.

The conference was at an end.

The next morning, soon after breakfast, David met again with the Gurkha chieftain to assure him that it might be possible to organize a purely American effort without British assistance. He would need time—it would involve certain clearances with his superiors—but would the chieftain be willing to discuss the matter further if such details could be worked out?

The reply was cunningly evasive. They could talk further. David would be welcome to return at any time.

Back in New Delhi David used the strongest weapon of diplomacy in his dealing with the British—utter frankness. And, as might have been expected, the British reacted with a realistic, sophisticated and practical attitude. They would keep hands off of any group of Gurkhas David could organize. In the background they stood ready to help—but the chieftain need not know that.

David made two more tedious treks to the Gurkha chieftain's secluded stronghold, with seemingly no result. Then the message arrived. It said, in effect, that the Gurkha chieftain would be willing to cooperate with David and the Americans. He would be willing to furnish men to be trained by the OSS as saboteurs. There was one condition, however: the Gurkha chieftain would furnish the required recruits if David would act as sponsor for the Gurkha chieftain's daughter.

It was not until the young Gurkha officer had explained to him what such a sponsorship meant that David realized the enormity of the situation in which he was involved. To sponsor the Gurkha chieftain's daughter was the highest honor that could be bestowed upon David. In this manner the Gurkha chieftain was pledging his word, sealing his bond and guaranteeing his good faith. Its acceptance by David would be equally binding on him as an act of the faith.

David asked what his responsibilities as a sponsor would be. The young Gurkha officer told him quite simply. As sponsor, David would be expected to break the young lady's virginity. . . .

It was evening when they began preparing David for his sponsorship. Three servants came to his dressing room and began to disrobe him. They removed his uniform, all of his clothes, until he was completely nude and asked him to lie on a couch. Working deftly and with meticulous care, the servants bathed his whole body with warm, scented water to which had been added a light sweet oil. When they finished they held a kimono of sheer silk for him and helped him tie it around his waist.

In a few moments the Gurkha chieftain appeared. He bowed to David, shook hands with him, complimented him on his appearance and asked if he was ready. David managed an affirmative answer, and the Gurkha chieftain led him through a garden to a small tent of golden silk.

Two women were waiting in the tent. The chieftain spoke to them in Khaskura, which David did not understand. The two women left silently and reappeared almost instantly with a young girl.

Her head was bowed. Her black hair, glistening like patent leather in the flickering light, was parted in the middle and drawn tightly back against her head into a knot on her neck. She was dressed in the palest yellow silk. Her hands were clasped in front of her. She was barefoot.

The two women urged her forward until she was directly in front of the Gurkha chieftain and David. She stopped when she was about a yard from them, bowed low and then went to her knees and prostrated herself before them on the carpet. The Gurkha chieftain spoke softly to her in Khaskura, compassionately.

Gracefully, she rose from the ground and slowly raised her head. And for the first time David looked into her eyes. They were the wide, darkly wondering and frightened eyes of a child!

Never, in all the days of preparation for this occasion, had he suspected that the daughter whom he would be sponsoring would be a child. A child of 12 at the very most.

The two older women came forward, took the child by the hand and led her to

[*Continued on page* 112]

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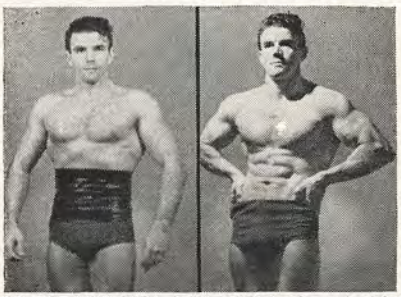

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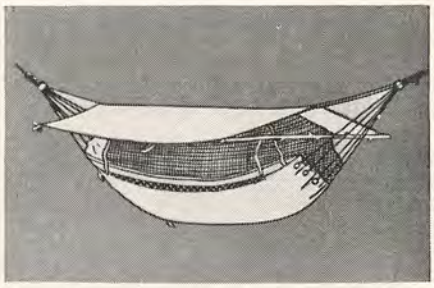

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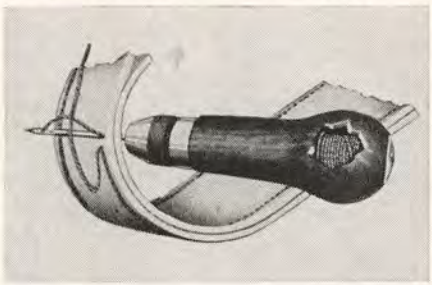

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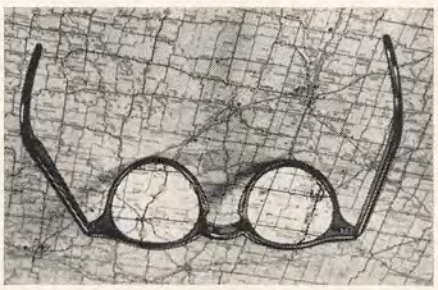

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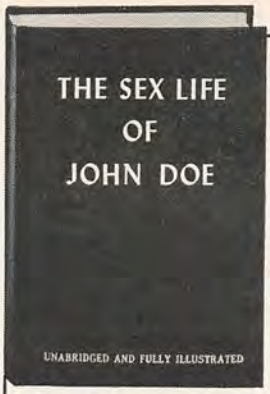

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[*Continued from page* 109]

the couch. Deftly, gently, they undid the knot of her hair until it fell in a glistening coil down her back. They unwrapped the silken folds of her gown. The women drew back the gown until it was quite free of her body and she was momentarily exposed. Then, artfully, they arranged the filmy material loosely across her tiny body. They placed pillows under her head, patted them and smoothed the sheets, then withdrew from the tent.

The Gurkha chieftain smiled at David, nodded and gestured toward the couch where the child lay. He smiled again, bowed, turned abruptly and left the scented silken room.

David stood and looked down at the child. She was watching him with wide, inquiring eyes, intensely black. With a completely innocent gesture, she raised both arms toward him and wriggled her fingers in invitation.

"You lie here? Please?"

It was half question, half invitation, spoken with studied schoolgirl precision. In a manner that suggested hours of practice, she squirmed her small body in the softness of the couch and drew her gown partly away from her very small breasts.

David slid onto the couch.

She freed herself completely from her gown and her lean, small body—the color of ginger against the whiteness of the sheets—pressed against him seductively. The two older women apparently had done their work well. The girl-child caressed him with the intensity of the most seductive courtesan. She slipped her hands under his kimono, rippled her fingers across his chest, stroked his arms and shoulders. She nestled against him with little murmuring sounds of contentment while the eager, lightly avid hands and fingers played along his back around his waist. They retraced their play, the arms, the shoulders, the chest again and then wandered over his stomach.

With a childlike impatience, she tugged petulantly at the sash that bound his kimono, undid it and pulled the soft silk away from his body.

"You take away? Yes?"

The sensuous, longing, throbbing urge of the music rose and fell. The seductive voice, the plaintive strings, the mood was licentious. The insistence, the urgent play of the warm small body beside him—the male in David responded. . . .

She lay close against him, their bodies moist-warm, melded. He could feel her heart beating rapidly against him and the deep exhaustion of her breathing warmed the base of his throat. He stroked the small soft back, cupped her firm buttocks in his hand and caressed her arms, her shoulders, her silken hair.

He reached for his kimono on the carpet beside him and drew it across their naked bodies. She opened her eyes, smiled up at him, then closed them again and snuggled closer to sleep.

The discreet small sounds of the servants woke him. They were padding quietly about on the carpeting of the tent, a polite way of urging him on to other things. He turned to the girl-child.

She was gone. . . .

David's sponsorship paid off. There was a final conference the next morning before he returned to New Delhi. All of the details were then worked out and the Gurkha chieftain agreed to supply the necessary recruits for the OSS sabotage teams. The chieftain's earlier crafty reticence had vanished and he came to treat David almost as a son. There was nothing he would not do for the young American.

A seemingly endless stream of raw material in the form of young Gurkha warriors became available to David for training. They were sent to OSS schools where they were taught the intricate and devious ways of sabotage.

The Gurkhas were apt pupils. Their tremendous daring and courage, their physical stamina, their pride, all of these factors contributed to their success in sabotage work. And when at last David was able to get them into the war areas—teams of two or three men working surreptitiously behind enemy lines—they were tremendously effective against the Japanese.

All of this David accomplished through the sponsorsip of the Gurkha chieftain's daughter. Weeks of preparation and parley, months of training and then the added months of the most desperate and dangerous kind of warfare—all of this hinged on the single bizarre factor, the defoliation of one small girl in the remote garden in Nepal.

He never saw her again.

The war was long over. Years had passed since the Japanese surrender. I was crossing the Atlantic on the *Queen Mary* when I ran into David, of all people.

He was bronzed, still lean and young looking though there were a few gray hairs showing at the temples. He was, of course, in civilian clothes.

We got all of the personals out of the way at once. I learned that David was now in business for himself, that he was successful beyond his wildest hopes and that his work took him abroad at least once a year and often more.

Over drinks we exchanged information on who was where, doing what and all the rest. We swapped yarns about the general who had headed the OSS, had been close to us both, the man known to every person in the OSS as 109, his code number.

And we talked about India, Nepal, Assam, the Gurkha sabotage groups and the sponsorship. David laughed about how naive and unsophisticated he had been when he was first thrown into the intrigues of India and as he described his ordeal leading up to the sponsorship and all that it involved he embellished the tale with little asides, picturing himself as the shy country bumpkin.

I couldn't resist interjecting my own surmise as to what some member of Congress or the Senate would do with the tale of a young red-blooded American boy being sent to war to seduce young virgins. With government money, too.

David sipped his drink. The smile marks that always creased his cheeks when he was amused vanished and there was a wrinkling of the brow.

"You know, Bob, it's a funny feeling. I sometimes wonder if maybe I've got a little bastard running around somewhere. Half me, half Gurkha. . . . Crazy war."

—Robert Hayden Alcorn

THE DOCTORS

[*Continued from page* 35]
measured "at rest" and while "crying." The next procedure on the little laboratory subjects, the "cold pressor" test, is best described by the experimenters:

"One foot was immersed to the ankle in ice water at four to five degrees C. for a period of one minute. The aortic pressure was recorded continuously during the immersion and at 30-second intervals thereafter for two to five minutes. Since the youngster invariably cried when exposed to the cold, one to three pretest immersions at one-minute intervals were made until all signs of discomfort disappeared."

The infants were next subjected to experimental travail that placed them on a tiltboard with the catheter still in the heart artery, to study the effects of unusual posturing on their blood pressure. If the unnerved babies showed discomfiture during the test, it was *done over* until the infants' reactions did not interfere with the scientists' calculations.

Not only the normal child but the desperately sick child has been used in potentially hazardous experiments *not intended to diagnose or heal the child.* One frightening study conducted at two prominent Boston children's hospitals used both healthy and extremely sick newborn infants from two to 34 hours old as subjects. Catheters were inserted directly into their hearts, a dangerous technique used sparingly even on cardiac children who may require it. In 15 of the children, the catheter was inserted into the umbilical vein, then manipulated up and into the heart. In five cases, maneuvering difficulty caused doctors to abandon the experiment. In 28 more children, a cut was made below the groin and the catheter was inserted into the saphenous vein and threaded up to the heart. In 16 children, attempts to enter the pulmonary artery with the catheter had to be abandoned: the electrocardioscope showed that the experiment produced "ectopic" (abnormal) beats of the heart! The children were subjected to fluoroscopic radiation as the catheter was followed by the moving X ray.

The sequel to the experiment is not happy. Eight of the 10 critically ill children died "with increasing respiratory symptoms" three to 58 hours following the catheter study. "There was also no evidence to indicate that the catheterization procedure contributed to the fatal outcome of these infants," the Boston experimenters state gratuitously, with no conclusive evidence for their statement either.

As startling as these experiments on infants is the fact that in both the Los Angeles and Boston studies, at least one parent of each infant gave permission for the experimentation. An interview with one of the Los Angeles pediatricians involved reveals how meaningless such "permission" can be—how the adroit use of semantics can elicit less-then-informed consent. The parents in Los Angeles were told, he states, that the tests "might be of value to the child," an unworthy subterfuge that is standard inducement employed by many human experimenters. Although parents were told that the tests did not have to be done for the health of the baby, the concept of human experimentation is foreign to the uneducated patient in a Los Angeles charity ward, where some of the mothers are as young as 15.

Most patients can barely conceive of a physician risking unnecessary harm to a patient. Some doctors skillfully trade on the historic trust built up over centuries by using medical catchphrases to wheedle patient consent. The technique of this insincere art was inadvertently explained by a Veterans Administration physician who used adult hospital patients *without* cardiac conditions to learn the effect of digitalis, a powerful heart stimulant, on the normal heart. The subjects pedaled a bikelike affair while tubes inside them measured cardiac output, and the air they expired was collected. The men were given digitalis between tests.

In answer to a question whether the men were "volunteers," the physician answered candidly: "You might say 'volunteers' in quote marks. It was not legal informed consent as I understand it. I have a standard spiel. I tell them they don't have to take it but that it is a test of their heart and respiratory function."

Just as an orphan or mentally retarded child provides a captive for the experimenter, so does the sick person who presents himself for medical care. The patient generally gives a surgeon permission to do additional procedures to correct what may be uncovered by the incision, but surgery should not be an opportunity to use exposed organs for experiment. A classic case took place in a government hospital in the Washington, D.C., area when 11 patients undergoing heart surgery, including children, had strain gauges sewn on to their hearts to test an abstract physiological principle.

Elsewhere, experimental tampering with the body during surgery precipitated a major professional debate in the Boston area. During heart surgery on 18 children, doctors at a prominent children's hospital there performed an unrelated experiment on skin transplantation in which the thymus gland, which may be essential to body immunization, was cut out. "Eleven of these patients were randomly selected to have a total thymectomy while the remaining seven had only a biopsy of the thymus and served as controls," the doctors' report states. "At the conclusion of each heart operation a full-thickness skin homograft, approximately one c.m. in diameter and obtained from an unrelated adult donor, was sutured in place on the chest wall."

In a subsequent issue of the *New England Journal of Medicine,* an outraged Connecticut physician, Dr. Byron H. Waksman—fearing both for the children who lost the gland and for medical propriety—reminded doctors that a "series of papers

over the last two years has shown that the thymus has a key role in development and maintenance of several types of immune function." He questioned the propriety of the study in which "total thymectomy was carried out as a purely experimental measure in subjects not having a disease to which this procedure is relevant."

Experimentation on nondiseased body parts during surgery may be more common than is thought. One Los Angeles physician gave details of an appendectomy experiment he had carried out on patients undergoing ulcer and gallbladder surgery. The experiment involved injuring the patient's normal appendix, then cutting it out while the patient's abdomen was open in order to test the tissue!

Experimental tampering can be dangerous for any patient but is especially inexcusable in the pregnant woman. Despite this, medical literature is stocked with experiments on pregnant women not in any way intended for their or their unborn child's benefit. The extent and danger of such experiments may be sizable. One New York physician recalls an experiment in which dangerous biopsies were taken from the kidneys of pregnant women.

In another study 20 pregnant women, admitted to a city hospital in New York for complications, were subjected to potentially dangerous "angiography" techniques so doctors could visualize arteries in the pelvic area for strictly experimental purposes. The technique includes puncturing an artery in the leg, giving a narcotic for pain, inserting a contrast dye and radiating the area for X-ray pictures. The danger to the fetus of such intrusions—dye, radiation and drugs—can be considerable. That the work was an "experimental" search for knowledge rather than needed diagnosis is freely admitted by the doctors.

The so-called "controlled study" in which two groups of subjects receive different therapies is common in experimentation. In an ethical experiment the physician should not know which of two therapies may be superior. He thus provides each of two groups of sick patients with alternate choices to recovery. If, however, he holds a firm opinion on a treatment, he must, as a man sworn to heal, use the best possible therapy for all his patients. In such cases a "controlled" experiment is unethical for he would have to divulge to half his patients that he believes they are receiving inferior care.

The "controlled experiment" has become almost a deified entity. It reaches the zenith of callousness when it is performed by doctors who know or are effectively sure that one half of the control group is going to suffer from inferior treatment or be exposed to hazard. Most heinous of all is consciously denying patients accepted proper treatment.

Many experiments which cause grievous harm to patients in a control group involve scientific information already available to anyone who reads the medical literature. A classic case involves blindness produced by the high oxygen treatment formerly given to premature babies.

The disease, retrolental fibroplasia (RLF) caused blindness in a high percentage of premature infants placed in high oxygen environment on the theory that it increased survival. Soon after World War II medical reports appeared indicating a link between the high oxygen treatment and blindness. A report was published in the *Journal of the American Medical Association* in 1949 showing the suspicious correlation; another was published in a British ophthalmological publication; still another in an Australian journal in 1951; another in the *American Journal of Ophthalmology* in 1952, and a conclusive report in the *Archives of Diseases of Children* in 1952.

In England, doctors took early notice. In October, 1951, the leading hospitals of Manchester, England, discontinued high oxygen therapy. In the five preceding years they had had 83 cases of retrolental fibroplasia, including 36 with permanent eye damage and 21 children totally blinded. From November on, *not a single case of RLF blindness in a premature baby developed in these institutions.* A report on the success by Dr. E. Jefferson was published in a prominent American journal. A follow-up during 1953 showed the same result.

While the disappearance of the disease was sufficient for these British, many American doctor-experimenters apparently ached for a "definitive" controlled study. It was achieved but at the expense of babies blinded for life. Some time *after* the Manchester doctors had discontinued using high oxygen, and their report and others had permeated the informed medical community, physicians at a hospital in New York conducted a "controlled" experiment.

"Several physicians have noted an association of RLF with intensive oxygen therapy," the American authors state belatedly in *JAMA* in the spring of 1954. "Adequate controls are needed, however, to establish such a relationship beyond question. The present study was designed to test this relationship under controlled studies. We found a high incidence of blindness among infants given liberal oxygen treatment and none among those receiving little or none."

Their study, written up starkly, does not hint at the needless human tragedy. Twenty-eight infants at the hospital received a mixture containing an average of 38 percent oxygen; 36 babies were kept in a 69 percent high oxygen concentration for two weeks. The results were predictable. None of the low oxygen infants had their vision damaged, but eight of the high oxygen babies were stricken, at least six with total blindness. Today, six adolescents in New York are without their sight for having served as "controls" in this study—a study to "prove" what had apparently been known.

The controlled study is most easily inflicted on captive groups. Servicemen are prime captives, as was illustrated by a controlled experiment on sick servicemen at an air force base in the west. Standard, proven, incontrovertible evidence shows that penicillin is the prime treatment for "strep throat." If not applied vigorously the patient risks danger of rheumatic fever, then rheumatic heart disease and damage to the heart muscle and valves.

Five hundred and eighty-five servicemen with strep throats were used in a "controlled" study. They were divided into two groups: 291 more severely ill, and 294 controls. *None* of the men in either group received penicillin. The first group was treated with relatively ineffective sulfa drugs; the second group received no antibiotic therapy at all. The result was that 25 of the servicemen deprived of penicillin therapy developed rheumatic fever and may be crippled for life, the only "accomplishment" of this nonmedical experiment.

An infinite variety of "controlled" experiments can be done by research physicians eager to have their names attached to "definitive" studies published in medical journals, few if any of which screen articles for violation of ethics in experimentation. Any standard therapy—from insulin to antibiotics, from drainage of boils to setting of fractures—can be definitively "proved" by withholding treatment from a control group. Likewise, any ineffective or harmful therapy can be "nailed" by a negative controlled experiment in which half the patients are purposely sacrificed to the debilitating treatment.

Of all restrictions on doctor-experimentalists, perhaps the most stringent should be imposed on physicians who use the seriously ill, the incurable, or the dying as their subjects. These helpless laboratory humans are the greatest single temptation (aside from newborn infants) for the ethically hazy physician.

Dr. Duncan Leys describes a study in which patients suffering from incurable cerebral tumors were used as laboratory animals to learn whether a certain antibiotic which could not help them was injurious if given through the lower back area.

In another project, the United States government-supported experimenters at the University of Pennsylvania School of Medicine wanted to know if intravenous administration of glycerol solution was harmful. The human subjects were hospitalized cancer patients, who the researchers thought were on the verge of death and therefore suitable laboratory subjects. The glycerol proved to be harmless, but this was not known in advance.

Experimenters dealing with patients *in extremis* have made decisions that may actually have accelerated early death. The attempt to transplant a lung into a person may be a case in point. No lung has been successfully transplanted into a human because of the immunological barrier which eventually rejects almost all foreign tissue. One of the first attempts involved a 58-year-old patient in a southern university hospital in 1963. He was admitted with a diagnosis of repeated attacks of pneumonia. Further examination also revealed kidney disease. His left lung showed infection and signs of cancer and a decision was made to remove it. The patient would still have his right lung, which was noncancerous though weaker than normal. As thousands of people have learned, the human can live with one lung.

To experimenters the patient was a perfect laboratory sub-

ject: a prisoner serving a life sentence who, they imperiously guessed, had a "limited life-span." He was considered a candidate for a never-successful lung transplant because he would be less "dyspneic"—*short of breath*—if it succeeded. The procedure was explained to him and he was told that should the transplant lung become gangrenous it could be removed by a second operation. He gave his permission. The transplant was performed and the lung did not turn gangrenous. No second operation was done, for the patient died 18 days later.

The many excesses of human transplant experimentation need to be curtailed by an understanding of what is ethically permissible. Strong critical fire has been drawn by premature attempts to graft animal organs into human bodies. Patients have had baboon kidneys implanted in their thighs; chimpanzee kidneys have been grafted into patients at a southern medical school, many with temporary success up to eight weeks, followed by death.

An attempt has even been made to transplant surgically a chimpanzee heart into a human, a procedure done by University of Mississippi surgeons. A 68-year-old man dying of a heart condition, whose life expectancy doctors measured in "hours" was the chosen recipient; the donor, a 96-pound chimpanzee. The smaller primate heart worked insufficiently in the human body for only one hour before the man died.

The experiment drew searing fire from medical quarters. "As of today, a primate heart must be rejected by a human recipient despite immunosuppressive therapy," *Medical Tribune* editorialized. Ethical distortion of certain transplant expermentation was examined by Doctor Eugene D. Robin of the University of Pittsburgh School of Medicine who fears the new role of the doctor as an "executioner." Before experimenting with a transplant there must be "a reasonable possibility of clinical success," he reminds us. "It has been well established in the animal that cardiac homotransplant cannot maintain life on a long-term basis. Therefore there is no moral justification for attempting this procedure in human patients."

In prior eras the typical medical experimenter was an heroic person who considered experimentation on others only if he were first willing to make himself or his family risk the danger. The famous yellow fever experiments involved heroic young Army doctors who died proving that yellow fever was spread by the bite of the Aedes aegypti mosquito. Heart catheterization became possible 35 years ago after Doctor Werner Frossmann threaded a tube up to his own heart through a vein in his arm. In 1830 a French experimenter, Tanery, swallowed strychnine along with charcoal to show that the charcoal would absorb the poison, which it did. In 1894, an experimenter named Oliver injected endocrine gland extracts into his own son.

Who are to be the laboratory animals when it is not feasible to use the doctor himself? Who are to be the volunteers and how can we define "informed consent"?

The typical consent form (when one is used) is a masterpiece of glib assurance which hints darkly at little. It should instead be frank, bleak and uncompromising. One form used by an experimenter working on a skin grafting project could provide a model for the physician more interested in medicine than in experimental skulduggery. The middle portion of the stark document reads:

"The risks and uncertainties as well as the possibility that I MAY BE PERMANENTLY INJURED, SCARRED, OR DISFIGURED AS A CONSEQUENCE OF THIS OPERATION have been fully explained to me. . . . IT IS CLEAR TO ME THAT THE ABOVE OPERATION MAY BE OF NO SPECIFIC BENEFIT TO ME, BUT IS TO BE PERFORMED FOR THE PURPOSE OF EXPANDING MEDICAL INFORMATION PERTAINING TO PROBLEMS OF TISSUE AND ORGAN TRANSPLANTATION."

The experiment involves removal of a piece of skin about the size of a postage stamp and its replacement with someone else's skin. "The experiment is not that dangerous, but I purposely made the form as bleak as it is mainly because I have to sleep at night," says the physician-experimenter at Downstate Medical Center in New York, its author.

When experimentation is intelligently called for, it is ethical to use only informed adult volunteers. Consent from a sick patient is meaningless. He is hospitalized and almost totally dependent upon his physician, in whom he has "faith" and whose displeasure he has no inteniton of risking. Children, too, as several aroused critics have stressed, are not suitable candidates for experimentation not involving therapy for their own health.

Aside from "incompetents" who because of age or incapacity to understand cannot give informed consent, we must face the issue of consent given under duress. "Owing to the special relationship that exists between a patient and a doctor," the British Medical Research Council states, "most patients will consent to *any proposal* that is made." (Italics mine.) Doctor Henry Beecher considers the medical student to be one of a similar captive experimental group.

Conviction at Nuremberg of 23 Nazi scientists, 20 of whom were the M.D. "doctors of infamy," and the subsequent execution of some of them, was punishment for experimental horrors that included "exploding" human brains at high altitude environment; freezing victims to death in cold water to observe their reactions; radiating male genitals to produce sterility; infecting Polish women with deadly tetanus, gas bacilli and staphylococci to test the effects of new drugs on these diseases.

During the trial it became apparent that 200 Nazi doctors were involved in the experiment crimes. Several hundred more were aware of what was going on. But the German medical profession made no complaints. Revulsion against these doctors resulted in the so-called "Geneva Code" of the World Medical Association and the Nuremberg regulations on "permissible human experiments."

The rules set forth at Nuremberg, which were the first explicit code on human experimentation, are in urgent need of revision to meet the current experimental orgy. The 10 rules basically state that the subject must give his consent without duress and without the use of deceit; he shall be fully informed so that his consent will be "enlightened;" the experiment shall yield results unprocurable by other methods; it shall be based on preliminary knowledge and prior animal experimentation; no experiment shall be conducted where death or disabling disease is expected, unless the doctor himself serves as a subject; the degree of risk should not exceed the possible gain; the experiment should be discontinued if it appears that the subject may be harmed.

The new adversary is paradoxically the scientist who is convinced that his experiments inevitably operate for mankind's good. This new *ubermensch* feels qualified to trifle with life and destiny as long as *he* decides that it is for mankind's overall benefit. This calculating arrogance is implicit in certain forces seeking an ideological change to make individuals expendable for mankind's supposed good. They are also seeking to bypass informed consent as an obstacle to efficient medical study. "This tendency of science to consider its mission solely to increase knowledge regardless of the use to which it is put is implicit in many scientific articles," deplored Doctor Herrman L. Blumgart in an address to Harvard Medical School.

Perverted zeal for "science" is the onerous threat that can make any patient a vulnerable subject for the experimenter who sees himself as a crusader for humanity. Doctor Beecher quotes a "distinguished scientist" who believes that the scientist has the *right* to choose martyrs "because more lives will be saved."

The adversary is virile, insistent, and in his arrogant amorality, convinced of his rightness. Doctor Beecher eloquently addresses himself to this foe. Stating that "responsible investigators are wary of such glib phrases as 'for the good of society,' " he condemns the use of the incurable in experiments other than therapeutic ones designed to benefit them. "Use of the 'hopelessly incurable' as experimental subjects has developed recently," he wrote in *JAMA*. "It is not the physician's prerogative to make or to profit from such dubious judgments."

The Central Ethical Committee of the British Medical Association, apparently more interested in these issues than its American counterpart, has instructed British researchers to ask themselves the following poignant questions: "Does the patient know what it is I propose to do? Have I explained fully and honestly the risks I am asking him to run? Am I satisfied that his consent has been given freely and is legally valid? Is this procedure one I would not hesitate to advise or agree to if it were to be used on my wife or children?"

Considering the evidence, it would be remiss not to suggest that a new protective code for human experimentation should be added to the Nuremberg rules and enacted into law to bolster our sagging ethics. Recourse to law is vital to the patient's protection.

The facts show that the urgency of the crisis in human experimentation provides little time for further erosion of medical responsibility.

ASSEMBLY-LINE MEDICINE VS. THE PATIENT

The ear, nose and throat specialist's office was a paradigm of modern medical efficiency. Patients were placed in separate examining rooms and the specialist scurried from one room to another.

In one cubicle a patient suffering from fatigue, sweating and stuffed sinuses awaited attention. The physician glanced briefly at the patient's medical record, then probed into his nose. Without undressing the patient, the doctor completed his diagnosis and scribbled a prescription for a popular steroid to reduce the sinus inflammation.

Three days later the patient's condition not only had not improved but had worsened considerably. In desperation, the patient lifted himself out of bed and visited a local physician, who conducted a less harried interview and examination. His conclusion was that the steroid therapy, although effective for the sinuses, was making sleep almost impossible. Underlying was a case of influenza which was getting progressively worse with lack of sleep. The successful therapy: eliminate all treatment and go back to bed for a week.

The assembly-line medicine that produced the first unfortunate result is not the sole prerogative of board-certified specialists. Increasingly the typical community practitioner has initiated similar medical procedures, complete with vinyl hallways punctuated by examining room doors. Where once he sat and contemplated patients one at a time, many a contemporary physician now commutes among his examining cubicles, all part of a pressurized, clinical atmosphere calculated to impress and dispatch his patients.

A visit to the suburban practice of two medical partners is an unsettling introduction to the new speedup of technology. Patient names are announced by a "nurse" (a euphemism for high-school graduates dramatically garbed in professional white) who leads the patient to a barren antiseptic cubicle. The patient's medical file is inserted in a metal door sleeve.

The physician, having just applied a cast to a fracture in one examining room, hurries down the hallway, slowing his gait perceptibly as he enters the cubicle. Patients known to him are greeted with a friendly gesture or word. Others are cued in by the medical folder. Propped against the door, the physician digests the medical history as the patient recites her problem. The patient's tale of symptoms inevitably comes out seriously truncated in respectful concession to the militarylike medical operation.

After examining the patient, the doctor reaches for a wall buzzer, on which his fingers dance a meaningful tattoo. The message has been received in code by the "nurse," who reenters with disposable hypodermics preloaded with medications, and test tubes color-coded for blood test processing by an automated laboratory. After cursory discussion, the writing of a prescription and instructions to return next week, the patient departs and another anxious one enters the medical maze. The physician has meanwhile diverted his mind again, resuming his frenetic traffic pattern to another cubicle, the X-ray room, or back to his private office.

This routine with its unfortunate Chaplinesque overtones has euphemistically been termed "Multiple Patient Processing." It is only one of the innovations of the doctor's "Practice Management" that exert strict control over patients while carefully husbanding the doctor's time, energy, income and emotions. It has revolutionized medical care by removing the patient from the doctor, both psychically and physically. In the eyes of the astute patient and the critical physician alike it has strained the doctor-patient relationship to the breaking point.

Its goals are increased patient loads and larger incomes for doctors, along with the apparently paradoxical aims of more free time for physicians and increased detachment from patients constantly seeking attention, information, succor, reassurance and medication. Its success is a credit to many doctors' determination not to sacrifice themselves for their profession, and a monument to the pliability, fear and supineness of the public.

Organized medicine merchandises the false theory that impersonality, speed and unconcern are somehow related to medical science. In fact, there is no significant proof that the external trappings of progress are even related to medical science, except perhaps negatively.

A glimpse into the dehumanized (yet not necessarily scientific) medical future is presaged by a practice in a small midwestern community. Three physicians have created an electronic marvel for the multiple processing of 100 patients a day, complete with 10 examining rooms, panels of colored flashing lights, and portable shortwave beepers. The $800 communications setup uses colored lights to speed the doctors through their chores "without the usual wasted motion," according to a description of the modern practice. It adds, most significantly, that it is all done with a minimum of conversation.

The typical physician cannot boast such extravagant technique, but he still manages to expedite patients efficiently. Many patients are not consciously aware of being "processed," but as a recent survey in *Medical Economics* magazine reveals, a strong minority have become cognizant of the less than adequate medical attention involved in multiple patient processing.

"He always has four or five patients in different treatment rooms," one patient complained about her doctor. Many disenchanted patients believe that doctor curtness inhibits their questions, answers to which could provide valuable diagnostic clues. "You get the feeling that you are being hurried through an office visit before all the questions you have in mind have been answered," said another surveyed patient.

A New Jersey internist agrees with this view of medical curtness and illustrates one of its dangers. He admonishes his colleagues to "listen to what the patient says" while examining him. "I learned from my mother's experience with doctors," he recalls in a medical publication. "She went from one doctor to another for years, until she finally found one who would let her finish a sentence. He listened long enough to learn that she had massive hemorrhages."

In no area has the physician been so successful in suppressing the patient's needs as in the virtual elimination of the house call. A graph of house calls made by the typical doctor is a descending line of clifflike proportions. Thirty years ago, four out of 10 medical visits were made in the home. By 1957, the typical practitioner made only 12 house calls a week; by 1962 only six; by 1963, when the last substantial study was made, it had dropped to three. A survey of 1,000 doctors by *Medical Tribune* showed that one-fourth made no house calls at all and 60 percent of the physicians made between one and five.

The rationale that his office and "equipment" are needed for proper diagnosis and treatment has been the doctor's argument against the traditional home visit. The evidence indicates that the physician has created a makeshift scrim to disguise his true and quite uninspired motives.

The catastrophic results of such behavior have only been documented in fragments, albeit frightening ones.

"A friend of mine called a doctor to come to his home because of his mother," a patient in the *Medical Economics* survey recounted. "The doctor said he wouldn't come. My friend's mother died."

Speaking of her doctor's house-call policy, another patient stated: "If you can creep, you go to his office—or else." One bitter patient described her inability to get her own doctor to come to her house at 6:50 a.m. even though she had hemorrhaged and the doctor had been treating the condition.

An angry minority of physicians are just as irate as some patients over this wholesale abdication of medical responsibility. Several have used the outspoken pages of *Medical Economics* (unseen by patients) to vent their annoyance.

A Detroit physician is one man who faces the issue straightforwardly. "It's a doctor's duty to serve his patients even if it is inconvenient and financially unsound for him," he states. "Maybe our public image wouldn't be as dim as it is if we were more careful to respect the obligation to serve our patients as we should."

Dr. John S. DeTar, former head of the American Academy of General Practice, was once prompted on returning from a 2 a.m. house call to draft an angry note to his colleagues about their neglect of the sick. He had been called by an aged couple when their phone call was turned aside at 1:30 a.m. by their regular doctor's wife with the terse comment that the doctor was "not available."

Doctor DeTar writes: "Berating the profession on this score has become a favorite cocktail party pastime. I for one can offer

no defense of the doctor. . . . If the patient requests a house call, the onus is on the physician to prove to himself that the call is not required—or to answer to his own conscience for his refusal. How many times have you [the doctor] sacrificed a night's sleep wondering whether your telephoned advice was adequate, whether that bellyache might be a fulminating appendicitis, whether that upper respiratory infection might develop into a laryngeal obstruction?" Unfortunately, the documented answer is that many physicians have made an undisturbed night's sleep an integral part of modern practice management.

Is the doctor sincere when he asserts that the best medical practice is available only in his modern office and not the bedside —even for potential pneumonia victims? A knowing Webster, Massachusetts, physician-critic is skeptical. "Any doctor knows you can see four patients in your office in the time it takes for one house call," he writes. "So at the end of the year, the doctor who sees all his patients in the office will obviously have more money in the bank. But should that be the primary consideration of practicing medicine?"

The hoary specter of false alarms turned in by near-hysterical patients at the first run of a sniffle is inevitably thrown up by physicians defending the no-house-call policy. Medical testimony indicates quite the contrary: that most house calls are medically necessary. A *Medical Tribune* "Pulse" survey of almost 1000 doctors revealed that the typical physician believes that more than half of his house calls are necessary—a miraculously high proportion considering that he, not the ailing patient, was making the determination.

The antihouse-call physician conveniently overlooks the danger to the already ill that some medical critics believe can pervade physicians' offices. A physician in rural New York raises this pertinent if scrupulously ignored point in a medical publication. "A not impossible result of the 'bring him to the office' technique," she warns, "might be the close association of the following: a child in the beginning stages of 'regular' measles; another with whooping cough who had had the triple toxoid shots; an adult with 'walking' pneumonia; a child with 'strep' throat; and a woman who is two months pregnant, sitting next to a baby with a fever of currently unknown origin who in a day or two will lose his fever and blossom forth with the rash of German measles!"

The doctor's reluctance to make house calls has been accepted by many docile patients who have assumed that it is the doctor's prerogative to capriciously say "No." In actuality, the physician has been abusing the patient's ignorance of his own rights, for although the doctor has great latitude under the law, he does not have this unlimited right. He *must* make all reasonable house calls for any of his sick patients or risk being charged with *abandonment.*

Charles Kramer, prominent New York malpractice lawyer, in his monograph "Medical Malpractice" outlines the doctor's responsibility with a quote from the case of Becker vs. Janinski:

"When a physician engages . . . to attend a patient . . . without limitation of time he cannot cease his visits except *first,* with the consent of the patient, or *secondly,* upon giving the patient timely notice so he may employ another doctor, or *thirdly,* when the condition of the patient is such as no longer to require medical treatment, and of that the physician must be the judge at his own peril."

"I'm trying to stop making them [house calls] but some patients still ask me to come to their homes," one anxious physician wrote a medical publication. "Can I be charged with abandonment if I refuse?" The magazine's response was straightforward: "You can, and the charge may stick, unless you can prove that you *never* make house calls and that the patient knew this when he first came for treatment."

Although unknown to most, the patient has stronger recourse against "unavailable" physicians than cocktail party cynicism. The unwritten doctor-patient contract automatically binds the doctor to *full* responsibility, seven days a week, 24 hours a day. His only opportunity for limited coverage is by virtue of his specialty, substitution of a covering doctor or any other limitations that he has announced *in advance and to all his patients universally.*

Fortunately, there is a conscientious minority of physicians who need not be cajoled or threatened to have them perform their duty. A Montana physician writes, "I like to make house calls," adding: "Maybe I felt more virtuous because I'd gone. But I also felt more secure. I hadn't prescribed sight unseen by phone. And I hadn't insisted that Carl quit work, come home, run Janice to my office with her fever of 102 and then wait until their turn came."

One can recall when much of the doctor's work was done in the evening, a common sense precept that fits the simple fact that most people work in the daytime. Today's practice management, wedded to doctor convenience, is gradually eliminating the evening hours along with the house call. A Kentucky general practitioner finds his bankers' hours medicine a huge "success": collections have improved, he sees more patients in less time, and makes fewer house calls. One New Jersey practitioner has used the simple tool of punishing evening callers by raising his $5 office rate to $8 after 5 p.m.

A recent anecdote underscores the bitterness that can be provoked in doctors by patients who call them at night. A man who was allergic to penicillin was given another antibiotic for an infection. The physician reassured the worried patient about a possible reaction. "Don't worry, just call me and I'll take care of it." The following evening, at midnight, the patient took an antibiotic capsule. Within moments his body started itching, and by 1 a.m. a rash had broken out on his arms, legs and stomach. Moments later, serious symptoms of a choking feeling indicated that a potentially fatal edema was beginning that could stop the flow of breath.

The patient's wife dialed the doctor, only to receive the phone answering service operator who reminded her that it was "one in the morning." After several calls the operator agreed that it might be an emergency. Fifteen minutes later, an angry physician got on the phone, confirmed that it was a reaction and potentially serious. His suggestion: antihistamine by mouth or an immediate visit to the hospital emergency room for a shot of Benadryl. A night call was out of the question. The high-priced practitioner was available during the day for costly treatment commensurate with his training, but had no qualms referring the patient to a green interne when complications set in after office hours.

Frenetic shopping about to find a doctor in emergencies has created another jagged wedge between patient and physician. The alarming unavailability of doctors on Wednesdays (or Thursdays) in many communities where physicians suspend doctoring in a midweek siesta and retreat en masse to their leisure pursuits has added to an already chaotic situation.

In the burgeoning suburb of Massapequa, Long Island, the doctor's day off was the core of a simmering crisis. "You didn't dare get sick, have a heart attack or an accident on a Wednesday in Massapequa," says Ira L. Cahn, editor and publisher of the *Massapequa Post,* the local weekly. "We had a series of incidents where patients just couldn't get their own doctors or anyone else."

The incident which triggered a *Massapequa Post* prize-winning editorial campaign was the death of a four-month-old infant on a Wednesday. Seeing her child stricken with a choking fit in its carriage, the mother frantically called for a physician, then another, without success. Meanwhile neighbors were phoning other physicians, all of the callers reaching the same answering service. Forty minutes later the surgeon for the Fire District was reached and responded immediately, but only in time to pronounce the child dead.

"We immediately started a campaign clamoring that either the doctors would have to clean house in this town or face real trouble," says editor Cahn. "As a result of our campaign we received a call from the public relations man of the county medical society and two local physicians started to organize the other doctors."

This emergency panel system has been attempted by other communities—often under the stimulus of death—but with mixed success. The nearby community of Syosset, Long Island, established a physicians' panel which functioned for two years before collapsing. "It had too many built-in problems," says a local internist. "We have two phone answering services. But for practical purposes they don't speak to each other, which created a problem in coordinating after-hours calls. We could only get cooperation from doctors willing to make house calls, which narrowed our choice to internists, general practitioners and pediatricians. There were bones of contention. A pediatrician, for example, might be concerned about making an emergency house call on an adult with a heart attack. He felt he might be vulnerable for a malpractice suit. Eventually the panel stopped functioning."

It was in Syosset that a young boy fell from a bicycle on a Wednesday and bled to death internally before medical help

could be secured. The tragedies in Syosset and Massapequa involve populous Nassau County, New York, whose medical society now boasts an emergency service which it claims is "85 percent" effective and can deliver a doctor to a home in 40 minutes—a job it is called on to do after hours some 60 times a week. Other communities are establishing emergency panels, and the best ones—unlike Nassau County's—utilize physicians who do not have regular office hours concurrently with emergency duty.

In most communities, though, the house call and emergency situation is still chaotic. A Garden City, Long Island, physician offers a simple solution: being available around the clock, and having your patients know it, is the best method of providing proper coverage—without patient abuse. "No patient," he writes, "should ever be put in the position of having to hunt and hunt for a physician, day or night." When his plan was put into effect, he states, patients at first bothered him in the middle of the night for trivial items, but eventually learned when and when not to disturb their available doctor.

The gap in medical coverage has been widened further by the modern doctor's relaxing propensities. The maxim to have a regular physician is sound but does not anticipate the lengthy vacation leaves of the contemporary physician, a leisure-lover of unparalleled proportions.

Discontinuity of care caused by long vacations is supposedly offset by providing a "covering" doctor, but patients have learned that this is often a less than satisfactory arrangement. The vacationing physician may feel carefree at his lakefront dockside, but his obligation to his patients is ever present. Should the doctor covering for him fail to respond to one of his patient's calls, the pleasure-bound physician may find himself guilty of the serious charge of abandonment. Legal authorities point out that the covering doctor's obligations do not begin until after he has seen the patient. Until then the vacationing doctor is still responsible.

The telephone is a major instrument of frustration in the aggravated doctor-patient relationship. The doctor is insulated from its grasp by unlisted phone numbers, protective secretaries, and indulgent if sometimes unintelligent phone answering services. The typical physician, according to a Michigan survey, handles 14 telephone calls a day, and in many practices he approaches each one with mixture of trepidation and annoyance. "The phone is a horror," says one metropolitan doctor.

Many phone services (hired for $30-$50 a month) are insensitive message centers which often handle patient calls as if they were from customers of commercial firms. The services often take an unwarranted pride in protecting what they take to be the doctor's interests. This can be medically deadly when combined with the assumption that they can decide which calls are or are not urgent.

In one case, a worried parent called her pediatrician when a wasp stung her year-old baby, a situation that can cause anaphylactic shock and death. The phone service girl informed the mother that it was Wednesday, the doctor's day off, and she preferred not to disturb him. "What's wrong?" the girl asked. When the mother supplied the details the phone service felt vindicated. "Why, that's no emergency. Just wash it with brown soap," she said. After six such calls to phone answering services of physicians throughout town, all of whom were off for the weekly Wednesday holiday, a doctor finally responded and insisted on seeing the child immediately.

The tardiness, presumption and inaccuracy of many phone services can be equally irking to the *concerned* doctor. A cardiologist learned this when one of his regular patients tried to call him in the midst of a heart attack. The single operator on duty in the phone service answered, then kept the ailing patient waiting. Finally she brusquely told the patient that the doctor wasn't in and to call back the following day. Fortunately, the patient was able to reach another cardiologist immediately.

Unlike the phone answering service, the doctor's aide—his office assistant—*is* a member of the medical team. This added barrier between doctor and patient varies from a high school girl with a smattering of typing to a registered nurse. Although two out of every three aides are not nurses, they are nevertheless the nerve center of the modern medical office and usually erect —with the doctor's blessings—a medical Berlin wall. As some doctors are belatedly learning, her often excessive power can invite patient strain, malpractice suits and crippling illness.

The difference between an inquiry addressed to a physician and one addressed to his aide cannot be overstated. A woman patient was examined by a radiologist at a hospital outpatient clinic. Fearing cancer, she called the radiologist's private office for a Wednesday afternoon appointment to discuss her case. The doctor's aide informed the woman that he did not see patients then, and without suggesting another date, hung up. The woman did not call back. She neglected her condition and it eventually worsened, requiring surgery. She sued the doctor for abandonment, on the correct assumption that the phone call to the doctor's office was sufficient to establish the doctor-patient contract, even though—through no fault of her own—she never reached the physician personally.

It cannot be denied that with overloaded modern practices the doctor needs help. The danger in the medical "aide" situation is the growing power assumed by the quarter of a million medical assistants.

What is a medical assistant, and what training must one have to qualify? It is left almost exclusively to the doctor's whim. Some physicians do hire registered nurses, others hire young girls whom they "train" themselves; others employ graduates of Medical Assistant "Institutes."

In the crush of assembly-line practice, many physicians are bending the law and medical ethics by not strictly limiting their aides' responsibility. In one recent case a pediatrician's aide attempted medical diagnosis with a fatal result. A mother called the doctor's office and relayed a description of her baby's rash and fever to the aide. "Measles," the aide answered in her most professional tone. "There's a lot of it around. I'll have the doctor step by this afternoon." Unfortunately, it wasn't measles. The baby had meningococcal meningitis, inflammation of the brain membranes. Within hours, before the pediatrician got to the house, the child was dead.

Wholesale administration of injections by meagerly trained doctor's aides is commonplace, although unsuspected by many patients who believe every peak-capped assistant to be a "nurse." Dire results, including intramuscular injections injected into veins instead, paralysis, infections, severe inflammations and mass growths have resulted from this lax policy.

Only a doctor or an R.N. can legally give intravenous injections, but intramuscular injections—such as administration of antibiotics—are in a judicial quasi-land. Such injections given by aides—some of whom are "trained" by learning to shoot hypodermics filled with water into an orange—are commonplace. They have generally been held legal if ordered by the doctor and administered by an aide who has been "competently trained." A California court, however, has ruled that doctors cannot delegate any medical tasks, including injections, to assistants not authorized by law to do them.

In such situations the wary patient can hardly hope to roll back the wave of impersonal medicine. He can, however, insist that no one other than a doctor, or at the very least, a registered nurse, tamper with his body.

The modern doctor often assumes that the patient need not be overly cognizant of the details of his own illness. Rather than a partnership between patient and doctor, modern medical practice is too often an exercise in patronization, of doctor failure to dispense sufficient information along with his supposedly scientific therapy. Motivational researcher Dr. Ernest Dichter, writing in the *Medical Annals of the District of Columbia,* discusses the frustrated patient's desire to know, which, he says, has crystallized out as "resentment" against the doctor.

A Danbury, Connecticut, physician, in a letter to a medical publication, speaks of the "arrogance" of doctors who won't take time to explain a patient's condition. "Many people go to clinics simply because they give each patient a complete report and then interpret the report for him," he says.

A Washington, D. C., physician offers the wise counsel to be specific with the patient. "When a patient is in my office, shirt off, brow furrowed, and wondering how his blood pressure is, I don't put him off with vague phrases such as 'pretty good.' I tell him '128 over 88,' " he wrote in *Medical Economics.* "I give him the numbers because they're specific. Then I explain the numbers and offer whatever reassurance is necessary."

This doctor's admonishments to use reference books openly in the presence of patients, to admit ignorance honestly, to follow up prior treatment and to have "patience, patience, and

more patience" with patients is a revolutionary, if untested, prescription for better medical relations.

Failure to satisfy curiosity about their conditions has driven many inquisitive patients to the mass media. Dr. Peter J. Steincrohn, syndicated medical columnist with more than 10 million readers, receives torrents of mail from information-frustrated patients.

"Their doctors shortchange them on information," Doctor Steincrohn recently stated in a medical publication, giving as an example the worried patient who wrote: "My doctor tells me that I have a hiatal hernia. Isn't that just an ugly name for a tumor? And mightn't it be malignant? Why doesn't my doctor operate and take it out?"

Doctor Steincrohn quotes a patient who summed up the attitude of many people toward physicians: "If the average patient could find a doctor who would tell him exactly what type of illness he had, what medicine he was going to get and what results could be expected—well, that patient would think he had just met up with an angel."

Is the American doctor secretive or merely unverbal? Possibly both. Some physicians who have not absorbed the fact that many patients' intellectual capacity is equal to or superior to their own, falsely believe that the patient may not be able to understand the treatment or diagnosis. If the doctor is not fairly certain of his diagnosis and treatment, he may fear the loss of patient respect if he is in error.

A University of Michigan law professor, Marcus L. Plant, warns the profession that the right to know is not an arbitrary one. Doctors, he stresses, have a legal obligation to speak to their patient in plain English, and "never to misrepresent by words or silence the nature and character of the medical procedure he proposes to undertake."

When some doctors do speak to patients, it can be an exercise in tiring patronization, a soliloquy in speaking down. This "father-knows-best" attitude, warns Dr. Myron E. Wegman, Dean of the University of Michigan School of Public Health, should be avoided at all costs. "The average layman will be thoroughly annoyed," says Dean Wegman, "if he is given a pat on the shoulder and told the subject is too complex for him to understand, and that he should take the doctor's advice and do as he is told. If our convictions are based on sound facts, we ought to be smart enough to interpret those facts in a way which will convince the public."

An unpublicized report of the Committee of Medical Practices of the American Medical Association, chaired by West Coast physician Dr. Stanley R. Truman, echoed this sentiment in an uncommonly frank AMA document which (not surprisingly) was published in *Northwest Medicine* rather than in *JAMA,* the AMA's own journal. This critical, unpublicized "Truman Report" distills interviews with hundreds of doctors and patients. It warns that medical habits of lack of frankness, of claiming near-infallibility, and of not admitting limitations or ignorance, are dangerous to the profession.

"He [the doctor] thinks that in order to keep his patient's confidence he must live up to a superman role and build the illusion that medicine is an exact science and doctors infallible," says the bold report. It describes the all-too-recognizable doctor who will invent, falter, hedge or lie, but will never admit his ignorance to the patient. "The doctor who says, 'if you tell them you don't know they lose faith in you,' is not looking far enough ahead," say the AMA committeemen. "He forgets that if you don't tell them and they find out, they not only lose faith; they are disillusioned and even vindictive."

Playing the patronizing *ubermensch* is a subtle aspect of manipulation of patients, a near-game engaged in by many practitioners. The goal is to keep patients sufficiently askew to remind them that the physician is master of the relationship. As the patient becomes more educated, he keeps abreast, even superficially, with medical news, and thus presents a greater challenge. One physician, a busy general practitioner in a lower middle income suburb, maintains an upper hand by refusing to practice in an upper-middle-class area. "The kind of patient you get in those sections thinks he knows as much as I do," this doctor complains. "Here I'm the boss. I tell patients what I think and get no arguments."

Among the upper-middle (and middle-middle) class where the college-educated patient is the norm, the physician faces his greatest test of patient-squelching. Satirist Stephen Potter, who coined the combative term "upmanship," describes some of the clever ploys used by physicians, and patient counterploys, in his essay on "Doctorship." Potter, in a cynical sense, admires physicians for their "one-upmanship" skill.

The patient is the perfect foil, says Potter, because of his natural "one-downness," which is magnificently accented by the skilled physician. In answering the phone, for example, the physician can use a "paralyzingly brisk voice" to "suggest that Doctor is busier than Patient in normal life, and in a more important way." Even the failure to listen to the patient is premeditated, says the upmanship scholar. "Doctor may, under certain circumstances, ask Patient his symptoms," says Potter. "But he will let it be seen that he is not listening to what Patient is saying, and may place his hand on Patient's wrist, or, better, stomach, as if to suggest that Doctor can tell more through the sensitive tip of one finger than from listening to the layman's self-deceiving, ill-observed, and hysterically redundant impressions of what is wrong with him."

The failure of the human aspect of medicine is a bleeding wound to the sensitive physician and he describes it, laments it, analyzes it, and even tries to wish it away. Dr. Zale Yanof, in the *Journal of the American Medical Association,* writes sensitively and eloquently of the need for the personal physician, the almost nonexistent expert in the art of close, comprehensive medical care.

Motivational researcher Dr. Ernest Dichter has asked: "How can we make the patient love his doctor?" His question is unanswered by the medical profession, which is intent on developing new, increasingly dehumanized methods. Can the patient love the physician who finds it inefficient to talk to his patients, and boasts in a medical publication, "I Let My Tape Machine Do The Talking"? An internist, this enterprising physician saves the time of repeating instructions for patients with supposedly similar problems. He puts the patients in a room with a tape machine and turns on the prerecorded "doctor" while he leaves to handle another patient.

Many physicians no longer disguise the fact that their self-interest is paramount in the doctor-patient relationship. One physician queries a medical magazine consultant: "I'm plagued by a patient who won't pay for past services but continues to come in for treatment. Can I refuse to treat him?" The pragmatic American doctor might do well to absorb the warning of enlightened management consultant Horace Cotton. "Once a patient suspects that you're more interested in your own well-being than in his well-being," he writes, "you can be sure you've gone too far in your practice management."

Critical doctors recognize this loss of idealism, some attributing it to a national spiritual anemia. An East Side Manhattan internist agrees but warns that this is less than an exoneration. "I'm afraid we're living in a world where no one cares as much any more about things that used to be important in life," says this doctor. "It is just as true of the lawyer and teacher as it is of the doctor. The only difference, and it is a vital one, is that the doctor's responsibility to life is much greater. I'm afraid some doctors don't understand that distinction."

The distinction is apparently being recognized less each year. As the physician strives for a "normal" existence through modern practice management, he resents the time away from family, children, investments, friends, leisure and hobbies, an estrangement from traditional dedication that no longer embarrasses him. The doctor who has mastered modern medical practices and stifled his idealism can actually find the patient an intrusion, a commodity necessary only for maintenance of his business. To him, as one commentator ironically states, the best patients are "inert, anesthetized or even dead." In such a state the patient can neither chafe at the doctor, nor worry him, nor demand, nor probe, nor challenge.

The patient, too, has a Utopian if uncrystallized concept of what the relationship should be. Converting today's doctor into this patient ideal would, however, require a counterrevolution against the form and spirit of modern medical practice. It would demand an uprising of frustrated patients which the physician has no intention of permitting.

THE SCOURGE OF DOCTOR-CAUSED ILLNESS

The classical admonishment to the physician, *primum non nocere,* "first do no harm," has been the philosophical umbrella of medicine for centuries. The modern doctor, in a philosophical malaise, has temporarily forgotten this warning

not to kill or maim. Without fully understanding his onerous new role, the doctor has become a major cause of death and illness. He has become the carrier of "iatrogenic" disease. As *Iatros,* the Greek term for physician, the modern doctor has complicated the patient environment with myriads of treatments that the patient—and medicine—has yet to fully digest. According to Dr. David Spain of Downstate Medical Center in Brooklyn, New York, the modern physician is the most "important factor" after bacteria in the creation of illness among humans.

Iatrogenic disease can be crueler than nature's own distortions. It is a vast syndrome that can encompass paralysis, psychosis, skin eruptions, brain damage, tissue necrosis, blindness, hemorrhage, crippling, cardiac attack, deafness, suffocation, fatigue, ulcers, shock, fractures, blood clots, convulsions, anemia, kidney disease, diabetes, liver ailments, cancer and result in death itself.

Instances of this contemporary sickness are frightening. A young nurse-patient approached the bone-marrow sampling with little trepidation. Physicians had chosen to take the sample from her sternum, the flat narrow bone in the center of the chest. The needle was inserted, and to the doctor's horror, it passed through the bone, puncturing her heart sac like a dart, causing death. Unknown to her doctor, the nurse's sternum was too thin to be safely sampled.

A male patient taking a "routine" barium enema examination had just finished having his lower intestines fluoroscoped as part of a "G.I. series." In the fluoroscopy suite, while evacuating the barium, his heart stopped and he slumped dead of cardiac arrest. "The debilitating role of preparatory purges probably played a major role in this episode," reports a physician.

A male patient in a hospital for treatment of polycythemia, an illness characterized by excessive red corpuscles, was placed on a drug therapy of anticoagulants. His physician prescribed a common one, heparin, by intravenous injection. Not long after, a massive hemorrhage in an undiagnosed abdominal tumor flooded his body. The patient bled to death, his normal clotting ability paralyzed by the therapy.

How widespread is iatrogenic disease? The first insight that iatrogenesis was more than a blemish on the face of medical progress was offered by Dr. David Barr of New York. He frightened the medical community when he surveyed admissions to Cornell University Medical Center and found that five percent of all admissions were caused by drug iatrogenesis alone. Nationally, if the sample is accurate (and there is corroborating evidence), this represents 1,400,000 iatrogenic victims created outside the hospital and made ill enough to be hospitalized.

The most comprehensive review of doctor-caused illness and death is the work of Dr. Elihu M. Schimmel, former chief resident of Yale-New Haven Hospital, an institution connected with the Yale University School of Medicine. Doctor Schimmel decided to inventory the untoward effects of medical treatment in every possible patient, private and charity, who came through the 80-bed, three ward Yale Medical Service.

Published in the *Annals of Internal Medicine,* the survey was the joint, semiunderground reporting effort of 33 members of the house staff who for eight months brought Doctor Schimmel detailed word of iatrogenic "episodes"—what he refers to as "noxious response to medical care."

They revealed a virtual epidemic of iatrogenic disease. Of 1014 patients, "there were 240 iatrogenic episodes" occurring in 198 of the patients. "Thus," says Doctor Schimmel in the *Annals,* "20 percent of the persons suffered one or more episodes of medical complications in the hospital." One in five of the patients was made ill by medical treatment, and it caused or contributed significantly to more than one in 10 of all hospital deaths! "During the course of the study, 154 of the 1014 patients admitted to the medical service died in the hospital," Doctor Schimmel states. "Of these, 16 deaths were related to noxious episodes."

The misadventures covered much of the technical gamut of modern medicine: there were 31 reactions to blood transfusions; 29 diagnostic accidents from biopsies and probes into the body; 23 hospital-acquired infections including five deaths; 119 drug reactions; 24 reactions to therapeutic techniques and 14 episodes from miscellaneous medical hazards.

National extension of these figures is staggering. Using Yale as a sample, and Doctor Schimmel's limited definition of iatrogenesis, simple extrapolation of the 1252 admissions (some were readmissions) and the 240 untoward episodes gives a staggering national projection. According to this sample, compared against 28 million annual hospital admissions and one million annual hospital deaths, doctor-caused disease is created in over five million hospital patients a year. It kills or contributes to the death of 100,000 Americans in hospitals alone each year!

The Yale study underestimates the full cataclysm. It purposely does not include complications or death from surgical error or faulty anesthesia. Patients whose medical-made illness might result from care of a private doctor are not tallied. With such additional episodes, it may be very conservative to estimate deaths from doctor-caused disease to be of the magnitude of 200,000 a year, placing it close to heart disease and cancer as a killer of man.

Modern diagnostic tools are often the vehicles for iatrogenic disease. "Endoscopy" is the general name for inspection of internal organs with the aid of mechanical probes. Their iatrogenic reactions are both numerous and dangerous. (The proctoscope for rectal examinations, when handled by an experienced man, is a general exception.)

The cystoscope, used in urinary examination, contains an outer sheath bearing the lighting system, space for the visual system, and room for passage of operative devices. Dr. David Barr, in his *JAMA* report, the "Hazards of Modern Diagnosis and Therapy," cites a "not infrequent" danger in cystoscopy: infection. He describes a severe bloodstream infection that followed a probe, "controlled with difficulty by antibiotics." In another case, a strong dose of a local anesthetic, used to prepare a male patient for the cystoscope, sent him into convulsions, precipitating a slipped disk and orthopedic surgery.

"These diagnostic procedures can be very necessary, but I suspect that they are often overused by internes and residents looking for experience," says a graduate of a residency in internal medicine. "The work is often done by an inexperienced physician without proper supervision, who may be doing it for academic 'completeness.' Sometimes the doctor is not fully aware of the potential danger or his own limitations. I personally wouldn't do a bronchoscopy because I don't know how to do it well enough."

The most anointed contemporary diagnostic technique is the cardiac catheter which can return valuable information to a physician from an otherwise inaccessible heart chamber. It can also trigger danger. The heart catheter is usually inserted through a large vein in the arm or a leg artery, then threaded up toward the heart chambers with the aid of a fluoroscope.

Accidental puncture of the heart is an ever-present possibility, especially in the young, whose undeveloped heart muscle is no match for mechanical probes. A catheter puncture of one infant's heart was described by a former resident in a large midwestern hospital:

"I was working on the service when the head of cardiology and his assistant came to do catheterization on a four-month-old infant. The youngster was given morphine and I noticed he was reacting badly. He was turning blue from anoxia. 'The kid is all flaked out. Why don't we bring him around and cut it out for today?' I said. I gave him some morphine antagonist and oxygen and he came around. But the cardiologist wouldn't stop. It's a tricky thing slipping that catheter through the valve into a baby's little heart ventricle, and the doctor was getting impatient.

"Finally, he just poked it—right through the ventricle wall. When he injected contrast dye for radiography, he saw that it went into the pericardial cavity instead of into the right heart ventricle. The baby was rushed to surgery but he died."

The mere act of inserting a foreign device into a body orifice seems to be a catalyst for creating disease. The urinary catheter, a rubber tube which permits urine to drain from a congested person, is a case in point. The frequency of infections following bladder catheterization has led some doctors to view the device as an enemy as well as friend. It is threatening when handled by doctors in a slovenly manner, which is too often the case. There is a chance of infection in each catheterization, but, says Dr. Jay Sanford of the University of Texas Southwestern Medical School, the infection rate "increases to virtually 100 percent when the indwelling catheter is employed."

When the urinary catheter is left in (indwelling) during the hospital stay the damage is often lingering. Dr. E. H. Kass of Boston reveals that as many as 25 percent of such patients have residual infections "one year afterward." There can sometimes be more danger in the badly handled rubber drain than in the scalpel and anesthesia. Dr. C. D. Creery makes the point dramatically: "More patients die by the catheter than by the prostatectomy (prostate removal)."

Critical physicians such as Dr. Robert E. Desautels of Harvard Medical School are convinced that the damage is almost exclusively doctor-made. Instead of encountering the usual 100 percent infection rate, Doctor Desautels kept 174 of 200 patients using indwelling catheters infection free. In *Hospital Medicine* Doctor Desautels explains the sterile principles that have worked in 85 percent of the cases, adding: "With more rigid application it is believed that a result approaching 100 can be obtained."

"Biopsy," the traumatic punching out of a piece of tissue for testing, is a perfect field exercise for the iatrogenic-prone doctor. It is a valuable tool in diagnosis but has equal facility as a harbinger of trauma. Liver biopsies kill an estimated one in every 500 and injure many more, generally from hemorrhage or biliary peritonitis, which can produce a shock-like state.

One physician explains the unanticipated death as it often takes place. "After the biopsy, bleeding can take place internally. The patient appears to be asleep and is not noticed until the nurse comes around an hour or two later. When she checks the patient she finds he is shocked out or dead."

"You can't assume a person won't hemorrhage after a liver biopsy," says a physician who has done over a hundred of them. "The doctor should always do blood tests beforehand—a bleeding time test done by pricking the finger; a check for vitamin K deficiency; a clotting time test; a prothrombin test which measures a clotting factor; and a red cell count to see if he has enough blood to lose."

Complications of kidney biopsy rank with or exceed those of liver sampling. Trauma ranges from gross discharge of blood in the urine (one of every 20 cases) to renal colic (obstruction) in one of every 33 cases, plus assorted aggravations from back pain to low blood pressure.

Iatrogenic disease can often be stimulated because of the doctor's infatuation with the novel and the new, even when these "advances" represent premature and possibly dangerous therapies for the patient. New medical and surgical "cures" are heralded daily, then often later discarded quietly. The patients trapped between the acceptance and the rejection are the iatrogenic victims of some physicians' seemingly uncontrollable impetuosity.

Soon after researchers announced a gastric freezing treatment for stomach ulcers, many physicians throughout the nation were performing the supposedly simple and safe procedure for ulcer sufferers, often right in the office. Patients swallowed a balloon and tubing through which a freezing solution of ethyl alcohol was circulated for 45 minutes. The result: a recent survey of 826 patients subjected to the technique was published in the *Journal of the American Medical Association*. The toll, states the report, was 70 cases of melana (stools colored black from altered blood), 21 cases of gastric ulcers *created* by the treatment, and an encyclopedia of complications including death itself. Other surveys indicate such serious damage as hemorrhage and perforation of the stomach. Its value as an ulcer treatment? Says *JAMA:* "there seems to be no justification for its widespread clinical use."

Discovery of the X ray by Wilhelm Roentgen in 1895 is one of the milestones in medical technology and its great value can only be gainsaid at risk of ridicule. Less than ridiculous is contemporary criticism of ill-considered use of hazardous radiological methods that poison the system. Internal organs—the heart, liver, kidney, intestines, arteries—unlike the bones, do not normally show up on X rays. The physician must "dye" these organs with radiopaque "contrast media," some of which are potentially toxic substances whose danger he must first weigh before using them as a diagnostic aide.

A 1964 malpractice award of $755,000, the largest in history, involved the creation of facial cancer from a radiodye inserted into a patient's sinus for effective X-ray pictures. The dye was left in despite professional warnings of the medium's toxicity. Years afterward, the patient complained of burning in the nose and throat and discharges of blood and pus. When one of his teeth was extracted, dark viscous material—the dye—flowed from the socket. A surgeon removed the dye, but a biopsy showed cancer. Radical surgery including removal of the left eye and much of the structure of the face was the price for injudicious medicine.

Many radiopaque dyes are reasonably safe, but their occasional hazards—such as a recent "epidemic" of iatrogenic death—should give physicians pause. A female patient entered Johns Hopkins Hospital with a complaint of colicky pain. To check out her gallbladder she was given, by mouth, 4.5 grams of a relatively new contrast medium, bunamiodyl sodium. Twelve hours later an X-ray picture of the gallbladder showed that the contrast had failed to dye it. The doctors tried again a few days later, this time with a dose of nine grams of bunamiodyl sodium. "Two hours later," says the doctors' report in *JAMA*, "she was noted to have an irregular rhythm which EKG showed to be atrial fibrillation (dangerous, irregular heartbeat) with a rate of about 150 beats per minute."

Instead of a simple gallbladder film, physicians were now faced with a heart condition, severe low blood pressure, vomiting, and hallucinations. Kidney failure appeared imminent, and on the eighth day the patient was placed on the artificial kidney. By the evening of the ninth day she died.

The University of Maryland also reported eight cases of renal insufficiency following the dye's use, six of which resulted in death. Since the contrast medium (now removed from the market) was then in heavy use in gallbladder visualization, the national death toll involving this one medium may have exceeded 1000.

The awesome term "angiogram" was for years a stable dialogue ploy on the *Ben Casey* television series, where its use by the young neurosurgeon was seldom clouded by comments on its grave iatrogenic danger. Technically, the term refers to any X ray of a blood vessel (arteriogram), including X rays of the brain. Although often a necessary procedure, this brain search produces, say authorities, untoward results in two to six percent of patients, including paralysis on one side of the body and even death.

The cerebral blood system is visualized by injecting the contrast dye into a great artery, usually in the neck, whence it travels to the brain for contrasting and later X rays. Complications may be neurological or painful hematomas, masses of blood and tissue, which may form at the site of injection. Although neck artery arteriograms for brain visualization may be the most dangerous, the arteriogram can provoke danger at almost any body site. A study of 2845 patients given arteriograms, reported to the National Stroke Congress, showed 22 deaths from the technique and 49 complications, a total of 2.5 percent. Another study of 777 patients showed a complication rate of 3.9 percent.

The value of radioactivity against malignancy has been documented since the first treatment of cervical cancer with radium in 1905. But over the decades there has also been what Dr. David Spain, Clincal Professor of Pathology at Downstate Medical Center in New York, calls "considerable abuse." A major misuse of radiation, he says, has been the employment of powerful rays to treat benign, noncancerous conditions including plantar warts, eczema, acne and rheumatism. One study of 165 patients with benign conditions treated by radiation confirms the penalty often exacted by using extreme therapies for minor ills. Skin cancer developed in 22 of the patients at the radiation site.

From the 1920's through the late 1950's two near-mythical childhood "diseases" that generally require no therapy—enlarged thymus gland and enlarged tonsils—were "treated" with radiation doses averaging between 500 to 800 R. The result of such treatment, many experts believe, is doctor-caused cancer, generally in the nearby thyroid gland. One report on 28 children with proved cancer of the thyroid showed that 10 had received radiation in infancy for enlarged thymus.

The apprehensive who are ridiculed by physicians as "neurotic" if they worry about routine X rays need not refuse necessary diagnostic films nor accept doctor derision of their fears. There is disturbing verification in at least one study that excessive diagnostic X rays may cumulatively contribute to leukemia. In this study, 2948 adults who had leukemia, other forms of cancer, or were disease free, were questioned about their X-ray histories. Points were arbitrarily assigned to each X-ray technique. Although the results are disputed, the study authors concluded that diagnostic X rays probably account for eight

percent of all cases of leukemia, while therapeutic radiation accounts for another 3.6 percent.

The Strang Clinic for cancer detection in New York has a common sense approach to the question of X-ray danger. "We exhibit caution, rather than concern, in use of certain X-ray procedures such as the barium enema and G.I. series," says Dr. John F. King, associate director of the Clinic. This caution over stomach and intestinal X-ray probes is warranted because both usually involve use of the fluoroscope. The patient receives an average of five to 10 R's during only 30 seconds of exposure in extremely competent hands—perhaps 200 times the radiation he would get from a simple chest X ray.

The possibility of X-ray danger is greatest when instruments are wielded by less than competent hands. In the *New England Journal of Medicine,* radiation physicist Hanson Blatz of New York chastises indolent and sloppy medical dispensers of X rays who may cause iatrogenic harm through excessive exposure of patients. Mr. Blatz—whose Office of Radiation Control has inspected 10,000 medical and 7,000 dental X-ray units—is angered at doctors' X-ray incompetence. He argues that a great reduction in risk to patients could be accomplished if physicians made corrections in their X-ray equipment and technique. "In my estimation," he states, "if this were done the average dose to patients would be reduced at least 50 percent overnight and 75 percent or more within a month or so."

If corrections are so simple, why aren't they made? Unencumbered by medical diplomacy, Mr. Blatz offers the opinion that many physicians are both untutored and unconcerned about X-ray safety. "Records in New York City show that about 85 percent of the X-ray equipment in use is owned by physicians who have not had formal training in radiology."

Indiscriminate body bombardment is apparently commonplace. "Many people in taking X rays of the chest expose essentially the entire body of the patient," Mr. Blatz charges. The result is that the genitals receive "hundreds of times" more radiation than necessary, as do the sensitive lenses of the eyes. This iatrogenic debacle can be avoided with proper technique, including the use of adjustable rectangular "collimators" which focus the rays.

The danger to genitals in dental X-raying can be considerable because of the angle of the beam. A report from Hartford, Connecticut, implicated 41 local dental X-ray machines in exposing patients' sex glands to radiation. Most major cities are in the midst of X-ray control programs; meanwhile, concerned patients should advise their dentists to use lead and rubber "lap shields" to protect the vital organs.

Fluoroscopes are potential radiation blasters and often the weakest link in X-ray safety. Most physicians, physicist Blatz states, are not aware that fluoroscope screens are hazardous when aged. Screens more than 20 years old, he says, should be replaced, for "patients examined with such fluoroscopes are receiving three to five times as much radiation as is necessary."

In fluoroscopy, as in many medical arts, unfounded doctor arrogance can endanger the patient. For minimum fluoroscope dosage the physician must "dark adapt" his eyes, preferably with goggles, for at least 10 minutes. Otherwise, the doctor typically increases the dosage to brighten the picture. Overconfident physicians often short-cut this barrier. Critics underscore another physician failing: the tendency to underestimate the length of time he has kept the fluoroscope focused on the patient. Physicians who use fluoroscopes should have an attached timing device. Or perhaps an anxious patient is best equipped with his own kitchen alarm.

A national drug binge is responsible for a sizable portion of our iatrogenic epidemic. Revelation that the sheer quantity of ingested drugs can of itself create iatrogenic danger comes from a government-supported Johns Hopkins Hospital report by Dr. Leighton Cluff and U.S. Public Health Service epidemiology assistants. Of 714 patients surveyed at their Osler Service, 122 had drug reactions. Five died, and four more were potential fatalities.

The gap between typical physician ignorance of the problem's severity and the grim statistics of drug disease is inadvertently made clear by Doctor Cluff. He explains that physicians at Johns Hopkins (and assuredly at less prestigious institutions) have been reporting only an infinitesimal fraction of drug accidents. Behind this reporting negligence is undoubtedly a blend of reticence, pride or shame, or simple lying to cover up iatrogenic penalties that might dim the doctor's omniscience.

The quantity of drugs administered to the sick is expanding with malignant force. More than 12,000 pharmaceutical preparations are now in use, two-thirds of which were introduced since 1950. The meaning of this drug deluge to the typical patient was illuminated when records of those taking a new antibiotic, methicillin, were tallied at Johns Hopkins. It was found that these patients were being dosed with an average of 13 other drugs. One patient was taking 32 different medications.

The deleterious effect of massive multiple drug therapy is obvious in the Cluff report. Of 138 patients, the 111 who did not develop drug reactions received an average of less than six drugs. The 27 patients who were made ill by drug therapy took an average of almost twice as many medications—11.2 each. "The risk of developing an adverse reaction to drugs is apparently directly related to the number of drugs administered to the patient," Doctor Cluff states. He suggests a remedy which ingenuous patients may have erroneously assumed to be standard medical procedure: "Perhaps reduction in the number of drugs given to patients, eliminating all but essential medications, would have a considerable impact on the overall problem."

Classic digitalis, prescribed for heart patients for generations, is an example of sometimes unappreciated danger inherent in many familiar "standard" drugs. Digitalis aids the weakened heart, but maximum therapeutic effect often requires a dose close to the toxic level. "Serious disturbances of cardiac function in patients with heart disease are being produced in increasing numbers by the more aggressive use of digitalis," writes Dr. Samuel J. Kowal of Boston University School of Medicine. "It has been responsible for development of such derangements of cardiac function that death is not an infrequent result of its use."

"It is unfortunately common practice to instruct the young physician to 'push digitalis to the point of toxicity,' " Dr. Alfred Soffer of Chicago writes in *JAMA.* "Pursuance of such a regimen invites disaster because approximately half of the lethal dose has been administered when toxicity appears."

He relates the story of an experienced doctor who must keep himself fleet-footed to outmaneuver his digitalis-happy young residents. "An attending physician in a leading academic center recently informed me," Doctor Soffer recounts, "that he must race the patient to the hospital to write drug orders if he is to avoid an encounter with digitalis intoxication eight hours later!"

In event of heart attacks, anticoagulants such as heparin may stave off fatal clots. The iatrogenic problem in anticoagulants involves the possibility of hemorrhage during long-term use. They can create an unanticipated drug backfire that overweakens the blood's clotting ability and stimulates bleeding from a hidden source.

Some bleeding incidents are the result of poor laboratory control of the prothrombin clotting test. Others involve patients who should not have been put on anticoagulant therapy. Others hemorrhage despite careful selection and supervision.

The argument whether this iatrogenic bleeding cancels out its value in preventing blood clots is still unsettled. The *Medical Letter,* a nonprofit newsletter on drug safety, has reviewed the question and features studies on both sides. The *Letter's* conclusion: anticoagulant therapy might be beneficial during the first six to eight weeks following a heart attack in controlling clots within the heart chambers and embolisms. With less assurance, they state the *possibility* of advantage for men under 55 during the first year after an attack. Considering the grave dangers of bleeding from the drug, their advice for its use depends on close "medical supervision," facilities for careful control of clotting factors," and an ulcer-free, cooperative patient with no tendency to hemorrhage.

The very term "drug reaction" conjures up images of antibiotics. No medical therapy has produced so much nonintended action, both minor and serious. The *grand dame* of antibiotics is unquestionably penicillin, whose growing propensity for creating allergic reactions has reached epidemic proportions. Almost 10 percent of the population can expect some sort of

iatrogenic disease from the drug, according to the Johns Hopkins survey.

Sometimes, within seconds if the drug has been inserted into the veins, the patient succumbs to extreme anaphylactic shock. He loses blood pressure, has no pulse, can hardly breathe and may go into a convulsive state followed by death. Penicillin sensitivity has become so universal that serious reactions have been triggered without the person's actually "taking" the penicillin. It can be absorbed from such occult sources as minute traces in milk, Roquefort and bleu cheese, and penicillin dust contamination of other drugs.

Death from penicillin anaphylaxis has been estimated at 100 to 300 per year, but others now fix it closer to 1000 or even more. "The number of anaphylactic fatalities from penicillin is most likely grossly underestimated, because it is clear that many clinicians and medical examiners never officially report them," says one of the skeptical, Dr. David Spain. The patient who recovers from anaphylactic shock may find the aftereffects can last up to six months, or may cause permanent brain damage due to brief lack of oxygen. Dr. Sheldon Cohen of Atlanta illustrates this previously undocumented phenomenon in a *JAMA* report.

A case at a local hospital involved a 43-year-old meatcutter who went into shock after receiving 600,000 units of penicillin G by injection from a private physician. He was given another penicillin injection three months later on admission to a hospital. Shock again followed and his temperature soared to 104 degrees F.

"Upon emergence from coma, the patient was grossly disoriented," reports Dr. Cohen. "He did not know the date, year or where he was. He spoke in a slow, slurred manner. He appeared apathetic and had a vacant look on his face." The patient improved gradually over a year but never made a full recovery.

Antibiotics have developed a relatively newer, perhaps more widespread iatrogenic bedevilment. This is the "superinfection" whose virulence generally exceeds the original infection under treatment. In their almost indiscriminate destruction of microbes, antibiotics attack both the target germ and other body organisms. They permit such pathogens as drug-resistant staphylococcus—previously held in check—to multiply and spring into infectious control. In other superinfections, fungus diseases rarely seen in humans—candidiasis and aspergillosis—are created. Antibiotics destroy body flora that normally prevent the ever-present fungus from wild overgrowth.

Such superinfections struck 11 patients in the Yale sample and "contributed" to the death of five. In the Hopkins survey there was one death from superinfection. Extrapolating from these samples (six superinfection deaths of a total of 260 patient deaths) we can estimate that antibiotic superinfection alone claims almost 23,000 lives a year.

The liver and kidney are especially susceptible to iatrogenic harm. Dr. David Barr notes that liver injury has been encountered with the tranquilizer chlorpromazine, the anti-inflammatory phenylbutazone, and several antibiotics including streptomycin, chlortetracycline, oxytetracycline and other drugs.

Tetracycline may be implicated in at least six deaths involving liver toxicity. All six were young women, four of whom were pregnant and two of whom had delivered their babies. They were being treated for urinary infections common in pregnancy. The antibiotic was administered intravenously. Dr. J. C. Schultz reported the fatalities in the *New England Journal of Medicine,* indicating that an autopsy showed there was grave liver damage.

The same tetracyclines reportedly have other iatrogenic propensities, especially in children: they can permanently discolor children's teeth shades of yellow to yellow-brown, and may inhibit the growth of premature children. The discoloration of teeth is apparently widespread. The Eastman Dental Dispensary in Rochester, New York, found 35 cases.

One of the newer therapies is the oral diuretics, the thiazides which force the body to eliminate fluids. These amazing fluid purges have been reported as causing hepatic coma (liver insufficiency), nephritis, pancreatitis, blood disease, ulcers, alkalosis and even reversible diabetes.

Some of the reactions were uncommon, but the Registry of Blood Dyscrasias recently showed two diuretics among the top five drug agents producing thrombocytopenia, a dangerous ailment in which there is a shortage of platelets, the small colorless disks which are important in blood clotting.

Those with agile memories will recall the early days of cortisone. Its reception by an enthralled public, then tales of serious reactions, have even been enshrined in history by a Hollywood film. Cortisone and its chemical cousins, the corticosteroids, have trod impressive distances since, as have their iatrogenic offspring.

The action of steroids on the body is an apt example of faulty use of the term "side effect." Evidence can as readily be mustered to indicate that the steroids' major effect is deleterious to the body, and that the therapeutic effect is a mere byproduct. Prolonged use of corticosteroids, such as cortisone, has a dual action: they suppress adrenal function by supplying the body's needs; and they hinder healing ability and power to fight infections and stress. One might say that the "side effect" is their anti-inflammatory power which makes them such potent agents in skin conditions and allergies.

The susceptibility of infection in patients taking steroids is well known. It has also been reported that gastric ulcers have stricken almost one in five cases on prolonged therapy. Other iatrogenic risks are Cushing's syndrome, which includes the body deformities of "moon face" and "buffalo hump" on the upper back; hypertension; mild insulin-resistant diabetes; electrolyte imbalance; serious bone weakening; muscle weakness; infection; psychoses; cataracts.

Stress is a general enemy of the steroid-treated patient. It can trigger an iatrogenic accident called "adrenal exhaustion" in such traumatic situations as surgery. The tragedy of this iatrogenic ailment is that the surgery usually is successful, uncomplicated and uneventful until shock sets in within 24 hours. The patient goes into sudden collapse, low blood pressure and high fever. Medical authors have documented that steroid-treated patients are generally poorer surgical risks.

If corticosteroids are considered essential, the patient on long-term therapy should be considered vulnerable to a plethora of woe. "Before considering steroid use, I'd thoroughly check out the possibility of active or latent TB which would flare up immediately in presence of steroids," says one internist. "If I went ahead I would use antacid prophylaxis against ulcers and check the blood and stools for signs of bleeding. I'd watch for the moon face of Cushing's syndrome, and check the blood sugar for what we call *diabetes de novo.* Since steroids can cause many other ailments, a full checkup of the patient during treatment is warranted."

The iatrogenic countdown is negligibly incomplete without insight into the harm reportedly caused by the "miracle" mood drugs. The simplest psychochemicals, the mild "tranquilizers," more correctly known as "sedative-hypnotic" drugs, are paradoxically the most addictive. Although patients are seldom warned of this by their doctors, many of whom appear ignorant of the fact, the ingestion of excessive amounts of meprobamate (sold under 18 trade names), chlordiazepoxide, diazepam, and four other of these commonly prescribed "sedative-hypnotic" items, can reportedly cause "intoxication" and actual physical addiction similar to that of narcotics.

This warning comes from Doctor Carl F. Essig of the Addiction Research Center of the National Institute of Mental Health, Lexington, Kentucky, who points out that the drugs are similar to alcohol and narcotics in some of their properties. The "happy pills" can cause confused thinking, incoordination of movement, injury by falling, accidental setting of fires and even violent and assaultive behavior. A study of 58 users showed a driving accident rate 10 times normal.

The more potent tranquilizers, the phenothiazines, were the drugs that made medical history more than 10 years ago when the first of their group, chlorpromazine, was introduced for treatment of the mentally ill. Today there are 15 such compounds which cannot "cure" any mental illness but have remarkable ability to modify "schizophrenic" symptoms in some patients.

Adverse iatrogenic effects from these tranquilizers, reported by various physicians, include disturbances of the central and autonomic nervous system, jaundice, agranulocytosis (a serious blood disease), aggravation rather than improvement of the schizophrenic condition, disturbed body temperature, dermatitis, deposits on the eye lens and cornea, bladder paralysis and low blood pressure crises. So-called "extra-pyramidal" effects of the drugs—facial grimacing, writhing motions of mouth and tongue, jerking motions of the limbs—have been known for some time but have been thought to be quickly reversible on discontinuance of the drugs. Recent evidence, however,

showed that 13 of 250 female patients had an irreversible syndrome with possibility of permanent brain damage.

One of the most punishing tithes that the phenothiazine tranquilizers have exacted has been their indiscreet stimulation of the female libido, and a decrease in male potency. (Tranquilizers are thus a cruel "family" medicine.) This unbroadcast ability to make women sexually avid, especially in the post-30 susceptible age, may have caused thousands of women transient pleasure and permanent misery. Too often female patients are not told by their doctors (who may not know) to expect this increased sexual drive, and they are unprepared for the whirlwind that follows.

The encyclopedic nature of iatrogenic disease defies full accounting. Even blood transfusions and anesthetics may contribute to medical-caused death and illness. How can doctor and patient ultilize modern medicine without becoming its overwilling victims?

The key therapy for iatrogenic disease is the most difficult to apply: doctor (and patient) common sense.

Deciding the amount of technology to be applied to a patient requires not only wisdom but restraint by internes, residents and their supervisors in not considering the helpless patient to be merely a mass of orifices and vessels to be probed and biopsied. The private physician in his office has less opportunity for massive activity but his proclivity for prescribing potentially dangerous agents for trivial complaints is well established.

A plea for doctor caution is obviously in order, a watchful conservative attitude which does not accept therapeutic nihilism, nor insist on confirming medical grandeur by using the newest, unproved or most dangerous therapies on every patient.

Much of the iatrogenic-prone doctor's failing is philosophical as well as scientific, for he must first humble himself inwardly if he is truly to understand the potency for harm as well as good that he possesses.

In his supreme confidence he appears willing, almost anxious, to risk his patient's safety to pay homage to exaggerated concepts of his own skill. The extent of iatrogenic disease indicates that this confidence is unwarranted and that the warning "first do no harm"—*primum non nocere*—must somehow be reemblazoned on the doctor's psyche.

THE MEDICAL GOLDEN CALF

The suburban practitioner had a broad smile and a practice to explain it. Seated facing a female patient, the doctor dispensed assurance and prescriptions with aplomb. The subject of money never arose during the eight-minute visit. Its only physical presence was a shopworn $5 bill casually placed on the desk blotter.

To the patient's query, "How much will that be, doctor?" he appeared to give only perfunctory consideration. "Why, that's $5 for the office visit and $10 for the X ray." The patient muttered almost inaudibly, "I'll send it in." The doctor dismissed the tainted subject with a cordial farewell. "That's fine. Please give this folder to the nurse on your way out."

Despite its veneer of insouciance, we had been witness to a magnificent portrayal of an adroit businessman whose economic concern lay only slightly beneath the surface. "If you noticed," the doctor finally explained, "I slipped silver and brass paper clips on her case folder. That's a code to tell the nurse how much the visit cost and whether I collected. The clip at the left end of the folder represents $5. If it's in the middle it means $10, and $15 if it's at the right end. I like to get paid rather than bill a patient, so when I told her the cost of the visit I moved my hand slightly forward, if you recall, to indicate I'm ready to accept the money. The $5 on the desk reminds the patient that medical care costs money and gives the impression that someone who has just left has paid me."

The physician stunned his interviewer, but had not concluded his manual of medical economics. "The 'gold' clips represent cash—that I was paid—and the silver ones show the nurse that I wasn't. The nurse will ask the patient for the $15 again just before she leaves, and you'd be surprised how many who didn't pay me will give her all or part of it."

The doctor's candor and method may be atypical, but his practice, like that of many physicians today, is an incomparably lucrative business. Never, in fact, has western civilization produced as astute a small businessman as the American physician. His general affluence is well-known, but it requires statistical legwork to reconstruct his true income—apparently sacrosanct, and possibly embarrassing, figures.

Great attention has naturally been paid to the subject of medical munificence by *Medical Economics*, the doctors' excellent practice management bible. Its latest information, covering 1964, was secured from a sampling of 8,264 names on the A.M.A. list of self-employed physicians. Doctors responding—41 percent of the sample—showed a median gross income of $44,060 and a net of $28,380. Twenty-two percent had a net exceeding $40,000.

This net stretches considerably when compared with other surveys and factors. First, it would be prudent to update the figures. By adding the average yearly doctor income growth of five percent, the estimate is brought up to $29,800 net at the end of 1965. The doctor's regal median is over four times the national family income median of approximately $6,800 for the same period.

Fifty-nine percent of the physicians chose not to answer the *Medical Economics* survey, a fact which can be interpreted benignly or otherwise. The survey directly relates the doctor's income to the number of patient visits he handles a week: a median of 124. However, the National Disease and Therapeutic Index, constructed from the written diaries of 1,500 random-sampled physicians, produces a busier typical physician with more patient traffic and more income.

The NDTI report shows that their statistical universe of 165,000 doctors in private practice handled 1.2 billion patient visits in 1964. Excluding "telephone" visits, simple reckoning shows that their typical doctor sees 137 patients a week. With 10½ percent more patient-visits, and ostensibly 10½ percent greater gross, the typical doctor looks even more affluent in economic tintype: possessor of a $33,000 annual net income and over $50,000 gross.

To insure that his success is not underestimated we should examine what "median" or "typical" doctor means. The term median simply means that half the doctors make less and half make more. Realistically, however, the median is an inadequate measure of the "typical" active person in our society. The "median" American family made $6,569 in 1964. Is this the typical middle class family? Hardly, since the figure includes the racially deprived, the immigrants, the aged, the migrants, the just-beginning couple.

In the same manner, the "median" doctor is an untypical montage that includes the green physician with new diploma, the semiretired doctor, the dedicated and poorer physician chained to an old ideal. The more recognizable "typical" doctor is the specialist and busy GP in his midthirties to midfifties practicing in middle and upper middle income suburban and urban areas. He will not uncommonly be found in the $60-75,000 gross and $40-50,000 net class.

A physician with $100,000 net income, writing in a medical publication, confirms this potential. "My experience tells me," he says, "that *any* capable physician in *any* specialty [italics mine] if he is in good health can net at least $50,000 a year before taxes without charging a penny over going rates."

Efforts to pin down the doctor's income could hardly end here. People tend not to be shy about the worth of a business when offering it for sale. This led to a simple, uncontrolled, unscientific, but stimulating experiment. A dozen copies of *JAMA* were chosen at random from a closet file and the classified section at the back of each issue, "Practices for Sale," circled. A surprising proportion of these ads give the gross or net income of the practice. Recording the experiment in full is the simplest mode of explanation.

Following are the figures as they appear in the advertisements: $28,000 gross part time (equivalent of $70,000 for a 5-day week); general practice (GP), $55,000 net; GP, $70,000 gross; GP, over $25,000 gross; pediatrics, $60,000 gross; internal medicine, $100,000 gross; orthopedic, $45,000 gross; radiology, $55,000 gross; GP, over $50,000 gross; GP, $35,000 gross; GP, $56,000 gross; GP, $70,000 gross; GP, $50,000; GP, over $45,000 gross; internal medicine, over $40,000 gross; GP, over $60,000 gross; internal medicine, $40,000 gross; GP, $150,000 gross; GP, $70,000 gross; GP, $25,000 gross; GP, $60,000 gross; orthopedic, $55,000 gross; GP, $50,000; pediatrics, $50,000; surgical, over $50,000 gross; GP, $60,000; GP, $50,000 net, only 3½ days a week; gynecology, over $50,000 gross; pediatrics, $60,000 gross; GP, $55,000 net; GP, $30,000 gross for 2½ days; GP, over $50,000

gross; GP, $45,000 gross; GP, $40,000 gross; GP, $48,000 gross.

The results of this impromptu want-ad survey? The practices for sale average a gross income of $58,000. By using the 5/8th gross-net formula common for self-employed doctors, we get an average net income of $36,250, or some $8,000 a year higher than that of doctors willing to answer money surveys through the mail.

These figures are not the complete reckoning of doctor affluence, for doctors' incomes vary with age, specialty and location. Physician earnings appear to reach a peak between the ages of 40-49, dropping back about $3,000 in the 50's. However, the myth that young doctors starve is nostalgic nonsense. The fledgling private physician, can in his first year, count on almost $15,000 net income. One survey of 140 new doctors revealed a net income of $16,229 in their second year of practice. Physicians in smaller communities (the archetype of "poor old doc") earn somewhat *more*. General practitioners now gross only $3,000 less than medical specialists. The most surprising income figure is that the eastern physician earns *less* than his colleagues elsewhere—an $8,000 smaller gross than doctors on the West Coast.

Surgeons are stars of the fiscal firmament, with earnings occasionally known to exceed a quarter of a million dollars a year. "The typical established surgeon in this area grosses anywhere from $60,000 to $150,000 a year," says a university hospital internist who regularly refers cases to surgeons. "The top earners are the neurosurgeons, followed by the urologists, the chest surgeons, the orthopedic men, the pediatric surgical specialists, the ophthamologists, the nose and throat men, though not necessarily in that order."

Patient traffic earns the doctor's fortunes, but his incredibly high collection rate turns in the cash. The hallowed medical image of the empathetic physician trusting the whole town, saddled with unpaid bills which he never tries to collect, is contemporary nonsense. The medical practitioner is expert in securing the last dollar due him.

Legends that much of a physician's work is "charity" and that paying patients are slow to pay hark back to a faded medical era. "The old adage that the doctor is the last man to get paid is simply not true," says Donald F. Gearing, one of the nation's leading management consultants to doctors. "In fact, he's often the first to get paid. Many doctors have business problems that need fixing, but collection of bills isn't usually one of them. He's an expert at collections. Perhaps I can help him lift his collection rate a few points from 92 percent to an exceptional 96 percent, but that's all."

Collection "management" varies, but has five basic strategies: persuasion of a forceful female office aide; the insistent phone call; the myriad of collection letters; the threat to "collect"; finally, the collection agency pressure campaign. Typically, the doctor hides behind the skirts of his aide, described by one management consultant as a "soft-spoken young woman who mollifies his patients, keeps his books and guards his financial interests like a tigress."

Some tigresses brutalize the doctor's image. One pediatrician's aide embarrassed mothers by discussing their overdue accounts in purposeful earshot of 30 mothers in the waiting room. "One mother with a four-month-old infant in her arms was mercilessly embarrassed by the aide in front of all of us by calling out details of money she owed," an ex-patient of the doctor recounts. "The poor girl almost went into tears and mumbled that she would tell her husband."

More formal bill collections are conducted through the mail. Many physicians use a set of collection letters calculated to throw the delinquent patient off balance. Some physicians have enrolled their aides in collection courses, such as a full-day seminar set up by the American Collectors Association.

The letter-series method is explained by a prominent Dallas management consultant, Mark M. Myers, in a near-classic *Medical Economics* article, "Collection Letters That Really Collect." One of a series of six letters is mailed each month to delinquents. The first is a mild reminder. The second, a masterpiece of subtle pressure, arrives "certified mail" with "return receipt requested," ostensibly to find if mail is being sent to the right address. This, states the author, is the best puller of delinquent funds.

The third letter reattacks; the fourth offers to be helpful in solving the debt. "Once you've shown that you mean business," states the expert, "it's a good idea to let the patient know you're still sensitive to his problems. The fifth letter informs the patient that the account is ready for collection. The sixth has a touch of commercial genius bordering on the comically inspired. Entitled "Application for Medical Charitable Benefits," it straight-facedly advises: "You may want to ask your minister or a county welfare office to join with you in completing the enclosed form." The form includes a poverty confession and space for signatures of the minister and welfare office attesting to the patient's hardship!

Generally, doctors who fail to collect a bill after six months send a curt note. "Since all attempts to have you pay this small bill have failed," it usually states, "we are turning this account over to a collection agency 10 days from today. You can still protect your credit rating by paying this small bill." Attorneys have warned that this resolute step can trigger malpractice suits by dissatisfied patients.

William F. Martin, legal counsel to the New York State Medical Society, advises physicians to be cognizant of the patient's recent medical history before suing to collect. He cites the example of a doctor who sued a female patient for money due for a tubal ligation (a procedure to prevent conception), only to find that the patient was eight months pregnant when the summons was served.

Some collection services give courteous fair treatment to doctor and patient. Others have been known to intimidate both. The more critical physician believes that doctors who aggressively chase the "last" dollar are injuring not only the medical image, but themselves as well. Some believe collection is less a matter of law and agencies than proper doctor-patient relationship. The best credit risks can be the slowest payers because of doctor attitude.

One doctor who adopted a "soft policy" toward collections believes it is most effective. "That soft policy has paid off in personal satisfaction, good will, and dollars and cents," he writes in a medical publication. "My collection percentage is the highest in town."

Many patients no longer receive bills from their doctors, but from a dehumanized service which centrally bills for physicians. Servatron of Waban, Massachusetts, advertises in medical journals for clients for its "electronic data-processing" monthly billing services. Similarly the patient has become a serial number in a system of computerized doctor billing, headquartered in Kansas City, offered to doctors in 35 cities. The National Cash Register Co. also maintains a doctor billing network rife with computers in New York, Los Angeles and Dayton. Computer-printed bills are usually mailed to patients from these central offices, but the physician who prefers the warm touch of a local postmark can have his batch of bills sent to him, then drop them in his corner mailbox.

The industry of management consulting for doctors began modestly in Battle Creek, Michigan, in 1932 when two future consultants helped local doctors to collect delinquent accounts. The firm, Black and Skaggs, is now the acknowledged leader, franchising several other affiliates. There are currently more than 100 consulting firms ministering to doctors' business problems.

What does a doctor's business consultant do, and for how much? The questions were put to Donald Gearing, who handled them candidly.

"First, I should tell you who calls me in for help," consultant Gearing began. "A typical case is a doctor in his late 30's or early 40's. He's a board-certified or board-eligible specialist. He's working so hard that his wife is nagging him. He's tired and somewhat frustrated. He's handling more money than he once thought there was in the entire world, but it seems to go through him.

"He's pouring money into his home and office—a bigger office, better EKG, X ray and other equipment. His teen-age daughter will soon be ready for college and he probably hasn't the cash ready. He's scared, but actually he's in pretty good shape. He just needs some straightening out, and that's what I do for him. Everybody tries to take him to the cleaners. When he gets tired of that he comes to me."

What is the management consultant's service? "Before I can do anything for a doctor I make a survey of his practice," says Gearing. "I spend a full day in his office, go over his records, day book, taxes and collections. I sit in his waiting room and

make believe I'm a patient. I listen to the girls on the phone making his appointments, and then spend two uninterrupted hours interviewing the doctor. A few days later I deliver a report."

This initial survey costs about $600, and may be the beginning of a consultant relationship that would cost about $1,000 a year. The typical consultant charges anywhere from $100 to $400 a day, averaging about $200, or $25 an hour.

Physicians often balk at what they consider high consultant's fees. "When I first began, I used to go over and see the doctor and try to sell my services by showing him how much I knew," one consultant says. "I soon learned that the doctor would thank me but wouldn't hire me. I had already told what he wanted to know, for nothing. Now I just make an appointment to do a paid survey. Doctors do have a reputation for being 'cheap.' I suppose it's because of their early financial struggles. I think this is changing, though."

The consultant usually restricts his advice to business matters, but sometimes finds that the physician aches to unbend to someone about his frustrations. "Judging from my experience with a wide variety of doctors, I find the greatest problem with the private practitioner is his inability to cope with the human situation," says consultant George W. Condit of Management Counselling for Medical Practices. "Because of many factors, including his education, he often has an improper orientation to his role. As a man who is not well-rounded in languages, social and political outlook, and the humanities, it is hard for him to function outside the area of the technician, and he's awkward when he attempts another role."

Much of the modern doctor's fascination with business management revolves about his compulsion to become what laymen call "rich." To the physician it is merely a sufficient capital reserve for retirement, a sum generally between $125,000 and $250,000. Recent surveys of retired physicians indicate a *median net worth* of $175,000 and an income of $11,930 a year. Physician retirees are not only affluent: they tend to retire earlier. One in six has hung up his stethoscope by the time he is 59.

How wealthy in real assets is the typical doctor? A study by the National Bureau of Economic Research places the wealth of the typical doctor in his 40's at between $100,000 and $120,000. This is broken down (at the larger figure) as follows: $29,200 common stocks; $7,040 in bonds; $36,960 in real estate; $45,720 in cash and other assets.

As his income grows, his net worth increases accordingly. Black and Skaggs Associates have examined the annual net worth gain of 3,000 client-doctors, and reported that it increases $4,180 a year for a doctor earning $25,000 net. It rises to $10,865 in added yearly wealth for the already secure $50,000-a-year man. By their 60's, another net worth survey shows, 23 percent of doctors have passed the quarter-of-a-million-dollar mark.

A profession is partially defined by its separateness from commerce, an intangible that permits fee-for-service but with greater moral responsibility and without the character of trade. Many doctors would like the best of both worlds and have been covetously eyeing the American corporation whose superior tax structure titillates them. Today, in 34 states, physicians' lobbies have succeeded in changing the law to permit doctors to incorporate. Most states require two or more incorporators, thus limiting the privilege to medical partners and groups. But several states (including Florida, Ohio, Pennsylvania and Wisconsin) now permit "solo" doctors to incorporate, enabling them to play fanciful tax games invented by more mercenary appearing corporate giants.

As a salaried "employee," of his own corporation, the doctor can build a tax-sheltered pension program as a profit-sharing device. There would be no tax on money he invests in this retirement fund nor on its earnings. He would pay only a capital gains tax of 25 percent if he withdraws it in a lump sum. He could receive disability, health insurance and Social Security as a tax-deductible corporation expense. He could receive up to $100 a week tax-free if unable to work. The corporation could pay his widow a $5,000 death benefit and receive a tax deduction for doing so.

These tactics have alarmed the Internal Revenue Service as much as they may offend a patient who must pay full tax while supporting his affluent healer. It has resulted in IRS resolutions that the doctor (professional) corporation will not necessarily be recognized as deserving of normal corporate tax benefits. Alerted by this threat, the American Medical Association has protested the IRS ruling, perhaps with some success.

The tragicomic potential of doctor incorporation has been sensed by one annoyed physician, Dr. Myron C. Greengold, a California general practitioner who sees a profession gone happily berserk trading itself on the stock market. In a majestic lampoon, "I'm 100 Percent Publicly Owned," published in *Medical Economics,* Doctor Greengold describes his mythical corporate windfall:

"Quicker than it takes to say 'Internal Revenue Service' I set up generous retirement, sickness and accident plans for me. I put me under Social Security. I sold me my home, cars and summer cottage and then rented them back; Uncle Sam helped pick up the tab for maintenance, repairs and depreciation. The corporation bought back and leased back my appliances and office furnishings. Pretty soon I didn't even own the shirt on my back. There I was without a cent to my name and sitting pretty!"

In this medical fantasy, Doctor Greengold went public, planning to sell half of 500,000 shares in himself at $1 each. He underestimated the demand for doctor-stock. "I found myself selling at a 25-cent premium the first day. In two weeks I was up to 4¼, was listed on the Cow Counties Stock Exchange, and with the options I exercised, had disposed of over 700,000 shares." He no longer owned himself at all, but had cleared over $3,000,000 and still got a good salary from the corporation. Even his patients had stock in him.

Ingenious physicians employ every modern gambit for tax succor, including scaled-down versions of the Ford Foundation. One prominent attorney describes the case of a retired doctor in Italy, poring over medical history at an ancient university on a $12,000 grant from a generous foundation—his very own.

None of these financial wonders would be possible without the $5 and $10 bills that flow endlessly into the physician's coffers. The doctor's fee schedule is the core of his empire. The leverage possible by raising the base fee for an office visit can be phenomenal. One management consultant mentions a Boston eye specialist who raised his basic fee by $5 a visit. He saw 7,700 patients a year, which automatically boosted his income by $38,500 gross and over $20,000 net per year.

Shouldn't such a capricious increase drive patients away? "I have found that quite the opposite is true," says consultant Gearing. "A boost in fee seems to prove to patients that the doctor is a 'good' doctor. He may lose part of his present practice but the raise in fee will almost invariably attract more new patients."

Surgeons, more than other physicians, have modified the traditional Robin Hood system of medical economics: soak the rich and extract what you can from the poor. The Continental Assurance Company has released several high surgical charges, apparently stimulated by the existence of health insurance. A simple cyst removal in the office cost one patient $100; surgery and treatment of a muscle injury, $1,057; a hernia operation, $1,100.

The day-to-day practice of medicine does not involve this magnitude of cost. It is possible, however, for the patient to be five and 10'd to death if the doctor's fee structure is not understood. The basic office fee is generally the nonportentous $5, varying from an average of $3.42 in depressed Scranton to $6.25 in Los Angeles. However, this basic fee has infinite variations. General practitioners charge more for a first visit. Many eastern internists now charge $10-$15 for revisits.

Physicians typically charge as much and more for hospital visits as for office visits. This is a difficult fee to justify since the doctor is often handling several patients at a time at the same institution. (One wag charges that poking the medical head through the door of a patient's room can be charged as a hospital "visit.") One physician who boasts a sizable income from his hospital patients charges a flat rate of $70-$100 a week, depending on severity of illness, for patients ensconced just across the street in a proprietary hospital.

Prior to the current fee-era, which one physician likens to the running of a taxi meter, the doctor made trade-offs in time allotted patients. If his office fee was $4 he charged the same rate to the patient he could dismiss in three minutes and the patient who required more time. Today, the clock governs the doctor more. Both general practitioners and internists have a special fee schedule for the patient who needs a history and physical.

The $5 GP is an anachronism in this new fee schedule. Over 10 percent of GP's charge $25 or more for a "physical" and the

going rate is $15 in the West and $10 elsewhere. The internist, who generally demands such a workup for all new patients and those who request checkups, is likely to charge $20-$30 for the procedure, with almost one in four internists charging $35 and more.

The $5 fee has become a weak reed in many ways. One skeptic refers to it as a "come-on" for the doctor to load the patient up with ancillary fees. Patients who expected a $5 or $10 bill have been shocked by undiscussed extra charges for laboratory tests, X rays, injections. The mother who takes three children to the pediatrician for preschool checkups and needed boosters and vaccines can find her bill running to upward of $50.

Examples of how these new fee concepts can produce bills of near-surgical magnitude may be in order. A male patient with a respiratory complaint visited a local physician. Since he was a new patient, there was a $20 charge for the history and physical. The doctor required blood and urine tests and X rays of the chest and sinuses. The X rays were $26 for the sinuses, $20 for two chest views, and lab tests were $17. Total bill: $83.

In another case, a patient concerned about his blood sugar visited an internist and received an examination and laboratory tests. His bill was $73, broken down as follows: examination, $30; glucose tolerance test, $15; protein-bound iodine test, $15; urinalysis, $4; other blood tests, $9. The cumulative fee problem is compounded when the patient consults a new doctor; he must pay the higher "first visit" cost and often undergo the same tests he has taken before.

Doctors like to hint that laboratory tests and X rays are profitless nuisances that they provide as a service. This myth is accepted by the naive, but the doctor's profits from these ancillary services is often quite high. They require little or none of his valuable time. The more "modern" his practice methods, the richer he becomes. Injections at $3 to $5 each have always provided at least a 200 percent profit for a doctor with a minimum of time waste. Today, laboratory tests and X rays are even more significant profit builders. Some internists, especially those who hire technicians to run their own labs, gross between 25 and 50 percent of their total income from laboratory fees, a knowledgeable management consultant states.

The consultant estimates that his clients add a sizable mark-up to laboratory test costs. Doctors typically pay a wholesale cost of 55 percent of the amount billed to the patients. The profit is considerably higher if the doctor uses one of the automated laboratories, mushrooming around the country, that do computerized blood and urine tests on a monthly contract basis.

The handsome income possible from these services is explained by one practitioner. "I do my own X rays, as you can see. They cost me less than $1 each and I charge the going rate of $10. I use a contract automated laboratory for my blood and urine tests and pay a flat fee of $70 a month. For that I get all the usual blood and urine tests I want. They cost me only a few pennies each." This physician, like many who use automated laboratories, charges the full going rate ($5 to $7 for blood tests, $2 to $4 for urine) and pockets a handsome profit.

The pressing problem in nonsurgical fees is generally the doctor's reluctance to discuss *all* costs, regular and ancillary, with the patient in advance. Any loose, undefined situation in which the physician can escalate his fees can be a hazard to the patient. In one documented case, two internists previously unknown to the family attended the wife of a $24,000-a-year accountant. They treated her a total of six doctor-hours for a thrombophlebitis. The previously undiscussed bill: $610 plus $62 lab fees, more than $100 an hour for routine care!

"Many doctors have a defensive attitude toward fees and would rather not discuss it with patients in advance," says New York medical management man George W. Condit. "If he is concerned that the fee may be high, and the patient asks, he might say, 'Let's get well first, then we'll worry about the fee later.' That's his way of evading the issue. He'll send the bill out, then hope to God the patient doesn't blast him on the phone. He'd save a lot of trouble if he would describe all his fees in detail in advance."

High fees have set off controversy between patient and doctor, and doctor and doctor. Most complaints of patients to county grievance societies involve fees, many of which the societies help to adjudicate. The basic cause, they point out, is lack of initial agreement on all the fees.

Some physicians react almost hostilely when fees are challenged, often with ill-developed counterarguments. One Detroit physician wrote a medical publication that in answer to fee complaints from working men, he asks the patient how much he makes a year and how long he trained. "It's easy to show that on this basis most such patients are better off than their doctors," he writes. "Take a man making $5,000 a year who requires only a few months of training for his job. Compare this with the nine years required for the doctor to make only four or five times that amount!"

This shallow sophistry has become quite prevalent. Pious propaganda describes medical education as costing not only tuition and board but thousands of dollars a year in "lost income," a novel rationalization that is seldom used to evaluate fees of lawyers, salaries of university teachers, and the delayed success of writers and artists, all of whom spend much time in preparation and reputation building. One overexpansive Colorado physician estimated the cost of his education at $75,000! His "reckoning" included: loss of income, $5,000 a year; cost of education per se; lost return on investment at four percent compounded quarterly; amortization of investment over a period of 25 years.

Conversely, some physicians are frightened that excessive medical fees will trigger public resentment and bring on socialized medicine. "I figure we've only got 10 more years to go before socialized medicine comes," one anxious physician comments. "I want to make all I can before then." This perhaps neurotic fear is regularly expressed in medical forums.

Implicit in the medical fee structure has always been the concept that the doctor charged those who could pay so he could care for the poor without charge. This is now near-legend. Today, doctors have only to contend with bureaucracy which pays them for care of the poor. One Chicago physician has billed the Illinois Welfare Agency $8,680 for one month's medical care of the indigent. The Veterans Administration now pays physicians for the care of impoverished veterans under a Home Town Medical Care Program. A *Modern Medicine* magazine survey indicates that state and city welfare agencies pay doctors between $2.50 (Maryland) and $6 (Alaska) for each office visit of a welfare patient. The tendency, as in California, is to pay "charitable" doctors for the care of the poor at the private patient level. This is apparently not sufficient, says Dr. John Allen of the Wisconsin Public Welfare Department, who reports that some physicians want more than private-patient fees for their one-time charity cases, arguing that their care requires additional paperwork.

The growth of the golden cult of medical economics has been nurtured by doctor opportunity and desire for great affluence. It has also been nourished by an infusion of business technology. So involved is the private practitioner in the trappings of the small businessman that he can scarcely imagine an alternative to contemporary medical economics.

More than one physician, however, hears a different drummer. A Colorado general practitioner, for religious reasons, feels compelled to practice medicine without the intrusion of money. He sets no fees at all, and like the mendicant missionary, tells his patients: "Pay whatever you wish." Does the physician feed his own family? More than barely. He grosses $36,034 a year!

The modern doctor is not expected to forego financial comfort and security. Traditionally, he has been a reasonably affluent member of society. The ominous aspect of today's doctor-businessman is that his new technology of medical economics is a symbol of his overdedication to Mammon, a cultism that can only detract from his dedication to medicine.

"Too often the practice of medicine is a business and not a scholarly profession," Dr. Frederick C. Robbins of Western Reserve University School of Medicine has warned today's practitioner. "If medicine is to become a volume business with an income based on numbers, it is not likely to be a satisfying life intellectually, and it will not attract the more intelligent, idealistic and service-oriented youth."

The physician who kneels in obeisance to the golden cult of doctor economics may be deaf to Doctor Robbins' prognosis. The patients who maintain the cult with their generous offerings may be listening more keenly. Should they decide that the doctor-businessman has learned his medical economics catechism too well, they have the potential capacity to teach him a morally profitable lesson. —Martin L. Gross

THIS FUNNY LIFE

I actually did run into a door and had a beautiful shiner on the night when my husband's poker club met at our house. As I walked through the room where the game was just starting, the men all stopped talking to stare at my eye.

My husband regained their attention by remarking, "We almost didn't have our party here tonight. . . ."

The other men all looked at him with what I can only describe as pure admiration.

Jean L. Goetchius
Odessa, New York

Obviously the English can't forget the Revolutionary War. Last Fourth of July, the senior RAF officer of the detachment at SAC Headquarters in Omaha gave Uncle Sam's leg a little pulling. While his American neighbors were gaily popping firecrackers, he ran up the British Ensign on his flagpole, hung out a huge portrait of George Washington and placed a sign beneath the picture which read: WANTED FOR TREASON.

George A. Mayerchak
Bellevue, Nebraska

While erecting the iron for a bridge across the Carquinez Straits, summer turned to winter, and on some days when it was foggy, windy and wet, the men high up on the bridge structure couldn't put on enough clothes to keep warm.

On such a day one ironworker came down, and the foreman gruffly asked him where he thought he was going.

"To get another jacket," the man replied.

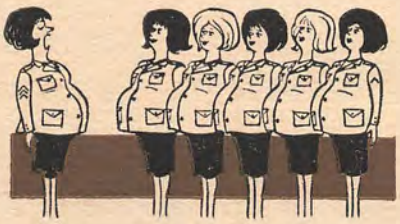
The foreman, thinking to send an apprentice after the jacket while the ironworker stayed on the job, asked where it was.

"In Texas," the workman replied—and kept right on going.

Don Filkins
Vallejo, Calif.

While waiting for a flight weather brief at the forecaster's desk of a Texas Naval air station, I noticed a sign that read: This Is A Non-Prophet Organization.

Lt. Thomas D. Yeager
Corpus Christi, Texas



At a stateside post, the commanding general was belaboring the various unit commanders for their failure to provide proper moral guidance to their respective troops. After a lengthy harangue, during which he pointed out that immorality among soldiers was connected with a tangible reason for such conduct, he turned to the commanding officer of the WAC detachment.

"Captain, I see that there has been a marked increase in the number of pregnancies among your troops. What, in your opinion, is the cause?"

The WAC CO replied simply, "Men, General."

Robert D. Hiatt
APO San Francisco, Calif.

In explaining his opposition to giving objective-type exams, our economics professor at an all-male university wrote the following words on the blackboard: man, woman, sex, egg and rug. Then he asked the class to choose the word not related to the others in the group.

Most of the responses from the students were similar—and we were all surprised when he circled the word "sex."

With a sly smile, he told the class: "You can beat a rug and you can beat an egg; you can also beat a man and a woman. But, gentlemen, you can't beat sex!"

Name withheld at writer's request

The president of a corporation called in one of his vice-presidents. "I want a frank answer," he said. "Tell me if you have ever made love to my secretary?"

"Never, never," the vice-president assured him. "I've never even kissed her."

"Okay," the president replied. "Then *you* fire her."

U. F. Newlin
Hutchinson, Kan.

A competitive group of guys were trying to outdo one another, bragging about what good memories they had. One said he could remember things as far back as when he was two years old.

This seemed to be the topper, until another member of the group spoke up. "Hell, that's nothing. I can remember going to a party with my father—and going home with my mother!"

Frank A. DeGerome
Long Beach, Calif.

In a kindergarten class, one five-year-old asked the teacher for permission to go to the lavatory. Permission granted, he left the room only to return in a few minutes to tell the teacher he couldn't find it.

Carefully, she took him out into the hall and pointed to a door. Again the youngster was right back. "I still can't find it," he insisted.

This time the teacher asked another boy to go along with the first. When they finally returned, the boy sent as a guide reported success. "We finally found it," he told the teacher. "He had his pants on backwards."

Jerry Record
Deer Park, N. Y.

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